

Old 97's, Blinding Sheets Of Rain

These storms they gather forces unbeknownst to fools like me
They hide on the horizon too far gone to see
I could have sworn the heart you wore upon your sleeve was mine
I could not see in front of me you were leaving I was blind

Blinding sheets of rain that's what I'm blaming
I must have been blind not to see that you would leave
Now you are gone and the world is an ugly place
And I pray good lord send more blinding sheets of rain

I love you lost its meaning to shipwrecked fools like me
The rain is never-ending there's no ships out to see
We have not seen a good night since these thunderstorms rolled in
I pray god please send them back and make me blind again