

# Superchunk, Rainy Streets

as the two lanes slicken  
and the clouds they hug that ridge just stickin'  
when the wind that whistles knocks the panes from old windows  
down rainy streets  
there's a light that meets the ground  
in the warm rush of blood to the head fights the sick that's been around  
when bags of icy knives pull hard down on the mercury  
and winter's whip of cold kills everything in a nursery  
down rainy streets  
well there's a light that meets the ground  
and the warm rush of blood to the head fights the sick that's been around