

On the Rain

Shudder to Think

The rain sounds good it knocks on wood and drowns my house. But it can't swallow me and I can drink it. The rain makes rounds in grey sky towns. Spills its guts, sometimes it follows me. So I built a house of glass that the rain just runs right past. When the rain thinks it laughs last then I drool on it. The earth burps mud when the sky floods. Drains rain down till it covers my feet and I lose my shoes. The earth grows hair of grass then tears the sun back out when its got what it needs. And I built a house of glass that the rain just runs right past. When the rain thinks it laughs last then I drool on it.

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