

Falling of the Rain

Billy Joel

Once upon a time in the land of misty satin dreams
There stood a house and a man who painted nature scenes
He painted trees and fields and animals and streams and he stayed
And he didn't hear the fallin' of the rain
In the forest green lived a girl who put her hair in braids
And she sang as she walked all around the wooded glade
She was glad when the rain came falling on her face and she sang
'Cause she didn't mind the fallin' of the rain
Will it always be the same as we recall?
Does it touch you when the rain begins to fall?
Ah, but I don't want to know and I don't want to see
Another rainy day without you lyin' next to me
High upon a hill far away from all the dusty crowd is a boy
With his eyes on the ground; his head is bowed; he is a fool
And his mind is filled with hopeless dreams and he waits
But he will not see the fallin' of the rain
Will it always be the same as we recall?
Does it touch you when the rain begins to fall?
Ah, but I don't want to know and I don't want to see
Another rainy day without you lyin' next to me
So now the boy becomes the man who sits and paints all day
But the girl with the braids in her hair has gone away
And it seems that time has brought things to an end; nothing's changed
'Cause you can't stop the fallin' rain.

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