

The Wrath of the Rain

Horslips

Ragged and rough in those sepia pages
tear streaked and fearful, alone,
they were caught in the casual flash of the camera
a number, a name, do you know where they've gone?
They came with the faces of innocents
and they left with the bodies of men,
They were out on the run, they were fleeing
the wrath of the rain.

Deadbeat with drifting, they scrambled ashore
and they ran from the spell of the sea:
and they looked to the past and drank to
the future and knew in their hearts it was never to be.
Now some of them came from the stony
lands and some from the paths of the plain;
but every man was fleeing
the wrath of the rain.

Where have they gone to, those faded faces,
those fierce moustachioed men?
The women and boys and their tattered belongings,
what has become of the loss and the pain?
I see them today on the streets of the city,
we nod to each other again;
and I stand in their doorways to shelter
awhile from the rain.

Lyrics submitted by Andrew.

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