

# The Rain

Roxette

I was raised the northern way  
and my father had a northern name,  
I did my crying out in the pouring rain.  
And a season turned into another one,  
I found a heart bright like the morning sun.  
He touched my lips, so softly, with his fingertips.

But I kept the rain  
falling down on me  
all the time, all the time.  
I kept the rain  
falling down on me  
all the time, all the time.

And some things in life won't ever change,  
there's a smell of a rusty chain  
and of love disappearing like an aeroplane.  
I've kept the rain  
falling down on me  
all the time, all the time.  
I've kept the rain  
falling down on me  
all the time, all the time, all of the time.