

Rained On

Frightened Rabbit

I've been living in a dustbowl with half closed eyes
And if I believe the radio the levy is dry
There is sick on the pavement from seven weeks ago
Nothing is sacred, not even our home
Feels like there's a drug dust filling up my nose

I won't be sorry anymore
Since January 1st
When everything got rained on
Washed away the dirt
Saw the heavens letting go
In a melancholy burst
Everything got rained on
Didn't even hurt

Everything has changed, not for better or for worse
Are they tears or is it rain?
Doesn't matter anymore
In the end they're both the same
We're less filthy than before
Didn't ask for a downpour
Didn't need a flood
Still I think I found the answer somewhere in the mud
All this lying in the sun doesn't fill my cup

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I don't plan on feeling empty for any longer than I must
If California needs a drink, I'll be joining her for one