

Elgin Avenue

Danny Michel

Well the rain came down on Elgin Ave.
And the faces on the bus look sad,
as the man with the umbrella hails a cab.

And the sky is looking mean and grey,
and tomato is the soup today.
As the homeless lay out plastic on the ground.

She takes this chance to start anew,
with a hotel sample free shampoo.
And her hair is hold and baby blue.

Rain, rain, don't go away.
I'm glad you came I hope you stay,
and you couldn't have come on a better day.

Now the rain floods my flowerbed,
and the garbage can with the missing lid.
They blame it on those no-good meddling kids.

She can't be more than seventeen,
and sleeping in a bank machine.
And beating up an old tambourine.

While the old man strums an old guitar,
a silvertone with a whammy bar.
As someone shouts insults from their car.

Rain, rain, don't go away.
I'm glad you came and I hope you stay,
and you couldn't of come on a better day.

My kitchen window leads to the roof,
where nothing's safe or waterproof.
And it feels like a giant pirate ship.

And the barber sweeps up all the hair,
and he falls asleep in his barber's chair.
And the smell of disinfectant fills the air.

The old man finds a cigarette,
by the pharmacy at Somerset.
And he's standing there all soaking wet.

Rain, rain, don't go away,
Im glad you came and I hope you stay.
And you couldn' have come on a better day,
I couldn't be any wetter.
You couldn't have come on a better day.