

Clark Anne

"Pouring Rain"

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(Strummer)

I could see as I rode in
The ships were gone and the pit fell in
A funeral bell tolled the hour in
A lonely drunkard slumbering

Not the twang of the guitar
Not even the siren wail of pain
Not the shadows of desire
Caught in the pouring pouring rain

Breeze black windows on date street
Where I was raised up on the cheap
(yeah, say!) ask no questions work and sleep
'til the old tango that's on date street

I can hear the sharpen of the pain
Some lucky stranger in the rain
Hear the sharpen of the rain
Lucky stranger ... in the rain

Hammers beat in dusty times
On these weedy rusted lines
Mocking the sun and optimistic signs
All these weedy gates of iron

The sun won't shine my way again
Lucky moon was on the wane
Oh I'll never see a star again
In the pouring pouring rain

A salty band played for the train
A sad trombone and some refrain
The future pointed to the weather vane
The old calypso died of shame

I hear the sharpen of the pain
Some lucky stranger in the rian
Hear the sharpen of the pain
Lucky stranger pouring rain

POURING RAIN !!!

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