

South of the City

The Devil Wears Prada

When it rains, I feel better
When it rains, I feel better
And when I start to feel better
I wait to get worse

When it rains, I feel better
When it rains, I feel better
And when I start to feel better
I wait to get worse

Honestly, I will be sincere
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear
And when my train comes, I will be listening
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear

It's different now, as expected
Outside my window, right through the brick walls
Some will keep course without worrying
Along the sidewalk, close to the boulevard

Honestly, I will be sincere
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear
And when my train comes, I will be listening
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear

They keep changing or maybe stay the same
Outside my window, right through the brick walls
I watched them give it up or simply take it back

Outside my window, right through the brick walls
Along the sidewalk, close to the boulevard

Honestly, I will be sincere
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear
And when my train comes, I will be listening
You're still holding me; you still hold me dear

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When it rains, I feel
When it rains, I feel better
When it rains, I feel

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