

The Hollies, Rain On The Window

(Hicks / Clarke / Nash)

When I hear pitter-patter the rain on the window
reminds of her

When I hear pitter-patter the rain on the window

It was raining hard
the trees looked bare the night I met her
She was wet her hands were cold
the wind blew through her hair

Though I'd known her quite a long time
we were just good friends
So it didn't seem so strange
inviting her back home

We sat by the fire
The flames brought out something in her
Melting all the cold
projecting warmth I never knew

As the rain beat on my window
did she understand
that in the glow of dying embers
everything was planned

Pitter-patter pitter-patter pitter-patter pitter-patter
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pitter-patter pitter-patter pitter-patter pitter-patter

We made love later on that night
while the rain beat on my window
I can't forget the things that happened
while the rain beat down on my window

Next time I saw her
I knew she didn't want to know me
If I disappointed her
I think she should have told me

Can't she understand
I only tried to be a man
She made me feel so ashamed
of everything I am

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