

Beads Of Sweat

Laura Nyro

Cold jade wind
Not an angel in the sky
Just cold jade restless wind
Somethin's comin' I know to devastate

My soul
I pricked my fingers on the thorns
And this rain is a rainin' hard
This sky's gonna beckon Mariah to match my soul

Rain in the river
Rain in the river
Rain on the river banks
Down my neck
Beads of sweat

Rain on the highway
Running clear cross New York
A wind song through the barren trees
Wild lavender heather

By the railroad sways
Listen to the wailin'
Of the rain in the river
Rain on the river banks

Roll, roll
River rock his soul
She's callin' you
Rainclouds
Rainclouds

Roll, roll
River rock his soul
She's callin' you
Rainclouds
Rainclouds

Down his neck
Down his neck
Down his neck
Beads of
Beads of, beads of
Beads of sweat

Five boys standing on the banks of the river
Waiting for the virgin snow
Searching for a miracle
A pearl in an oyster and we all looked up to God

Although he is the color of the wind
Listen to the wailing
Of the rain in the river
Rain on the river banks