

Manchester Rain

ALL:

Spitting rain
Wet and heavy
On our city's red bricks
Manchester's rain
Falls again as we scuttle to find shelter
Or fumble with our brollies

ROSE: I've never used it, must keep it mint

BUSINESS PERSON: I'm sick of this rain, the dry-cleaning bills

BROLLY SELLER: You're getting a bargain, a fiver a throw

ALL: In this Manchester rain

ROSE: 20 years and still no dents

BUSINESS PERSON: Might as well buy my own laundrette

BROLLY SELLER: Best fiver you've ever spent!

ALL: In this Manchester rain

ROSE:

Mum carried this broly everywhere she went
Autumn, winter, spring
Even in a torrent she daren't open it
Now she's gone it's such a precious thing

BUSINESS PERSON:

Feeling like a stranger in this city
All I want is a smile
This rain prevents the Northern charm of passersby
Fighting with umbrellas
Makes them so hostile

ROSE:

Something this morning as I saw this rainy gloom
Made me grab my mother's heirloom

BUSINESS PERSON & BROLLY SELLER:

Drumming rain

Making music

On our city's red bricks

ALL:

Manchester's rain

Never wanes

As we...

BUSINESS PERSON:

Lightning in the sky

Thunder in my ears

ROSE: Mum always said keep your head down in a storm

BUSINESS PERSON: Getting nearer, getting louder

ROSE: Ignore your troubles, bury your fears

BUSINESS PERSON & BROLLY SELLER:

Her broly's inviting a connection to the sky

If that lightning strikes her broly, she'll surely

A bang, then nothing

ROSE:

My umbrella destroyed

Knocked from my hand

You saved me

BUSINESS PERSON:

Nothing like thunder and lightning

To create that spark we might just need

BROLLY SELLER:

You alright, darling?

Here take one of these

Use it when you need it

It will offer you protection from the wind and rain

But it can't work miracles

ROSE:

Whatever I'm hiding from

Mum and that brolly

Weren't to blame

(spoken) It's just an umbrella after all

BROLLY SELLER:

This one's see through

So, you can see what's ahead of you

Rain will always stop falling, at some point

ALL:

Spitting rain

Wet and heavy

On our city's red bricks

Manchester rain, falls again

As we scuttle to find shelter

Or fumble with our brollies