

Rainy Streets

Superchunk

As the two lanes slicken
And the clouds that hug that ridge just thicken
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