

Beautiful Rain

Afro Celt Sound System

In this golden age, indifference reigns
I lay down my head
My pillow the sidewalk
I hear the dance of rain

On the empty streets, past cathedral spires
And the angels wings before dawn
Cross the empty fields and silent shires
This is how I hear you

Call - calling, beautiful rain
Fall - falling, call me again

In this olden world
Harder than a gemstone would it be to change
Once a youthful garden now her flowers fade
And her soul hardens
Her skies rage and her babies won't age
And history falls hard from the page

Fall falling, beautiful rain
Call calling, call me again