

Warren Zevon, Fistful Of Rain

(Warren Zevon and Jorge Calderon)

You can dream the American Dream
But you sleep with the lights on
And wake up with a scream
You can hope against hope
That nothing will change
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold of that
fistful of rain

When your grasp has exceeded your reach
And you put all your faith
In a figure of speech
You've heard all the answers
But the questions remain
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold of that
fistful of rain

And when diamonds turn back into coal
Grab a hold, children, grab a hold
When the mountains crumble
And you're ready to rumble
And roll like a runaway train...

And when diamonds turn back into coal
Grab a hold, children, grab a hold
When the mountains crumble
And you're ready to rumble
And roll like a runaway train...

In a heart there are windows and doors
You can let the light in
You can feel the wind blow
When there's nothing to lose
And nothing to gain
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold of that
fistful of rain
Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold of that
fistful of rain