Black Rain

Keane

I open my eyes, everything shines
We swim as the breeze blows down the coast
Down on my luck, breathing my last
Dirty your hands, carry me home
Red sky turning round, black rain falling down
If you've got love you'd better hope that that's enough
Sandstorm cuts your skin, Black Kites circling
If you've got love you'd better hope that that's enough

We came from the south to Lebanon's shore
Folded our clothes, dived into peace
The blackest of seas glitering red
Lit by the fire over our heads
Red sky turning round, black rain falling round
If you've got love you'd better hope that that's enough
Sandstorm cuts your skin, Sunbirds circling
If you've got love you'd better hope that that's enough
You'd better hope that that's enough

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