

Pocket Full of Rain

Steve Earle

Boys out on the corner
The way they were before
But me I don't go down there
With my money anymore
Yeah I can still remember when
It used to kill the pain
But I woke up every mornin'
With a pocketful of rain

Ain't like it's been easy
I been up and down
And lately I can't seem to keep
My chin up off the ground
But I'd rather eat a pound of dirt than
Taste that taste again
And a world of hurt is better than
A pocket full of rain

Talk about the devil and up he jump
Down beside the levee on a hollow stump
Shakin' like a window girl in Amsterdam
I don't wanna be no closer than I am
To tell you he's the devil
'Cause I know all his names
And I know all his faces well
He's the devil just the same
He'll look you in the eye and lie
And promise anything
Leave you cold and empty as
A pocket full of rain