## Screaming Trees, Cold Rain

I walk in cold rain

With my telescope in my hand

I had to go 27,000 miles with this cane

Now it's broken into pieces

So little time remains

I hear these voices in in the air

And I know they're just repeating

The language of the land

And the sky that I survey

I'm reciting all the verses

Prayin' straight from the book beside my bed

It's different now I'm here

Every question's coming clear

Yeah I found so many places

That I don't know where I'm at

Came right on every story

And now I can't come back

And these voices in the aisle

And I know they're just repeating

The language of the land

And the sky that I survey

Everywhere I have to go

Is so very far away

Away

Yeah, so far away

Too far away

I get these voices in my head

But I know they're just repeating

The language of the land

And the sky that I survey

Everywhere I have to go

Is so very far away

I walk in cold rain

I got my telescope in my hand

I had to go 27,000 miles with this cane

But it's broken into pieces

And so little time remains

I walk in cold rain

I walk in cold rain

Cold rain

I walk in cold rain

Cold rain falling down

I feel the cold rain falling down

I feel cold rain falling down