Naked In the Rain

Crosby & Nash

The clown sat speechless, looking in his mirror
Unable to remember how to paint his face
Staring at the image, slowly getting clearer
Wondering if his fear or his heart would win the raceWhen it dawns on you
What it takes from you
Living under clouds of pain
There's a storm in youYou don't know what to do
Just when you think you're going insane
You lie naked in the rain again
Fluttering pages of facesNo two alike
Choice is your soul's moment
For its light to strike

Songwriters
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