Raining Pleasure

The Triffids

Trail through the wilderness
Dryest season known to us
Think about you all the time
Trail through the wilderness
Dryest season known to us
Dreamed I saw it all come down
Dreamed I saw my pleasure raining down
REFRAIN :
Salty lips to taste
Skin to touch
Nothings matters very much
In your arms it's a raining pleasure
I believe it's raining pleasure
Too little cash to much time to kill
Buried alive in a shack on the side of a hill
Hasn't raine for fifteen years
Been three weeks I can't get through
Phone is dead Baby is that you ?
REFRAIN
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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