

City Rain City Streets

[Ryan Adams](#)

Oh, the city rain
In floods the city streets
And in my city bed
Out of my fucking 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
It just isn't fair
Taking bullets for a team of bad poets
How is it up there?
Taking bullets for the team
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 died
You really died I am going to push them away
Falling through the leaves of the winter trees
Drowning slowly, lonely my city rain

Songwriters

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ADAMS, WILL / WOMACK, BOBBIE Published by
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