

Quicksand, East 3rd. Street

I was so sincere.
I see more clearly now.
I, trust new friends just like,
I can throw them.
Fading traces of a, future leader.
A summer squatting,
I know I won't see them round next year.
And this is all over my head.
And this is all over my head.

Rain, it's rain again, rain,
down on my parade.
I'm wrong, you're right.
It's not what you would do.
Rain.
Walk one mile in these shoes.

In these careless days,
you know who your friends are.
A saving grace.
A time to remember,
what you've taken,
and who you took from.
There's no, mistaking,
what you give is what you get.

And this is all over my head.
And this is all over my head.

Rain, it's rain again, rain,
down on my parade.
I'm wrong, you're right.
It's not what you would do.
Rain.
Walk one mile in these shoes.

Change of Red Guard, every summer.
They are handing, the park over.
An ideal, idealistic.
It's not real,
it's, just a trick.
Rain.
Play a judge.
All you want to.
It makes no difference to me.
It's raining again.
It's raining again.
It's raining again.