

## Hatful Of Rain

Del Amitri

Love hearts on an old stone building  
Have no relevance now  
Sherry bottles in a bus-stop litter bin  
Remind me of you somehow  
You look so young it's frightening  
Life's been good to you  
But strike me down with bolts of lightning  
If I wasn't good to you too

Throw me away, throw me away again  
'cause I don't mind, I'm still satisfied  
With just a hateful of rain

Merry widows in stock gloss magazines  
Dumbstruck open their mouths  
And out comes some old jackpot philosophy  
Everything must pay somehow  
And I've heard you say that he just works for me  
Doing things that you can't do  
But grease my palms with a hateful of currencies  
I don't belong to you

Throw me away, throw me away again  
'cause I don't mind, I'm still satisfied  
With just a hateful of rain