

Rain Dance

Resurrection Band

Talking to myself; ideas and images covered with dust,
Memories, well-worn from constant use, stained by
loneliness and lust,
Heaping on my heart abuse,
Somebody tell me - what's the use?
Somebody tell me...somebody tell me - what's the use?

Wet-walking in the streaming rain; hair stuck to my
head, like my thoughts,
Regrets half-felt, and sin half-loved - what have I
bought?
Drops coming down on my face and on the rooftops, but
they don't reach inside me,
I say faith is just for fools,
Somebody tell me - what's the use?
Oh.

Love - cold and wet against my skin,
Where do you end? How do you begin?
I'm so lost, in a world without your breath,
Afraid of being touched without tenderness,
Needing your fire, fearing your flame,
Could I surrender, waiting for the rain?
Streaming rain, come on, rain,
Lord, send your rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain, oh.

Come on, rain.
Rain, rain, rain.
Ooh, come on, rain.