

Del Amitri, Hatful Of Rain

Lovehearts on an old stone building
Have no relevance now
Sherry bottles in a bus-stop litter bin
Remind me of you somehow
You look so young it's frightening
Life's been good to you
But strike me down with bolts of lightning
If I wasn't good to you too
Throw me away, throw me away again
'Cos I don't mind, I'm still satisfied
With just a hatful of rain
Merry widows in stock gloss magazines
Dumbstruck open their mouths
And out comes some old jackpot philosophy --
Everything must pay somehow
And I've heard you say that he just works for me,
Doing things that you can't do
But grease my palms with a hatful of currencies
I don't belong to you
Throw me away, throw me away again
'Cos I don't mind, I'm still satisfied
With just a hatful of rain