

# Cannons

## Siouxsie and the Banshees

Troubled weather's on its way  
Tempests threaten us today  
There's no respite from long dark nights  
Just the fantasy of spring  
From the hailstones of summer  
To a scorching winter land  
A frozen death sleep, then this heat  
Beats down on this buckled land  
Flames lick closer to the core  
From city limits fireball  
And in a headless chicken run  
Race red and screaming fire engines  
Then the cannons came  
Oh 'neath the brooding sky  
Beneath its baleful eye  
The cannon shot, the cannon crack  
Disturbing night dreams  
People fled in droves  
To the lakes and to the shores  
Left behind a near ghost town  
Save the life of the cannons resounding  
Still there was no rain  
No rain, no rain, no rain  
Once more in the line of fire  
Hovers the preying sky  
The cannons aim jabs at the eye  
Heralding the rain  
Heralding the rain  
Oh, heralding the rain  
Heralding the rain

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