

Red House Painters, I Feel The Rain Fall

I feel the rain fall down my back,
I'm going back
To my place of work,
to get things done, to get them right

But I'll mess them up,
and I always do...buried in words about you

This year, what a year,
I laid around, just feeling down
And from our happy room,
I watched the seasons as they flew

And then when Christmas came,
I laid my head...to rest in shame
'Cause with my finished work,
I turn my head back...still didn't work

And I put it to bed,
you often swore to find me dead
Too many times, enough,
to start again, to give it up

And then the morning came,
to light the day...to light my way
'Cause with my finished work,
I tilt my head back...still didn't work

I feel the rain fall down my back,
I'm going back