

Chance of Rain

"The Little Lad With The Bicycle Helmet"

Visit "[The Little Lad With The Bicycle Helmet](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And so the rain falls down upon the little lad with the bicycle helmet.

Afraid to be swept away by the storm and utterly unsure of himself, he cannot but help the shiver down his spine.

Alone on the streets, bumping into the dead glazed-over faces of the aged passerbyâ€™s, the little lad with the bicycle helmet finds himself lost and confused.

Breaking into a cold sweat as he begins to run down the street, he feels his throat and lungs burn with the invigorating yet toxic old city air.

Breathing in such poisonous contaminant provides a sense of urgency and injects a stream of adrenaline into the bloodstream, as the eyes of the little lad with the bicycle helmet scour the streets.

The streets, the streets.

Visit [Chance of Rain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.