

Tom Waits, More Than Rain

It's more than rain that falls on our parade tonight
it's more than thunder it's more than thunder
And its more than a bad dream, now that i'm sober
it's more than a swindle this crooked card game
Nothing but sad times, Nothing but sad times

none of our pockets are filled with gold
nobody's caught the boquet
there are no dead presidents we can fold
nothing is going our way

And its more than trouble, i got myself into
it's more than woe-be-gotten grey skies now
And its more than a bad dream, now that i'm sober
theres no more dancing, there is no more dancing
And its more than trouble, i got myself into
Nothing but sad times, Nothing but sad times

and it's more than goodbye I have to say to you
it's more than woe-be-gotten grey skies now