

It's Raining on Prom Night

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

I was deprived of a young girl's dream
By the cruel force of nature from the blue
Instead of a night full of romance supreme
All I got was a running nose and Aegeatic flu

It's raining on prom night, my hair is a mess
It's running all over my taffeta dress
It's wilting the quilting on my maiden form
Mascara flows right down my nose, because of the storm

I don't even have a corsage, oh gee
It fell down a sewer with my sister's ID

Yes, it's raining on prom night.
Oh my darling, what can I do? I miss you.
It's raining real rain from the skies
And it's draining real menstrual blood from my thighs
Over you, oh, over you.
Oh dear God, make him feel the same way I do right now
He'll never want to see me again

What can I do? It's raining, rain from the skies
It's raining, tears from my eyes over you