Raining Cats and Dogs

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1990 Help Yourself Music

Raindrops Falling

Visions of the Black Cat

Hound Dogs

Lined Up At Your Door

Downtown with Dina

Hobbs' Waltz

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Perfect Coincident Style

Raining Cats and Dogs

Raindrops Falling

By John T. Wurzer

Raindrops falling

Violent and loud

Breaking up the picnic

Field unplowed

Canceling the wedding

Spring bride bawling

Raindrops falling

Thunder crashing

Textured sound

Fracturing the windows

Clock unwound

Shaking up the wrapped gifts

Not worth stashing

Thunder crashing

Lightening blinding

Catches the mirror

Darkness follows later

But there's nobody here

It comes back again

But it's not worth finding

Lightening Blinding

Visions of the Black Cat

By John T. Wurzer

I see the black cat get her bag

Sneaking through the back yard in the middle of the night

And when her cheeks begin to bag

She looks at her lover and she takes another bite

Looks at her lover and she takes another year

Takes another ventricle and takes another beer

I don't know why she just don't get on out of here

I see the black cat get her bag

I see the black cat on the street

With her bag of goodies riding on a miracle of thigh

And if your eyes should chance to meet

Remember that I told you so, before she says good-bye

Remember that I told you so, before she says you're strange

Says you've got insanity, and says you haven't changed

Can't describe, just how my life, gets torn and rearranged

When I see the black cat on the street

I see the black cat on my grave

Talking of the highway and brand new bag of tricks

She says she's looking for a soul to save

With a sense of wild abandon, she's begging for a fix

With a sense of wild abandon, she keeps begging me to stay

Begging for insurance, and another chance to play

I wonder why she doesn't have the nerve to run away

I see the black cat on my grave

Hound Dogs

By John T. Wurzer

Hound dogs are out on the loose

Looking for a glimpse of the golden goose

Should've hit the road when the road was still a maze

Guess it's just an ordinary haze

Hound dogs keep barking at me

Don't know what it is that they see

Don't quite understand the way things rhyme these days

Guess it's just an ordinary haze

Hound dogs never multiply

They live their life alone with an eagle eye

Instead of making jokes, I should've carved a life that pays

Guess it's just an ordinary haze

Hound dogs do what hound dogs do

Make the whole yard, smell like the zoo

Might've had a chance, but I was going through a phase

Guess it's just an ordinary haze

Hound dogs are just like me

All chained up, can't get free

Never would've done it, if I'd known I was one of the strays

I guess it's just an ordinary haze

Lined Up At Your Door

By John T. Wurzer

Drain that glass of orange juice and get ready for the day

The whole damn world is sober, and they need a place to play

In the cold and barren morning they've been at each others throats

With one eye on their wallets and the other on their coats

So pin back both your eyelids and get your feet back on the floor

The hungry men are laughing and they're lined up at the door

Camp out in the wilderness without electric light

And burn a hole in paradise before you take a bit

It's just like taking refuge in the closets of your mind

Where beggars can't be choosing what they may or may not find

As the hours pass and destiny comes rolling into shore

You turn back to the city where they're lined up at the door.

And when your thoughts are drifting, toward a better point of view

And you stumble through the moonlight, in search of something new

Don’t spit upon the faces that you left inside the past

They're only vacant memories, they're nothing that might last

While pulsing veins of terror, make your arms cramp to their cores

Better get yourself together cause they're lined up at the doors

But me, I'm not the waiting kind, I ramble till I drop

As soon as sleep evades me, I run until I stop

Exhausted like a used car, at a truck stop in the rain

I sit and blow off steam alone and bottle up the pain

Without a place I want to be, don't matter anymore

I can't get close to you

When the whole damn world

Is lined up at your door.

