

Ed Harcourt, Rain On The Pretty Ones

I'm the hunter, who's killed by his dog.
I'm the statue, burned down into lead.
I'm the problem, you don't want to solve.
I'm the lover, who dies in his bed.

So rain on the pretty ones.
Your useless lives don't speak to us.
Rain on the pretty ones.
You leave no footprints in the dust.
Adventurous, you used to be.
But now you seem so dead to me.

I'm the doctor, with a needle in his arm.
I'm the cartoon, that makes you feel sad.
I'm the secret, that everyone has.
I'm the cancer, that never turns black.

So rain on the pretty ones.
Your useless lives don't speak to us.
Rain on the pretty ones.
You leave no footprints in the dust.
Adventurous, you used to be.
But now you seem so dead to me.

I'm the actor, who's scared to perform.
I'm the sunshine, that hides in the clouds.
I'm the father, that couldn't be found.
I'm the cuckoo, that never flew south.
I'm the Christian, that cannot forgive.
I'm the dreamer, who jumps off the bridge.
I'm the sinner, who hates how he lives.
I'm the liar, who gets what he gives.