

## Mark King

### "It Never Rains"

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I hear the Seven Deadly Sins  
And the Terrible Twins come to call on you  
The bigger they are babe  
The harder they fall on you  
And you you're always the same you persevere  
On the same old pleasure ground  
Oh and it never rains around here  
It just comes pouring down

You had no more volunteers  
So you got profiteers for to help you out  
With friends like that babe  
Good friends you had to do without  
And now they've taken the chains and the gears  
From off your merry-go-round  
Oh and it never rains around here  
It just comes pouring down

And your new Romeo  
Was just a gigolo when he let you down  
See the faster they are babe  
The faster they get out of town  
Leaving make up stains and the tears  
Of a clown  
Yes and it never rains around here  
It just comes pouring down

Oh you were just a roller coaster memory  
I don't know why I was even passing through  
I saw you making a date with Destiny  
When he came around here asking after you  
In the shadow of the Wheel Of Fortune  
You're busy trying to clear your name  
You say 'I may be guilty yeah that may be true  
But I'd be lying if I said I was to blame  
See we could have been major contenders  
We never got no money no breaks'  
You've got a list of all the major offenders  
You got a list of all their major mistakes  
And he's just standing in the shadows  
Yes and you smile that come-on smile

Oh I can still hear you say as clear as the day  
'I'd like to make it worth your while'

Ah but it's a sad reminder  
When your organ grinder has to come to you for rent  
And all you've got to give him  
Is the use of your side-show tent  
Yes and that's all that remains of the years  
Spent doing the rounds  
And it never rains around here  
Well it just comes pouring down

Now you know what they say about beggars  
You can't complain about the rules  
You know what they say about beggars  
You know who's the first to blame his tools  
You never gave a damn about who you pick up  
And leave laying bleeding on the ground  
You screw people over on the way up  
Because you thought that you were never coming down  
And he takes you out in Vaudeville Valley  
With his hand up smothering your screams  
And he screws you down in Tin Pan Alley  
In the city of a billion dreams

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