

Window shopping houses up on Clinton Street  
I'm dancing down the block with the autumn breeze  
Bright Eyes in my ears, I forget my fears  
It's the first day of my life

And it's so sad to think that I won't be here forever  
Going home, going home but I'll always remember

When I'm sitting in the sun, I think about the rain  
And the snow on the window pane  
When I'm cruising down the 1, dreaming I'm back east  
'Til I end up in Long Beach  
'Cause I said I'd go back home, but I don't really know where to go 'cause  
When I'm sitting in the sun, I think about the rain  
I think about the rain

I'm feeling pretty small among the redwood trees  
I wanna count the rings deep inside of me  
'Cause Brooklyn made me young so I said goodbye  
Now I'm growing old in Oakland

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'Cause I said I'd go back home, but I don't really know where to go 'cause  
When I'm sitting in the sun, I think about the rain  
I think about the rain

(I think about the rain)  
(I think about the rain)  
(I think about the rain)

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When I'm sitting in the sun, I think about the rain  
I think I know I'm not the same