Handful Of Rain

Savatage

The night is growing dark
From somewhere deep within
It shelters like an ark
That always takes you inThe barmaid walks on over
And pours another round
For a lost soul at the corner
Who prays he's never foundAnd the mind goes numb
Until it's feeling no pain
And the soul cries out
For a handful of rainWash your women
In your whiskey
When your future's
In the past
And your staring
Up at heaven
From the bottom
Of a glass
And you need some insulation
From the years you've
Had and lost
And you feel the perspiration
As you're adding up the costAnd the night rolls on
Like a slow moving train
And the soul cries outThere's a land beyond the living
There's a land beyond the dead
If it's true that God's forgiving
Of the lives that we had led
In the distance there's a thunder
And the air is thick and warm
And the patrons watch with wonder
The approaching of the stormAnd the night rolls on
Like a slow moving train
And the soul cries out
For a handful of rainThere's an old man in the corner
And he's smoking all the time
An the smoke is drifting upward and it's
Twisting in my
Twisting in my
Mind

In my mindThe whiskey's getting deeper
And I use it like a moat
There's a blues man in the distance and he's
Lost inside his
Note
His noteThe night is growing dark
From somewhere deep within
It shelters like an ark
That always takes you inAnd the night rolls on
Like a slow moving train
And the soul cries out
For an handful of rain

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