

The Builders And The Butchers "Bringing Home the Rain"

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Blood-shot, your eyes drop,
And the skin's all wearin' thin.
There's no one here to tell you 'bout the depth of the
water,
Or the trouble that you're in.

You're dancin' with your demons, baby,
You forgot your former life.
And it was hard swimmin' once
And now you're daily divin' in.

And I'm bringin' home the rain
There's no supper on the table.
And my feet are in the flames,
I'm dryin' out again.

All your kin have all gone on to
Fields all bathed in sun.
And the only thing left in your possession
Is an empty bottle and a gun.

And the weekends come and go like tides
And they soak you to the neck.
And pretty soon the weekdays
Are the same.

And I'm bringin' home the rain (I'm bringin' home the
rain)
There's no supper on the table. (No supper on the
table)
And my feet are in the flames,
I'm dryin' out again.

And I'm bringin' home the rain (I'm bringin' home the
rain)
My baby's cryin' in the cradle (Baby's cryin' in the
cradle)
And my feet are in the flames,
I'm dryin' out again.

Evil are the demons that haunt you,
Forgetting what it was that they taught you.

And now there's no one left to stop you,
Or to catch you when you drop.

You're evil as the demons that haunt you,
Forgetting what it was that they taught you.
And now there's no one left to stop you,
Or to catch you when you drop.

You're evil as the demons that haunt you,
Forgetting what it was that they taught you.
And now there's no one left to stop you,
Or to catch you when you, when you, when you're...

Blood-shot, your eyes drop,
And the skin's all wearin' thin.
There's no one here to tell you 'bout the depth of the
water,
Or the trouble that you're in.

You're dancin' with your demons, baby,
You forgot your former life.
And it was hard swimmin' once
And now you're daily divin' in.

And I'm bringin' home the rain (I'm bringin' home the
rain)
There's no supper on the table. (No supper on the
table)
And my feet are in the flames,
I'm dryin' out again.

And I'm bringin' home the rain (I'm bringin' home the
rain)
My baby's cryin' in the cradle (Baby's cryin' in the
cradle)
And my feet are in the flames,
I'm dryin' out again.

And I'm bringin' home the rain (I'm bringin' home the
rain)
There's no supper on the table. (No supper on the
table)
And my feet are in the flames,
Oh, the ceiling's... closin' in.

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