

## Driving In The Rain

John Wesley Harding

With all your vice and volume the whole of last week  
The plastic pretenders to paradise speak  
Of your fictions of triumph and legends of pain  
The sense that you'd left you'd be back once again  
There's a glint in your eyes and the sky starts to laugh  
It's two to one you never did things by half  
And I'm out on the rooftops yelling your name  
Cos without you this town will be too much the same

You went driving in the rain  
I'll never see you again  
There's nothing in the air left to compare  
To all of your passion and genius pain  
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There was talk of an illness that came by surprise  
The papers did penance, the whole town took sides  
Oh, but it was your dancing and mischeivous mind  
And then we were shot of you, but no-one's that blind  
And there's flowers have bloomed down the side of your street  
Where you and your demons did openly meet  
And I hope it's wide open where you've got to  
There's closed minds in this town that couldn't accept you

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They're making excuses, the reasons the facts  
They're reasoning how long you'll take to come back  
But there's guilt in their prayers, maybe shame in their pride  
They know it was no fault of yours down inside  
They steps can't be retraced cos tracks disappear  
And there'd be no welcome for you back here  
Because you were the worst side of everyone's soul  
They had to get rid or face up to the cold

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