

Old 97's "Blinding Sheets of Rain"

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These storms they gather forces unbeknownst to fools
like me
They hide on the horizon too far gone to see
I could have swore the heart you wore upon your sleeve
was mine
I could not see in front of me you were leaving I was
blind

Blinding sheets of rain that's what I'm blaming
I must have been blind not to see that you would leave
Now you are gone and the world is an ugly place
And I pray good Lord send more blinding sheets of rain

I love you, lost it's meaning to shipwrecked fools like
me
The rain is never ending there's no ships out to see
We have not seen a good night since these
thunderstorms rolled in
I pray God please send them back and make me blind
again

Blinding sheets of rain that's what I'm blaming
I must have been blind not to see that you would leave
Now you are gone and the world is an ugly place
And I pray good Lord send more blinding sheets of rain
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