

# Atlas Sound, Scraping Past

Escape the rain falling down  
Escape the sun, it comes and goes  
Escape the rain, that comes and goes  
When it stops, no one knows  
Crazy to believe  
Patterns emerge from this stuff  
Wasted words, wasted words  
Scraping past highways  
Always too crowded to see  
Whether you'll come with me and trade away all that  
Scraping past  
Rain falls