

# Keane, Black Rain

I open my eyes, everything shines  
We swim as the breeze blows down the coast  
Down on my luck, breathing my last  
Dirty your hands, carry me home

Red sky turning round, black rain falling down  
If you've got love you'd better hope that that's enough  
Sandstorm cuts your skin, Black Kites circling  
If you've got love you'd better hope that that's enough

We came from the south to Lebanon shore  
Folded our clothes, dived into peace  
The blackest of seas glittering red  
Lit by the fire over our heads

Red sky turning round, black rain falling down  
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Sandstorm cuts your skin, Sunbirds circling  
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You'd better hope that that's enough