Downtown With Dina

By John T. Wurzer

Dina was playing on her slide trombone

She turned a deaf ear to the world

She was looking for someone who wouldn't leave her alone

Her necklace was shiny and pearled

She ran into the place with a smile on her face

Ran into a man with a sneer

And it took her till two, 'for she knew what to do

She had finally had enough beer

Dina was a woman who had lived all the lines

She had nothing else more to prove

She had run in the fast lane and parked by the curb

She had nothing and nowhere to move

She drank with men, about a hundred and ten

And she slept with the chosen few

And she's been hiding her heart from the very start

Because she's got nothing better to do

Dina is a legend all to herself

Though the years make her aimless and vain

I knew her when she was a wayward child

She has an ambiance hard to explain

With an empty glance, and a half a chance

She could burn you right down to your soul

But it wouldn't do, in this human zoo

You’ve got to maintain self-control

I dream about Dina, most every night

She's taken a hold of my heart

With her vagrant desire and her cold empty smile

She's made me a part of her parts

But we went our ways, through the smoky haze

And buried our eyes in the past

While this hell bent scene, gets enforced and clean

And we both look for things that will last

Hobbs' Waltz

By John T. Wurzer

This is Hobbs' waltz

I'm talking Hobskin the cat

It starts out like this

And then it ends up like that

No message or thought

In this song will you find

Like a dirty old sock

Or an un-ticking clock

Has no presence of mind

But Hobskin he likes it, he lays on my thigh

Whenever I'm playing this tune

He purrs and he nibbles on pieces of thread

The tension is dead, and nothing is said

This is Hobbs' waltz

When the world has gone mad

It brings out the memories

of the good times I had

Of a light younger day

And the dancing of feet

It's a song of the times

With it's meaningless rhymes

And it tends to repeat

But Hobskin he likes it, he lays on my thigh

Whenever I'm playing this tune

He purrs and he nibbles on pieces of thread

The tension is dead, and nothing is said

This is Hobbs' waltz

And the song's almost through

I wrote it one night

when you were down with the flu

It reminds me of love

And a woman I knew

Every song has its faults

You see I call it Hobbs' waltz

But I wrote it for you.

But Hobskin he likes it, he lays on my thigh

Whenever I'm playing this tune

He purrs and he nibbles on pieces of thread

The tension is dead, and nothing is said

Out On the Road

By John T. Wurzer

You waited for me to get lonely, you waited too long

Playing the part of the stoic, you played it too strong

So I took a ride through this great big land

Columbus Ohio to Birmingham, Alabama

Seen Texarkana to Chesapeake Bay

From Greenwich Village and all the way to Atlanta

While you with your suitcase of lies say

Home with a missing Orange Cat, I could've had ya

Out on the road

You waited for me to get weary, my eyes never closed

And while you were watching the late show, I hit the road

Hartford Connecticut, Erie PA

Virginia Beach, and Rahliegh North Carolina

Bleaker Street, Route 58

The Fourth Street Pub, and a meal that I ate at Fred’s Diner

Now Bourbon Street's calling my name out loud

Got to get lost in an animal crowd feeling finer

Out on the road

You never no what you'll be missing, until it is gone

You always come out with the best lines, after the song

Life isn't funny, but I'll wear a grin

Thinking 'bout all of the places that I haven't been to

Wearing a Panama fisherman's hat

Talking 'bout freedom and things like that, that I cling to

It don't ever take me much time

Just a bundle of blues that I'm putting an end to

Out on the Road

Anticide

By John T. Wurzer

There's a wicked wind a blowing through the bedrooms of the world,

and it's making orphans of young lovers as they sleep.

It takes the mind from body, it takes the soul from soul, and it

leaves cold indecision running deep

It's an inside out experience, born of solitude and pride

Saying none but I are constant and they call it anticide

You may call yourself a cynic

Or live by Murphy’s guide

You may say you're only cautious

But I call it anticide

There's a growing mind that's empty and it swallows even love, and

it says you can't believe what you can't touch

I've seen it in your nightmares through a lighting storm of fears,

and it acts more like a wall, than as a crutch.

It's the empty kind of feeling that can tear you up inside

When you're cursing everyone you meet, I call it anticide

Accentuate the positive, and love your fellow man

Said mama, to her blue eyed boy

And if he turns around on you when you're reaching for your wallet,

then love him for the things he can't enjoy

And when you're standing at the river and it seems to run too wide.

They'll tell you, you can't cross it, and they'll call it anticide.

