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| RAIN  I can hear you making small holes in the silence rain  If I were deaf the pores of my skin would open to you and shut  And I should know you  by the lick of you if I were blind:  the steady drum-roll  sound you make when the wind drops  the something  special smell of you when the sun cakes the ground  But if I should not hear smell or feel or see you  You would still define me disperse me wash over me rain  - Hone Tuwhare | RAIN  I can hear you making small holes in the silence rain  If I were deaf the pores of my skin would open to you and shut  And I should know you  by the lick of you if I were blind:  the steady drum-roll  sound you make when the wind drops  the something  special smell of you when the sun cakes the ground  But if I should not hear smell or feel or see you  You would still define me disperse me wash over me rain  - Hone Tuwhare | RAIN  I can hear you making small holes in the silence rain  If I were deaf the pores of my skin would open to you and shut  And I should know you  by the lick of you if I were blind:  the steady drum-roll  sound you make when the wind drops  the something  special smell of you when the sun cakes the ground  But if I should not hear smell or feel or see you  You would still define me disperse me wash over me rain  - Hone Tuwhare | RAIN  I can hear you making small holes in the silence rain  If I were deaf the pores of my skin would open to you and shut  And I should know you  by the lick of you if I were blind:  the steady drum-roll  sound you make when the wind drops  the something  special smell of you when the sun cakes the ground  But if I should not hear smell or feel or see you  You would still define me disperse me wash over me rain  - Hone Tuwhare |
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