

## Stormy Side Of Town

Stan Ridgway

The tires roll the gutters and you can hear the beer cans crunch  
Two ladies sit together on a park bench, feed the pigeons, and eat lunch  
And the window's always broken and the corner has a street light that's burnt out  
And everyone walks away when the cops drive by, roll down their windows, and shout  
So if you're wonderin' where the trouble starts when you hear the sirens sound  
It's where the trouble always ends--on the stormy side of town  
Where it keeps rainin' all the time

Now there's a young girl leanin' on the fender of a long black car  
And a man built like a buddha--used to box, and now he works at paintin' tar  
And the kids play in the streets, while their parents stick their fingers in the fans  
And the trash is piled up high by the bus stop where the riders wait and stand  
And everyone has said the big show-off doesn't seem to be around  
And no one asks for names or business cards on the stormy side of town  
Where it keeps rainin' all the time

On the stormy side of town  
It's rainin' all the time  
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It's rainin' all the time  
On the stormy side of town

And all the empty eyes that don't look up  
Still say it every time--  
"You've got your job, and I've got mine"

Shadows from the buildings creep along the parking cars  
While the women spank their babies and the old men just drink all day in bars  
And the people that "never see it" always end up as the ones who've seen it all  
And the liquor store is crowded, while an empty phone booth rings another call  
And the hills that used to all seem green now look an ugly brown

And no one ever found any movie stars on the stormy side of town

Where it keeps rainin' all the time

So bring a bottle and a paper bag

And expect to pass it all around

And last one out's a rotten egg

On the stormy side of town