

Rain, In Sheets

My conscience is reeling
And so is the ceiling
The funniest feeling
Is filling my mind
The moon goes on waning
And rain is still raining
The dams are all straining
To hold back the tide
The good Life is better
When Death is your debtor
The Rain makes things wetter
That Sunshine has dried
Your love is a feather
All wrapped up in leather
And soon I'll endeavor
To open it wide