

Pouring Rain

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
Not a siren wailed in pain
Not even a shadow of desire
In the pouring, pouring rain

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

I could hear the shout, but not the pain
Some lucky stranger in the rain
I could hear the shout, but not the pain
To some lucky stranger in the rain

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

The sun won't shine this way again
The lucky moon went on the wane
Oh, I never saw a star again
In the pouring, pouring rain

Groove by the sharp Italian feets
The corner shops with scissor teeth
Clippin' the life from weary me
Talkin' em down on HP Street, yeah, have mercy

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

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Could hear the shout, but not the pain
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