

# City Rain, City Streets

[Ryan Adams](#)

Oh, city rain  
It floods the city streets  
And in my city bed  
Out of my fuckin' head  
Is it snowing in space?  
God I wish I could talk to you  
Is it snowing in space?  
And all the city snow  
Freezes the Chelsea Hotel  
It stones the Chelsea girls  
It stones the Chelsea boys  
Is it snowing in space?  
God I wish I could talk to you  
Is it snowing in space?  
How does your body feel today?  
I forgot to ask  
Genius in a hospital bed  
With brier-patch hair, just isn't fair  
Takin' bullets for a team of bad boys  
How is it up there?  
Takin' bullets for the team  
I really miss you, I really miss you  
I really miss you, I really miss you  
I fucked you over a million times  
I fucked you over a million times  
I fucked you over a million times  
And you died, you died, you really died  
Died, died, you really died  
I am going to push them way  
Fall into the leaves of the winter trees  
Drowning slowly, lonely, my city rain

Lyrics provided by

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