Walk in the Rain

Alan Hampton

I walked the steps of my father today
Worked till I froze and my face turned grey
And all of my fingers calloused and worn to the bone
And I felt like a child in a world full of men
Trying to capture that something again
Strong as an ox but slowly turning to stone

Walking away from this room dark and grey
Smoke hangs in clouds and the old echo plays

And the music is soft
And the voice it is hushed
And the boy he has loved
And the man he has lost

And I walk out in the rain
All over again

I felt the touch of my mother today
Gently pushing me forward again
Closing my eyes but still feeling the way
And I'm clutching at fingers through crumples & creases
I came to my senses it cut me to pieces
'Cause I needed more but I was pulling away

Walking alone with these legs made of stone
I'm almost dry and I'm almost home

Where the photographs smile
And I'm still someone's child
And my place it is set
So I'll stay for a while

Till I walk out in the rain
Like water would stain
And I'm born all over again

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