

Caedmon's Call, April Showers

Like April Showers on the slick cement
When I consider how our light is spent
Keeping the candles inside the cathedral
Hold on tight, Don't go into the night
So full of evil

Rain rain don't go away
We need you this dry and dusty day
Rain rain don't go away
Though some may say please go away

Like the April Showers on the slick cement
And the roads once straight have now become so bent
Weaving through the trees of vain security
Rounding round the hard rocks of hard morality

And the sacred cows
Feed on the green
While the least of these
Are dying on the streets
And they're crying...