

Hatful Of Rain

Del Amitri

Love hearts on an old stone building
Have no relevance now
Sherry bottles in a bus-stop litter bin
Remind me of you somehow
You look so young it's frightening
Life's been good to you
But strike me down with bolts of lightning
If I wasn't good to you too

Throw me away, throw me away again
'cause I don't mind, I'm still satisfied
With just a hateful of rain

Merry widows in stock gloss magazines
Dumbstruck open their mouths
And out comes some old jackpot philosophy
Everything must pay somehow
And I've heard you say that he just works for me
Doing things that you can't do
But grease my palms with a hateful of currencies
I don't belong to you

Throw me away, throw me away again
'cause I don't mind, I'm still satisfied
With just a hateful of rain