

## Gone Jackals, The "No Sign Of Rain"

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Autumn s come  
And the leaves are lookin brown and dry.  
Sun swings low,  
A fruit resists the thirsty ground.  
Uselessly,  
I try to coax a cloud or two.  
Searchin the skies,  
Knowin there ain t nothing left to do.

Summer s turned to gold,  
My garden s tired and old,  
The dust swirls round my bowl -  
And still, no sign of rain.

Faithfully,  
I ve tended to my patch of land.  
Year by year,  
I ve scratched to keep my humble clan.  
Now and then  
Some thunderheads come out of the blue.

Trouble is,  
They ve always been too far and few.

Summer s turned to fall,  
The air is thick and cold,  
I feel it in my bones -  
But still, no sign of rain.

Silence shades my lonely claim -  
Though all is gold,  
there is no rain.  
Still, I hear my singin bones

And I believe  
Rain will fall.

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