

Sparklehorse, Rainmaker

well, shit, yeah!

all you've got to do is look in the sky and wish
you might see his face in the clouds or relaxing in a spirit ditch
he's been known to sleep on piles of dry leaves
abandoned on October lawns

sometimes he awakens with spiders on his eyelids

rainmaker's coming

rainmaker's coming

rainmaker's coming to soak us with water

sometimes you feel just like a stone tossed into the deep

all you gotta do is touch a woman's face that's warm with sleep

and he can show up at your, your back door in the deep

trace him back before he was born

inquiring about an honest days work for a decent meal

rainmaker's coming

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sometimes he's hitching a ride in a freezer or appears as a mist

he's also been known to introduce himself as a scientist

he could be the retarded son of an old woman with

seven fingers on each hand

'cos I know I reckon, he will come when he's beckoned for

rainmaker's coming

rainmaker's coming

rainmaker's coming to soak us with water

to soak us with water