

# J Church "November"

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As the rain falls hard it fills the cracks on Mission  
Street,  
There's a hole in my shoe and it's letting water soak my  
feet,  
I don't know why I curse the sky because it won't stop  
the rain,  
I don't know who I'm yelling to because it won't stop the  
rain

As the rain fall hard it falls on the people waiting for the  
bus home,  
(For the bus home),  
No matter who you are, you feel the same when you're  
wet, cold and alone,  
Soaked hair and dress and all the rest divided by the  
rain,  
When you get home you're still alone reminded by the  
rain, rain

So I went home like I normally do and I put on  
something dry,  
I went out to get a coffee, read a book about anarchy,  
And watched the commuters walk by,  
Tears from the sky, I'm satisfied that I can't stop the  
rain,  
Can't justify, and I can't define, and I can't stop the  
rain, rain

We only dream to float downstream, reminded by the  
rain,  
Tied to a tree, cannot break free, reminded by the rain

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