

# The Rolling Stones, Rain Fall Down

It was a filthy block of flats  
Trash was on the floor  
A stink was in my nose  
Hinges off the doors  
She took me in her room  
All was spic and span  
Fixed me up a drink  
Turned down all the lamps  
And the rain fell down  
On the cold hard ground  
And the phone kept ringing  
And we made sweet love  
Follow it up in this strange grey town  
They build it up and let it all fall down  
Feel like we're living in a battleground  
Everybody's jazzed  
Follow it up in this strange grey town  
The paint is peeling and the sky turned brown  
The bankers are wankers, every Thursday night  
They just vomit on that ground  
And the rain fell down  
The cold grey town  
And the phone kept ringing  
And we made sweet love  
Everybody's dreaming  
Everybody's scheming  
Until the rain fall down  
She cooked me up some eggs  
Then she made some tea  
Kissed me on the cheek  
And I turned on her TV  
It was all the usual crap  
All the usual sleaze  
For ten thousand quid  
Some bimbo spilled the beans, yeah  
And the rain fell down  
On the cold grey town  
And the phone kept ringing  
And we made sweet love  
And the rain fell down  
And we made, and we made, and we made sweet love  
And the phone kept, the phone kept ringing... Yeah!  
Yeah  
And the phone kept ringing  
The phone kept ringing, yeah  
And the rain... rain... rain... rain.... rain... rain... rain...