

Picture

"Raining Stones"

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(Browne/Maitland)

Fade into day

It's a marvel of opium grey

I can't feel a thing

My head's on a string

Being led by the hand of a stranger

Welcome to where ever else in the world that you are

Slow motion kodachrome people are waving from cars

Who do you think we are?

I know something 'bout us that you don't know

And I've found something out that I can't let show

Now the lines have grown into skin and bone

And it's raining stones

But I can't feel them

Two you and me

When we walk into town we are three

The cold city smiles

I drift in denial

Of the distance that's standing between us

Biting the hands of the people who feed us with care

Waking up shouting at someone when no-one is there

It's not that I'm scared of myself

(Chorus)

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