Bending Over Backwards for your Loving

By John T. Wurzer

Bending over backwards for your loving has become a way of life

My chiropractor’s loving it, my back is being poked at with a knife

The shooting pains, not like the stars, can't wish upon them nightly as I cry

And bending over backwards for your loving, makes it hard to even try

I open up the door and you come running to my arms just like a train

You knock me down, you pick me up, you knock me down again, it's quite a strain

You're getting much too heavy, I can't carry you to bed there down the hall

And bending over backwards for your loving has me headed for a fall

Today I thought I'd make a change that you and I might see things eye to eye

I'd turn the whole world upside down, my frown into a smile, the ground, the sky

I tried to put the backside of my head between my heels, ah but alas

While bending over backwards for your loving, I got my head stuck up my ass

And I've been walking 'round that way all day, I guess it must be quite a sight

People mock and ridicule me everywhere I go, I feel uptight

A friend of mine, he asked me why I couldn't find some other place to shove (my head)

Bending over backwards for your loving, guess I must be still in love (or dead?)

Walking Into You

By John T. Wurzer

I wandered down the alley with nothing on my mind

Strange guitars on Bourbon Street and wishing I was blind

So, thread another needle and sole another shoe

Praying for redemption when I walked right into you

Is it destiny, coincidence, fate, or a mistake?

Walking into you could be a habit I can’t break

It was in the heat of August back in 1986

You said your name was “BJ” and you had a bag of tricks

Four years from then I stumbled in, with nothing else to do

Seeking true salvation, then I walked right into you

I’m a loaded stumbling boozer when the devil takes my soul

And I search the filthy gutters and lose all self-control

I was suffering from malaria, rabies and the flu

Trying to find an antidote when I walked right into you

I’m a minstrel and a poet, a philosopher in bed

And it takes me into places like your bedroom and your head

Talking back to kings and debutantes and asking them, “What’s new?”

Always battling insanity when I walked right into you.

I’ve been through fifty cities since abandoning Fort Worth

And I’ve been through fifty stages since the moment of my birth

I’m a gentle guy, but sometimes, when I’m down and feeling blue

I’ve got to overload my senses and walk right into you

Grandpa’s Cadillac

By John T. Wurzer

We ate bread and onions, liverwurst and ham

We ate peanut butter and Grandmas homemade jam

We ate pounds of turnkey, mashed potatoes from a sack

Then we all went a riding in Grandpa's Cadillac.

The chrome was a shining, and the wax job it was new

It smelled like a showroom, when we came into view

People stopped what they were doing, got their cameras in vain

Taking pictures of our license plate disappearing down the lane.

We drove through summer hurricanes, down every muddy road

While Grandpa entertained us with a story that he told

Of the hyperspace invaders that spring out of young men's brains

When they're riding in a Cadillac, through constant driving rains

The sky dissolved to amber gray while Grandma said a prayer

And Grandpas Cadillac went flying solo through the air

From atmosphere, to outer space, to planets with no names

We said the holy rosary, and staked a sacred claim

That family we will always stay and no one shall depart

From the blessing of our children and their children and their heart

And that once a year we'll throw that silly monkey off our back

And all go a riding in Grandpa's Cadillac.

Esther and John

By John T. Wurzer

Esther and John

Lived all alone

City of crime

Trapped all the time

Esther could see

She's ninety-three

John he could think

But his ear's on the blink

Younger years I'd

Come here with pride

Play in the street

John would compete

Esther would fix

An Orange-aid mix

And most every night

The music was rightJohn he would play

Accordion gay

Esther would sing along

Most every song

I'd strum the uke

And pretend I'm the Duke

Fighting the years

With my juvenile tears

Esther was bright

Reading books every night

John did the crosswords

I'd research the lost words

But now these are vapor

Like yesterday’s paper

Just memories warm

Of Esther and John

Esther just mumbles

Now John's world just crumbles

He can't see or hear

But he can get you a beer

Sometimes Esther just stares

Out the window for years

And life putters on

For Esther and John

Raining Cats and Dogs

By John T. Wurzer

You'd better get yourself a steel umbrella

Cause it's raining cats and dogs

Go out and find your very best fella and break all the laws

Heard the weather man today

I asked him what he had to say

He said, "I don't have the nerve to make this call"

But you'd better buy yourself a steel umbrella

Cause it's raining cats and dogs

(And then you just make up the rest of the song)

