

# Sonic Youth, Rain King

Rain King ensures there's nowhere to go  
It's jet stream, daydream, cocksure hard luck show  
His lips a fountain  
His daylight sparks  
He's a shotgun, schoolyard, street-wise, white-hot kid  
Little whipcream, phone call, breakdown, Rain King fist  
His mind a countdown  
His daydream sparks

I need three years to clear these thoughts, hey  
I like to say I knew one true thing  
It feels like years and all I've done is fought  
And not turned up, anything

Little black, take roll and roll, over my bed  
I'm waiting here for, some reality crease  
There's one big deadend, in my head  
And not a moment of peace

Crossfire, Rain King, with his cadillac, kid  
Marries every dictionary from his chain-yard bliss  
His lips a fountain  
His daylight sparks  
He's got a shot in his kick forging the real, when  
He's a steel drum, wedding ring, Pontiac door knob ten  
His mind a countdown  
His daylight sparks

Hung up on a speed king nation, caught up on a nail  
Hanging tight with time, at least, a little while  
Your sister is a beauty when she's naked, like my kid  
I hear this world, cool world, dreaming of a peaceful kiss