

# The Rains of Castamere

## The National

And who are you, the proud lord said  
That I must bow so low?  
Only a cat of a different coat  
That's all the truth I know  
In a coat of gold or a coat of red  
A lion still has claws  
And mine are long and sharp, my lord  
As long and sharp as yours And so he spoke, and so he spoke  
That lord of Castamere,  
But now the rains weep o'er his hall  
With no one there to hear  
Yes, now the rains weep o'er his hall  
And not a soul to hear And so he spoke, and so he spoke  
That lord of Castamere  
But now the rains weep o'er his hall  
With no one there to hear  
Yes, now the rains weep o'er his hall  
And not a soul to hear

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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