

Rainfall

Hey Marseilles

The city streets have more than we
Could ever want or need
We'll take our march to country sides
Where real men do bleed

They say it's all been done before
Never been done right
We'll read the books we set aside
We will set our sights

The trains can track the lives we've made
Through wired window panes
Buildings tall, scream at the sky
Freeways freed away

I'll set my post to west coast time
The rhythm that it makes
Wish you long and loving lives
Free from drought and

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Go now, we'll have enough if we can have it all

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