

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Cannons

Troubled weather's on its way
Tempests threaten us today
There's no respite, from long dark nights
Just the fantasy of spring
From the hailstones of summer
To a scorching winter land
A frozen death sleep, then this heat
Beats down on this bucked land

Flames lick closer to the core
From city limits fireball
And in a headless chicken run
Race red and screaming fire engines
The the cannons came

'Neath the brooding sky
Beneath its baleful eye
The cannon shot, the cannon crack
Disturbing night dreams

People fled in droves
To the lakes and to the shores
Left behind a near ghost town
Save the life of the cannons resounding
Still there was no rain

Once more in the line of fire
Hovers the preying sky
The cannons aim jabs at the eye
Heralding the rain