

Tom Waits

"More Than Rain"

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It's more than rain that falls on our parade tonight
It's more than thunder, it's more than thunder
And it's more than a bad dream now that I'm sober
Nothing but sad times, nothing but sad times
None of our pockets are lined with gold
Nobody's caught the bouquet
There're no dead presidents we can fold
Nothing is going our way
And it's more than trouble, I got myself into
It's more than woe-be-gotten grey skies now

And it's more than a bad dream now that I'm sober
There's no more dancing, there is no more dancing
And it's more than trouble I got myself into
Nothing but sad times, nothing but sad times
None of our pockets are lined with gold
Nobody's caught the bouquet
There're no dead presidents we can fold
Nothing is going our way
And it's more than goodbye I have to say to you
It's more than woe-be-gotten grey skies now
And it's more than goodbye I have to say to you
It's more than woe-be-gotten grey skies now
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