

November

The Church

As the rain falls hard it fills the cracks on Mission Street,
There's a hole in my shoe and it's letting water soak my feet,
I don't know why I curse the sky because it won't stop the rain
,
I don't know who I'm yelling to because it won't stop the rain

As the rain fall hard it falls on the people waiting for the bus home,
(For the bus home),
No matter who you are, you feel the same when you're wet, cold
and alone,
Soaked hair and dress and all the rest divided by the rain,
When you get home you're still alone reminded by the rain, rain

So I went home like I normally do and I put on something dry,
I went out to get a coffee, read a book about anarchy,
And watched the commuters walk by,
Tears from the sky, I'm satisfied that I can't stop the rain,
Can't justify, and I can't define, and I can't stop the rain, rain

We only dream to float downstream, reminded by the rain,
Tied to a tree, cannot break free, reminded by the rain