

More Than Rain

Tom Waits

It's more than rain that falls on our parade tonight
it's more than thunder it's more than thunder
it's more than a swindle this crooked card game
it's more than sad times it's more than sad times
none of our pockets are filled with gold
nobody's caught the boquet
there are no dead presidents we can fold
nothing is going our way
and it's more than goodbye I have to say to you
it's more than woe-be-gotten grey skies now