

# More Than Rain

Tom Waits

It's more than rain that falls on our parade tonight  
It's more than thunder it's more than thunder  
And it's more than a bad dream now that I'm sober  
Nothing but sad times, nothing but sad times  
None of our pockets are lined with gold  
Nobody's caught the bouquet  
There are no dead presidents we can fold  
Nothing is going our way  
And it's more than trouble I've got myself into  
It's more than woes, grey skies now And it's more than a bad dream now that I'm sober  
There's no more dancing, there's no more dancing  
And it's more than trouble I've got myself into  
Nothing but sad times, nothing but sad times  
None of our pockets are lined with gold  
Nobody's caught the bouquet  
There are no dead presidents we can fold  
Nothing is going our way  
And it's more than goodbye, I have to say to you  
It's more than woes, grey skies now  
And it's more than goodbye, I have to say to you  
It's more than woes, grey skies now  
And it's more than woes, grey skies now

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