

## **Boz Scaggs**

### **"Painted Bells"**

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Winding down the Drury Lane  
I fall with the evening rain  
My thoughts with the water flow  
Like steam rising off the road

Passers-by watch their step  
To see that they don't get wet  
And I'll just sit beneath this tree  
Let the drops fall all over me  
And watch the city lights flick on

The crowds collide just out of my reach  
The taxi's lights flash up and down the street  
I sit and watch the faces go by  
I don't wonder where to or why

Cause it's me, the rain, my warm dark pain  
Alone at ease and nowhere at all  
My thoughts just drift on back to you  
It seems you're here, so it must be true  
We never parted, you never went away

So I order up another glass  
Not to let the moment pass  
Turning around in love with you  
Oh, I know you loved me too  
And it's always been this way

Here sitting in my wet cafe  
I catch a spark across the way  
A string of tiny painted bells  
Seem to have a tale to tell

A string of tiny painted bells  
On someone that I once knew well  
Is all that's left, the rest's not true  
I smile, I see it's really you  
The rain will go, and you will too

And I order up another glass  
Not to let the moment pass

Turning around in love with you  
Oh, it got too hard to do  
And it's always been this way  
Yes, it's always been this way

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