

City Rain, City Streets

[Ryan Adams](#)

Oh, city rain
It floods the city streets
And in my city bed
Out of my fuckin' head Is it snowing in space?
God I wish I could talk to you
Is it snowing in space? And all the city snow
Freezes the Chelsea Hotel
It stones the Chelsea girls
It stones the Chelsea boys Is it snowing in space?
God I wish I could talk to you
Is it snowing in space? How does your body feel today?
I forgot to ask
Genius in a hospital bed
With brier-patch hair, just isn't fair Takin' bullets for a team of bad boys
How is it up there?
Takin' bullets for the team I really miss you, I really miss you
I really miss you, I really miss you I fucked you over a million times
I fucked you over a million times
I fucked you over a million times
And you died, you died, you really died
Died, died, you really died I am going to push them way
Fall into the leaves of the winter trees
Drowning slowly, lonely, my city rain

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