

# Meat Puppets, Too Real

Doesn't it blow so cold and lonely  
Oh, and it's blowin your way  
Thunder roars, the clouds are reeling  
A thousand shades of gray  
And it falls you see it all  
All that you see  
Comes from nowhere  
Can't be explained  
No one can buy  
The wind and the rain  
Whistling wind the stars are shooting  
Night is falling somewhere  
Gimme a door, I feel like walking  
Putting the wind in my hair  
As it falls the thunder calls  
Calls its own name  
Can't be controlled  
Can't be contained  
No one can buy  
The wind and the rain  
Throughout the years  
Some things remain  
No one can buy  
The wind and the rain  
Throughout the years  
Some things remain  
No one can buy  
The wind and the rain