

The Wolfgang Press "Raintime"

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Disturbing the old times, the gift of science
Lots of back washing and sticks of paper
Sticks of paper lighting the way
If you find you don't know where you're going

It's in the bush, it's in the trees
I'm gonna run 'round there twice
It's too quick, it's too late
It's much too quick and it's far too late

I'm rolling away
And I'm rolling away, and I'm rolling away for the last
time
And I'm hauling away, and I'm hauling away
Too many things left unsaid

And I'm rolling away, and I'm rolling away
Somebody here is talking
And I'm hauling away, and I'm hauling away
Somebody here is sober

Somebody here is older, Macbeth times 2
A lazy suit and bloody hands
Come taste your faith in every street
The sounds of money just kissed me in the face

My trousers aren't the right size, I go straight to pocket
Take one step up and back to business
My mind is closed so my body speaks
My mind is clothed, my body squeaks

And I'm rolling away, and I'm rolling away
And I'm facing my only true smile
And I'm hauling away, and I'm hauling away
Somebody there is calling

So I'm rolling away, the rolling away
A sound of time is talking
And I'm hauling away and I'm hauling away
This party here is too loud

Nobody knows what clothes they're wearing

Nobody knows which road is the white one
So here we go holding up the motion
You raise your hopes, you raise your chin

You raise your glass with nothing in it
It's a momentary lapse, a common habit
Support your faith with this party face and party pieces
And party faces, and party people with their powdered
faces

Just, just rolling away, just rolling away, just rolling
away
Just rolling
Ooh rain time, ooh rain time, ooh rain time

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