

## (Right On) Thru

L7

Well I hate the rain when I drive  
Right on thru  
Cause the windows are broken on my 455  
Right on thru  
It don't rain much but when it do  
That dirty old rain comes right on thru  
Right on thru  
Through to you!  
I had some pigeons livin on my ledge  
Right on thru  
Dirty winged rats living on the edge  
Right on thru  
I give em a shot too  
Right on thru  
The pigeon shit seeps right on thru  
Right on thru  
Through to you  
Well you built your house made out of lead  
Right on thru  
It keeps out those things that you dread  
Right on thru  
It don't matter where you hide  
Right on thru  
Because reality always crashes inside  
Right on thru  
Through to you