

## South Of The City

The Devil Wears Prada

When it rains, I feel better  
When it rains, I feel better  
And when I start to feel better  
I wait to get worse

When it rains, I feel better  
When it rains, I feel better  
And when I start to feel better  
I wait to get worse

Honestly, I will be sincere  
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear  
And when my train comes, I will be listening  
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear

It's different now, as expected  
Outside my window, right through the brick walls  
Some will keep course without worrying  
Along the sidewalk, close to the boulevard

Honestly, I will be sincere  
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear  
And when my train comes, I will be listening  
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear

They keep changing or maybe stay the same  
Outside my window, right through the brick walls  
I watched them give it up or simply take it back

Outside my window, right through the brick walls  
Along the sidewalk, close to the boulevard

Honestly, I will be sincere  
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear  
And when my train comes, I will be listening  
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear

When it rains, I feel better  
When it rains, I feel better  
When it rains, I feel better  
When it rains, I feel  
When it rains, I feel better  
When it rains, I feel