

Hawksley Workman, Rain

rain, rain, falling is the only thing you ever do
you're getting pretty good
you're getting pretty good at it now

down, down, down to where the trouble
and the hurt does live
where so many fall
where so many take
and not give

you make it seem so graceful
you make it seem so proud
you're just falling from
the sky on to the ground

what, what, what if it was simple
like the falling rain
love comes down
and just sinks into your heart

cause when you fall, fall, fall so hard
it's ugly just to see your face
fall so hard
the earth beneath you
looks the other way

you make it seem so graceful
the peace within your sound
you're just falling from
the sky on to the ground

pain, pain why did i invite you
to be here again
i thought we were through
when i walked away in the rain