

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