

(Right On) Thru

L7

Well, I hate the rain when I drive
Right on thru
'Cause the windows are broken on my 455
Right on thru
It don't rain much but when it do
That dirty old rain comes right on thru
Right on thru
Through to you I had some pigeons living on my ledge
Right on thru
Dirty winged rats living on the edge
Right on thru I give 'em a shot too
Right on thru
The pigeon shit seeps right on thru
Right on thru
Through to you Well, you built your house made out of lead
Right on thru
It keeps out those things that you dread
Right on thru It don't matter where you hide
Right on thru
Because reality always crashes inside
Right on thru
Through to you

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