

## Promise

### "Rain"

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Rain

On the sidewalks, the streets,  
Rain lashes down in sheets  
You think of another town as you watch it fall  
Damp and hop filled air  
And the Moore Street Market where  
Fresh fruit five for fifty auld wans call.

A drunken busker plays  
While a paddy spins and prays  
Seagulls wheel over graceful walls.  
A business man who wears  
His cut-price suit and stares  
At the painter happy in his overalls

Pubs where students smoke,  
Drink a jar and joke  
Look around to see who's watching them  
Proudly reminisce  
Upon the rugby that they miss  
Or the function that they're going to attend

By the crowded bar,  
A small Italian car  
Wanders down the lonely city street  
Past the fellow at the stand  
With the papers in his hand  
Selling the Herald and the Press the live long week

Chorus:  
Farewell to friends,  
To all that you know,  
Sail away without warning  
Dublin good-bye.  
New York, hello.  
Broadway, I'll see you in the morning.

Go over to your room,  
Try to warm the gloom  
With your highly ineffective blue gas fire

Outside driving rain  
Trickles down the windowpane  
Obscures the dim gray view of Christ's Church spire

Dream about a girl  
Who moves in another world  
From whom bedsit cold it's been gas fires and all  
But you're only looking down  
Into reflected Dublin town  
Awaiting New York City in the fall

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Repeat once

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