Talk About the Highway

By John T. Wurzer

Talk about the highway

Talk about the road

Talk about the frozen open window when it's cold

Broken lines and tapestries

Pennies in the dust

Spent my only quarter on a lifetime full of rust

Oh Lord, looking at the land

Oh Lord, older though I am

Bourbon in a teaspoon

Aspirin on a plate

Valium for headaches of the rich and overweight

Nose-dust for the famous

Sawdust for the poor

Feather-dusting housewives buying condoms at the store

Oh Lord, looking at the land

Oh Lord, older though I am

Listen to the spiders

Listen to the mist

Listen to the clenching of another angry fist

Touch the wall of hatred

Touch a pool of love

Touch the hand that touches me, while it wears a cautious glove

Oh Lord, looking at the land

Oh Lord, older though I am

Whisper when you see me

Whisper when I die

Shout to passing strangers and look them in the eye

Talk about the highway

Talk about the road

Talk of global warming, in a world that gets so cold

Oh Lord, looking at the land

Oh Lord, older though I am

Who You Know

By John T. Wurzer

Tonight you'll find the wandering fool, just hanging around

An exception to the golden rule

He ain't making a sound

And as he sits in solitude, a load of life on his brain

Spit on him, or give him food

To him both are the same

He abandoned hope, years ago, in search of pennies and dust

He says, "It doesn't matter who you know."

"Only who you can't trust"

Tonight you'll find the wayward child, with her clothes on the floor

The cameras rolling for the weak and wild

And her heart growing sore

She's tied to habits of the rich, and the ultimate smile

When it's easier to fight that switch

You find yourself out of style

She left the homestead, years ago, daddy left her no choice

she says, "It doesn't matter who you know."

"Only who hears your voice."

Tonight you'll find me out on the road, a strange guitar in my hand

Trying to kiss a female toad

Trying to strike up the band

I'll be rhyming into the desperate night, with forbidden exchange

Waiting for the morning light

Hoping something might change

I sold myself out years ago, and gave the pieces away

It doesn't matter who you know

Only what you don't say

Your Serve

By John T. Wurzer

You've got my love, baby, whatcha gonna do with my heart

You've been wasting time, playing it cold from the very start

I've tried everything that a fool can try

Go ahead stick another needle in this poor man's eye

You've got my love, baby, whatcha gonna do with my heart

You've got my soul, mama, whatcha gonna do with my dreams

When I'm in your way, you keep tearing apart my seems

I never thought of you as my saving grace

I just kinda liked the way that the light hit your face

You've got my love, baby, whatcha gonna do with my heart

REFRAIN

And when you're taking the right way down

Don't ask about my point of view

I stand here like a solitary circus clown waiting for something new.

Hey There Blues Man

By John T. Wurzer

Hey there, blues man, what's happening today

Is your hard life getting better, or is everything still gray

Do you wake up in the morning, with the blues inside a sponge?

And then absorb a little more when you're out crawling through the grunge

And do you wring it out in nightclubs

For the tourists and the whores

On a street where some of the bars never close their doors.

Uh huh

Hey there, blues man, you got a story for the crowd

When the idle conversation gets annoying and too loud

Are the stories growing taller as your spine begins to curve?

Are you still there turning heads when the barstools start to swerve?

Was that you that I saw crying, or was there something in your eye?

On a street where music lives, but beauty has to die

Uh huh

Hey there, blues man, is there something in my throat

Am I turning into barnyard animals, a pig, a cow, a goat

Am I drinking in the wrong place because there's music in my head?

Am I living, Am I giving, or is it possible I'm dead

Hey there blues man, what you gonna do

When everyone you meet has some far eastern kinda flu

Uh huh

Emotions

By John T. Wurzer

Strength was in the bottle

The bottle's empty now

Hope was in another place

Got lost again somehow

Fear was in the window

The window looked outside

Pain was in the backyard

Playing games with pride

Tension built a mountain

But it's much too high to climb

Caution wore a raincoat

To keep away the slime...

All the time

Depression caught a teardrop

Halfway to the ground

Paranoia stumbled twice

And someone heard the sound

Happiness was lonely

And loneliness was bold

Boldness left a cash register

With money growing cold

Passion kept on leaving

Ignoring everyone

While lust and consternation

Kept on looking for a gun...

