

The Rains of Castamere

The National

And who are you, the proud lord said
That I must bow so low?
Only a cat of a different coat
That's all the truth I know
In a coat of gold or a coat of red
A lion still has claws
And mine are long and sharp, my lord
As long and sharp as yours
And so he spoke, and so he spoke
That lord of Castamere,
But now the rains weep o'er his hall
With no one there to hear
Yes, now the rains weep o'er his hall
And not a soul to hear
And so he spoke, and so he spoke
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