

## This Town In The Rain

Anthony Stewart Head

Nothing's as sobering or quite frankly, depressing  
As looking out on LA in the rain.  
The colors of the houses, the pinks and pale blues  
Against the slab gray sky is all wrong  
-It's just wrong.  
And the palm trees, with their dead leaves  
Have a hangdog expression like someone took their fun away.  
The tired, tarmacadam strips just watching idiots  
Slip and slide as their tires lose their grip on the road  
Didn't anybody tell them you can't drive the same - drive insane  
in the  
Rain?  
In this town,  
This town in the rain.

The sidewalks are soused as the guttering, so used to drought,  
Spews the water out in loud gushing spouts.  
Like Hurricane Harbour... without the fun  
And parking lots are like boating lakes as pockets and puddles  
seem to  
Spring out of the ground  
There's nowhere it can run to, with no concept of run-off  
Hunted and haunted it lies there in great gulps.  
No drains, no gain.  
This town,  
This town in the rain.