

# Afro Celt Sound System, Beautiful Rain

In this golden age, indifference reigns  
I lay down my head  
My pillow the sidewalk  
I hear the dance of rain

On the empty streets, past cathedral spires  
And the angels wings before dawn  
Cross the empty fields and silent shires  
This is how i hear you

Call - calling, beautiful rain  
Fall - falling, call me again

In this olden world  
Harder than a gemstone would it be to change  
Once a youthful garden now her flowers fade  
And her soul hardens

Her skies rage and her babies won&#039;t age  
And history falls hard from the page

Fall falling, beautiful rain  
Call calling, call me again