

## 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...