

COLD RAIN
(Graham Nash)

Cold rain down on my face, buses hurry on
Work's out, here comes the race
People heading home

Wait a second! Don't I know you?
Haven't I seen you some place before?
You seem to be like someone I knew
He lived here, but he left
When he thought that there was more

Than cold rain and nowhere to go. Many people share
Sad dreams and hopes that are stained
By the sulphur in the air

Don't I know you?
Haven't I seen you some place before?
You seem to be like someone I knew
Yes he lived here, but he left
When he thought that there was more

Than cold rain out on the street, I am all alone
With cold rain down on my face
I am heading home

Crosby, Stills and Nash "CSN" 1977