

Rainy Day

The Bolshoi

Rainy day come my way
I don't think
I'll go out I think
I'll stay like it
or not you got what
you got and when you look at yourself
you can see that it's not a lot
all the trees stand silent now reaching up to heaven with
the dead man's bones they feel like stone
and the blood is cold and when the wind blows
you can hear them moan

chorus:

what a day to get away
you can't see the shit on the city streets
now come down look around
all the ugly ducks are swans oh yes, I've seen all the
things
we've made I've seen sunlight and the shade
I tell you now that
I would trade it all for just one rainy day I saw the
figure of an old man wagging his hand like a metronome he
was bitten by the teeth of the wind
so he wrapped up the wound and he went off home

chorus:

heard the sound of the ships at sea calling to each other
for a sense of direction
I thought they sounded a bit like me when I sing a
certain way with a certain inflection (chorus)