

rain is the failure of the cloud
and oh are we like clouds
too much, there's too much to hold
and oh I'm feeling old tonight
oh, I'm feeling old

the downpour comes in the day we thought would shine
and the rain is too much mine
if only it would snow,
if only it would snow

clouds drift, they say,
it's mine to say they do
but when the sun came up today
I knew my rain was you,
I knew the rain was you

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