

David Crosby & Graham Nash "Naked In The Rain"

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The clown sat speechless
Looking in his mirror
Unable to remember
How to paint his face

Staring at the image
Slowly getting clearer
Wondering if his fear or his heart
Would win the race

When it dawns on you, what it takes from you
Living under clouds of pain
There's a storm in you, you don't know what to do
Just when you think you're going insane, you lie naked
in the rain, yeah

Fluttering pages of faces
No two alike
Choice is your soul's moment
For its light to strike

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