Raining Stones

Picture House

(Browne/Maitland)
Fade into day
It's a marvel of opium grey
I can't feel a thing
My head's on a string
Being led by the hand of a stranger
Welcome to where ever else in the world that you are
Slow motion kodachrome people are waving from cars
Who do you think we are?
I know something 'bout us that you don't know
And I've found something out that I can't let show
Now the lines have grown into skin and bone
And it's raining stones
But I can't feel them
Two you and me
When we walk into town we are three
The cold city smiles
I drift in denial
Of the distance that's standing between us
Biting the hands of the people who feed us with care
Waking up shouting at someone when no-one is there
It's not that I'm scared of myself
(Chorus)

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