

## **Clash, The "Pouring Rain"**

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(Strummer)

I could see as I rode in  
the ships were gone and the pit fell in  
a funeral bell tolled the hour in  
a lonely drunkard slumbering  
not the twang of the guitar  
not even the siren wail of pain  
not the shadows of desire  
caught in the pouring pouring rain  
breeze black windows on date street  
where I was raised up on the cheap  
(yeah, say!) ask no questions work and sleep  
'til the old tango that's on date street  
I can hear the sharpen of the pain  
some lucky stranger in the rain  
hear the sharpen of the rain  
lucky stranger ... in the rain  
hammers beat in dusty times  
on these weedy rusted lines  
mocking the sun and optimistic signs  
all these weedy gates of iron

the sun won't shine my way again  
lucky moon was on the wane  
oh I'll never see a star again  
in the pouring pouring rain  
a salty band played for the train  
a sad trombone and some refrain  
the future pointed to the weather vane  
the old calypso died of shame  
I hear the sharpen of the pain  
some lucky stranger in the rain  
hear the sharpen of the pain  
lucky stranger pouring rain  
POURING RAIN !!!

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