

# Collective Soul, Him

Well I took a little ride through the pouring rain  
To think about the casualties of your exchange  
Cause what you said ain't what you do  
You know you live by the words you choose  
Was it him, was it me  
Were his lies easier than my truth to believe  
Well I took a little walk through the driving rain  
To catch my breath from your self-inflicted change  
Cause what you said ain't what you do  
I feel this storm will soon blanket you  
And the rain comes just like a bed of nails  
And the rain comes just like summer in hell