

Pouring Rain (1993)

Joe Strummer

I could see as I rode in
The ships were gone and the pit filled in
A funeral bell called the hour in
A lonesome drunk was stumbling

Not a twang of a guitar
The sound of your blues train got me far
Not even a shadow of desire
In the pouring, pouring rain

Hammers beat in dusty times
On these weedy, rusted lines
Mocking the sun and optimistic signs
Above the chained-up gates of iron

The sun won't shine this way again
The lucky moon went on the wane
The lights went out in the hall of fame
In the pouring, pouring rain

Breeze black windows in dead streets
Where life was lived upon the cheap
"Ask no questions, work and sleep"
Said the old time ghosts on my old street

I hear the shout, but I don't feel no pain
Feel so lucky, spinning in the rain
I hear the shout, but I don't feel no pain
Absolutely [?] in the rain

The corner shops with scissor teeth
They're clippin' the life from weary me
I'm knockin' 'em down on HP Street

Now the army band leads 'em in the train
That's some trombone and some refrain
The future points to the weathervane
In the pouring, pouring rain

I hear the shout, but I don't feel no pain
Just a lucky stranger in the rain
I hear the shout, but I don't feel no pain
Absolutely [?] in the rain