

## Blinding Sheets Of Rain

Old 97's

These storms they gather forces unbeknownst to fools like me  
They hide on the horizon too far gone to see  
I could have sworn the heart you wore upon your sleeve was mine  
I could not see in front of me you were leaving I was blind

Blinding sheets of rain that's what I'm blaming  
I must have been blind not to see that you would leave  
Now you are gone and the world is an ugly place  
And I pray good Lord send more blinding sheets of rain

I love you, lost it's meaning to shipwrecked fools like me  
The rain is never ending there's no ships out to see  
We have not seen a good night since these thunderstorms rolled  
in  
I pray God please send them back and make me blind again

Blinding sheets of rain that's what I'm blaming  
I must have been blind not to see that you would leave  
Now you are gone and the world is an ugly place  
And I pray good Lord send more blinding sheets of rain  
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