

Pearl

Andrew Combs

Dead drunk on the street
Passed out in a ball at your feet
Did you know he's got a song to sing
And he plays a mean guitar I met a whore on the corner
Barely sixteen soon to be a mother
While raising her two younger brothers
Leaning on a long black car The pearl in the rubble
A rainbow from a puddle
A calm in the storm
Every rose has it's thorns
A touch of sun in the rain
Beauty of a different shade
Bless the hands that made everyone of them
A junky kid in his car
Drilling holes with a needle in his arm
Bet you he didn't know he's a star
Just hit the game winning run Prisoner one-two-five-o
Picking up trash on the side of the road
Yeah he's carrying a heavy load
Took the blame so his brother could run The pearl in the rubble
A rainbow from a puddle
A calm in the storm
Every rose has it's thorns
A touch of sun in the rain
Beauty of a different shade
Bless the hands that made everyone of them
That's somebodys darling
An angel who seems to have fallen
Slowly but surely crawling
To the edge of the Brooklyn bridge A dirty cop on the beat
More than a few bad reps on his sheet
But he just so happens to be the one
To keep her from falling in The pearl in the rubble
A rainbow from a puddle
A calm in the storm
Every rose has it's thorns
A touch of sun in the rain
Beauty of a different shade
Bless the hand that made everyone of them

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

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