

East 3rd St.

Quicksand

I was so sincere, I see more clearly now
I trust new friends just like I can throw them
Fading traces of a future leader
A summer squatting, I know I won't see them 'round next year
And this is all over my head
And this is all over my head
Rain, it's rain again
Rain, down on my parade
I'm wrong, you're right
It's not what you would do
Rain, walk one mile in these shoes
In these careless days
You know who your friends are a saving grace
A time to remember, what you're taken and who you took from
There's no mistaking, what you give is what you get
And this is all over my head
And this is all over my head
Rain, it's rain again
Rain, down on my parade
I'm wrong, you're right
It's not what you would do
Rain, walk one mile in these shoes
Change of Red Guard, every summer
They are handing, the park over
An ideal, idealistic
It's not real, it's just a trick
Rain, play a judge
All you want to
It makes no difference to me
It's raining again
It's raining again
It's raining again

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