

The Prize Fighter Inferno

"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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Rain lashes down your cheeks
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

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.

Repeat once

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