

## Cletis Carr "Streets Of Shame"

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The old man wore a grey uniform I recognized from the war

He just sat there in that old armchair, drenched right to the bone

A woman's voice called from the other room, I think it's time for you to go

I mumbled something underneath my breath, turned and walked out the door

And the fire, the funeral pyre, burning all night long

There's no turning back anymore, it's just rain

Down came the rain, on the streets of shame

Rain, smothering the flames, on the streets of shame

I walked out on a dusty road filled with traffic lights

Jesus Christ got into a cab and said, take me to the Israelites

And there sitting at a sidewalk cafÃ©, looked like Arthur C. Clarke

He said, sit with me and dine, have a glass of wine, don't be afraid of the dark

And the fire, the funeral pyre, burning all night long

There's no turning back anymore, it's just rain

Down came the rain, on the streets of shame

Rain, smothering the flames, on the streets of shame

The old man was there, still sitting in his chair in the middle of the road

He didn't speak for a very long time, then he just said hello

He held out his arms and in his hands was an old grey uniform

And on the collar was a medal that read, sheltered from the storm

And the fire, the funeral pyre, burning all night long

There's no turning back anymore, it's just rain

Down came the rain, on the streets of shame

Rain, smothering the flames, on the streets of shame

Rain, hey look at all that rain, on the streets of shame

Rain, falling down like flames, on the streets of shame

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