

Roxette, The Rain

I was raised the northern way
and my father had a northern name,
I did my crying out in the pouring rain.
And a season turned into another one,
I found a heart bright like the morning sun.
He touched my lips, so softly, with his fingertips.

But I kept the rain
falling down on me
all the time, all the time.
I kept the rain
falling down on me
all the time, all the time.

And some things in life won't ever change,
there's a smell of a rusty chain
and of love disappearing like an aeroplane.
I've kept the rain
falling down on me
all the time, all the time.
I've kept the rain
falling down on me
all the time, all the time, all of the time.