

Idle Race, The "And The Rain"

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Crystal coloured glass containing pictures of my past
And wonders that you never even dreamed
Light reflecting shades of my childhood younger days
And rainbows sometimes never having rained

Times that went so fast, good times that couldn't last
Like lightning never striking twice
Years that weren't so bad, the days that weren't so
bright
Like clouds that formed and broke up over night

I climb the twisting path of fate
And I look down on the village far below
And the rain comes and mingles with my tears
Why I'm crying, I will never know

The misty image forms of a time that now I recall
A wave then ripples on a broken shore
Past, present, future too, come flashing into view
Like thunder claps that cannot be ignored

And the wind blows through the corridors of years
And my hair is white, many Winter snows

And the rain comes and mingles with my tears
Why I'm crying, I will never know

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