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