

Bombay Rain

Caedmon's Call

The rain in Bombay fall on the righteous and the wrong
And there is no way for me to understand
Faces pull towards me like the sea to the moon
Eyes like diamonds in the sun
Abraham's grains of sand spilling over the streets
A wave of statistics

The rain in Bombay feeds the swelling of the sea
It threatens to drown all the voices drowning me
We stand beneath the gateway of the foreign kings and queens
With nothing but pockets of candy
I look up to the sky and see the stars hanging from
The promises, the promises of God

Hollywood, Bollywood, London and Chicago
Lord, all the places you have placed us
I was born in a small town, and I feel like a small man
Looking out the windows of this Bombay bus

The rain in Bombay falls on the righteous and the wrong
And there is no way for me to understnad
Obscene idols, rickshaw cycles, cows on the highway
Honey, all the things that I have seen
But most amazing of them all is the grace that we believe in
That we are known and loved, loved and known

Hollywood, Bollywood, Tokyo, Nairobi
Lord, all the places you have placed us
I'm a child of the one God
The Spirit, Father, and Son
On each side of the windows of this Bombay bus

The rain in Bombay...