

(see The Sky) About To Rain

The Byrds

Written by Neil Young
See the sky about to rain
Locomotive pull the train
Whistle blowin through my brain
Rolling down the track again
Signals curling on an open plain
See the sky, about to rain
Some are bound for happiness
Some are bound for glory
Some are bound to live with less
Who can tell your story

See the sky about to rain
Locomotive pull the train
Whistle blowin through my brain
Signals curling on an open plain
Rolling down the track again
See the sky, about to rain
I was down in Dixie land
Played a silver fiddle
Played it loud and then the man
broke it down the middle
See the sky about to rain

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