

Siouxsie And The Banshees "Cannons"

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Troubled weather's on its way
Tempests threaten us today
There's no respite from long dark nights
Just the fantasy of spring

From the hailstones of summer
To a scorching winter land
A frozen death sleep, then this heat
Beats down on this buckled land

Flames lick closer to the core
From city limits fireball
And in a headless chicken run

Race red and screaming fire engines
Then the cannons came

Oh 'neath the brooding sky
Beneath its baleful eye
The cannon shot, the cannon crack
Disturbing night dreams

People fled in droves
To the lakes and to the shores
Left behind a near ghost town
Save the life of the cannons resounding

Still there was no rain
No rain, no rain, no rain

Once more in the line of fire
Hovers the preying sky
The cannons aim jabs at the eye
Heralding the rain

Heralding the rain
Oh, heralding the rain
Heralding the rain

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