## Current 93, When The May Rain Comes

Green are the streets
The asphalt is glistening
When the dust of the day
Shall be washed away
The windows are closed
And the rain is dripping
From sill to sill
And down to the ground

When the May rain comes

Very young are the leaves Of the trees and the shrubs And tiny flowers grow In the roadside ditch The laughter of the child Who's jumping into puddles Whilst the water trickles Right over his face

When the May rain comes

This is the morning of the year A rainy green smile
After a long gloomy
Pale winter night
The shouting of the child
Melts into rustling
When the heavy rain
Rushes from on high

When the May rain comes All of this shall be washed away When the May rain comes...