

Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes "Looks Like Rain"

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Looks Like Rain
(J. Lyon)

She caught the five-fifteen to Reno
Said she'd phone me in a week
I had a ten-spot in my pocket
And her lipstick on my cheek
I still hear that railroad whistle
Blowing like a hurricane
Weatherman says fair tomorrow
But tonight it looks like rain

I had a gypsy take me downtown
To my usual port o' call
Where everyone's a drunken sailor
Waiting on a call
I took my ivy-covered cottage
And slowly poured it down the drain
Weatherman says fair tomorrow
But tonight it looks like rain

I mumble that I'm better off
Shout out that I don't care
But the whiskey takes my drunken words
And throws them down the stairs
From the black-and-white above the bar
I hear that same sad refrain
Weatherman says fair tomorrow
But tonight it looks like rain

Well no no no no
No, people I haven't gone insane
It's just that mean old southern whiskey
Clouding up my brain
It's just that mean old Southern whiskey
Dragging me down again
Lord, Lord, Lord, I wish she'd never caught that train
Weatherman says fair tomorrow
But tonight it looks like rain

