

Melissa Etheridge, The Late September Dogs

Just outside my window I hear the late September dogs
And I understand their warning I understand their song
Since you left I feel the change in the air
And night after night I'm searching for mercy everywhere
So I wake in the street and I call out your name
I shout to the sky please

Come on let it rain
Let it rain down on me
Let the rain touch my hands
Let the rain set me free
Let it rain down on me

Silence is the steel that pierces and cuts me to the bone
In dreams the hand that touches you is mine and mine alone
Cruel is the light is the morning shining down on me
Hours with the Devil to understand just what you need
So I wake in the street and I call out your name
Shout to the sky come on

Come on let it rain
Let it rain down on me
Let the rain fill my eyes
Let the rain set me free
Let it rain down on me

Just inside the distance I hear the late September dogs
And so I beg for sleep the child who walked before she crawled
Damn my soul that remembers and clutches to this pain
The spear in your side is me

Come on let it rain
Let it rain down on me
Let the rain touch my hands
Let the rain set me free
Let it rain down on me