

## Looks Like Rain

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

She caught the five-fifteen to Reno  
Said she'd phone me in a week  
I had a ten-spot in my pocket  
And her lipstick on my cheek  
I still hear that railroad whistle  
Blowing like a hurricane  
Weatherman says fair tomorrow  
But tonight it looks like rain

I had a gypsy take me downtown  
To my usual port o' call  
Where everyone's a drunken sailor  
Waiting on a call  
I took my ivy-covered cottage  
And slowly poured it down the drain  
Weatherman says fair tomorrow  
But tonight it looks like rain

I mumble that I'm better off  
Shout out that I don't care  
But the whiskey takes my drunken words  
And throws them down the stairs  
From the black-and-white above the bar  
I hear that same sad refrain  
Weatherman says fair tomorrow  
But tonight it looks like rain

Well no no no no  
No, people I haven't gone insane  
It's just that mean old southern whiskey  
Clouding up my brain  
It's just that mean old Southern whiskey  
Dragging me down again  
Lord, Lord, Lord, I wish she'd never caught that train  
Weatherman says fair tomorrow  
But tonight it looks like rain