Stormy Side Of Town

Stan Ridgway

The tires roll the gutters and you can hear the beer cans crunch
Two ladies sit together on a park bench, feed the pigeons, and eat lunch
And the window's always broken and the corner has a street light that's burnt out
And everyone walks away when the cops drive by, roll down their windows, and shout
So if you're wonderin' where the trouble starts when you hear the sirens sound
It's where the trouble always endson the stormy side of town
Where it keeps rainin' all the timeNow there's a young girl leanin' on the fender of a long black car
And a man built like a buddhaused to box, and now he works at paintin' tar
And the kids play in the streets, while their parents stick their fingers in the fans
And the trash is piled up high by the bus stop where the riders wait and stand
And everyone has said the big show-off doesn't seem to be around
And no one asks for names or business cards on the stormy side of town
Where it keeps rainin' all the timeChorus:
On the stormy side of town
It's rainin' all the time
On the stormy side of town
It's rainin' all the time
On the stormy side of town
It's rainin' all the time
On the stormy side of townAnd all the empty eyes that don't look up
Still say it every time
"You've got your job, and I've got mine"Shadows from the buildings creep along the parking cars
While the women spank their babies and the old men just drink all day in bars
And the people that "never see it" always end up as the ones who've seen it all
And the liquor store is crowded, while an empty phone booth rings another call
And the hills that used to all seem green now look an ugly brown
And no one ever found any movie stars on the stormy side of town
Where it keeps rainin' all the timeChorus repeat
So bring a bottle and a paper bag
And expect to pass it all around
And last one out's a rotten egg
On the stormy side of town

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

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