Sambora Richie, Harlem Rain

(R.Sambora & R.Supa)
The old man down on the corner, is drowing in his pain,
I can see the sorrow in his eyes, his tears, they leave a stain.
The streets have left him broken, he's in the final phase,
It's been a long hard road, from his glory days.
There's a tattoo of his sweetheart, fading on his arm,
He talks of painful tradegy, how he lost his lucky charm.
His memory is clouded, from the thunder in his vein,
He's vanishing, vanishing gone, in the Harlem rain.
Harlem rain coming down,
Another shattered soul, in the lost and found.
One more night, on the street of pain,
Getting washed away by the Harlem rain.
On desperation avenue, the devil takes his toll,
Where the pushes and the poverty, slowly claim your soul.
When you reached the realization,
That you just can't break the chain, no.
You're vanishing, vanishing gone,
In the Harlem rain.
Harlem rain coming down,
Another shattered soul, in the lost and found.
One more night, on the street of pain,
Getting washed away by the Harlem rain.
(Harlem Rain)
In your search for tender mercy, no one seemed to care,
The faith that used to be your crutch, is now your cross to bear.
You lost yourself so long ago, you don't know who to blame,
You're vanishing, vanishing gone.
Vanishing, vanishing gone, vanishing, vanishing gone,
In the Harlem rain.