

# Handful of Rain

Savatage

The night is growing dark  
From somewhere deep within  
It shelters like an ark  
That always takes you in

The barmaid walks on over  
And pours another round  
For a lost soul at the corner  
Who prays he's never found

And the mind goes numb  
Until it's feeling no pain  
And the soul cries out  
For a handful of rain

Wash your women  
In your whiskey  
When your future's  
In the past  
And your staring  
Up at heaven  
From the bottom  
Of a glass  
And you need some insulation  
From the years you've  
Had and lost  
And you feel the perspiration  
As you're adding up the cost

And the night rolls on  
Like a slow moving train  
And the soul cries out

There's a land beyond the living  
There's a land beyond the dead  
If it's true that God's forgiving  
Of the lives that we had led  
In the distance there's a thunder  
And the air is thick and warm  
And the patrons watch with wonder  
The approaching of the storm

And the night rolls on  
Like a slow moving train  
And the soul cries out  
For a handful of rain

There's an old man in the corner  
And he's smoking all the time  
An the smoke is drifting upward and it's  
Twisting in my  
Twisting in my  
Mind  
In my mind

The whiskey's getting deeper  
And I use it like a moat

There's a blues man in the distance and he's  
Lost inside his  
Note  
His note

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