Only one

Anger threw the icebox

Through the open door

Disgust just kept on dripping

Lies there on the floor

Acceptance took a back seat

While ignorance gave birth

To someone else’s baby

Who had no sense of worth

While a thousand worthless poets

In their barroom lingerie

Came walking into Texas

To find a place to play...

Today

Gloom became a dancer

When the night got free and clear

Craziness just opened up

His wallet for a beer

Barking at the April moon

Howling at the thieves

And burning up the arctic

With someone who believes

Got no more to answer

Got no more to say

Questions as she stands there

Guess I don't want to play...

Anyway

Cancel that Request

By John T. Wurzer

Listening to your heartbeat as it portions out your life

I'm standing at the entrance to the lifeline and the knife

I ask you for a slow dance, the kind you dance the best

When someone grabs my shoulder and says, "Cancel that request"

Refrain:

Things are just fine the way they are

Don't need no changes, no uptown bar

Got no need to be better than the rest

And if I ever ask for anything

Cancel that request.

I brought you into paradise; you tried to find a store

The place so filled with ecstasy, you had to buy some more

You asked them for a wax job and a slightly larger breast

But someone stole your checkbook and said, "Cancel that request"

Refrain

At night I find I'm praying still to someone I call God

And I'm asking for all kinds of things like weekends in Cape Cod

I seem to get the tings I need, but still I'm unimpressed

And if you're still there, listening, God, cancel that request.

Refrain

Tracy Forgot How to Smile

By John T. Wurzer

Bound for the heavens and grinning a grin

While others were asking themselves where they’d been

Tracy got married to gentleman Jim

Her lifetime ambition fulfilled, only twenty years old.

The first couple years were a garden of lust

They lived off of pennies and ultimate trust

One day she awoke and the bubble went bust

And Jimmy kept slamming the door, Now the room's getting cold

Alone at the bus stop, the drizzling rain on her face

Some nights she just sits in the basement, alone in her favorite place

There used to be laughter and wine by the fire

I guess good times just went out of style

Since Tracy forgot how to smile

She sits by the TV with a curious stack

A six-pack of beer like a chimp on her back

While he's out slinging drinks to the drunks in a pack

She feels like he's staying away, just to blacken her night

While the bourbon soaked women are grabbing his pants

Throwing money and kisses his way for a dance

She stares at the ceiling and talks to the plants

And listens for Jimmy's car door, as she shuts off the light

Jimmy gets home at a quarter past three

The TV is on but there’s nothing to see

And Tracy just lays there, a beer on her knee

A pale desperate mouth open pose, but he can't wake her up

He carries her lifeless, and lays her in bed

Walks back through the hall, just shaking his head

He swears that sometimes, he's already dead

No use in passing the time, overflowing his cup

Bump and Grind

By John T. Wurzer

Every time she walks she smiles

She breaks the standing records

Leaves them rolling in the aisles

She can empty out the aching

In a politicians heart

And freeze the wild and tragic

When her ankles come apart

Every time she walks she smiles

Uh huh

Every time she dreams she prays

Always asking for forgiveness

For the bedrooms where she stays

She can see the Lord in everything

Tear her sins from walls

She can start another poem

With the memory of her falls

Every time she dreams she prays

Uh huh

Every time she walks she smiles

If death is a beginning

Then life is just a rhyme

I wonder through the thunder

And the bowels of a crime

Can you live you life in silence

And still disturb the peace

Is there nothing more to aim for

Than a sunbeam and some grease

When the frying pan is empty

And the crazy world gets warm

The drunken hobo winds around

And cancer starts to form

Every time she walks she smiles

Uh huh

Twenty Thousand Cans of Beer

By John T. Wurzer

While the rocky road was winding from you bedroom door to mine

A piece of empty sorrow had me wondering all the time

A deafening explosion that I couldn't seem to hear

The sound of me absorbing twenty thousand cans of beer

It's strange the way the world is and its strange the way it turns

When everyone gets back what he refuses twice to earn

It never made much sense to me, but I have to shed a tear

When revelation strikes with twenty thousand cans of beer

As the inside and the outside of our bodies moved as one

The memory of your soft smile held up to my head a gun

Until, just like a goblin as he gazes toward a mirror

I was blinded in a flash by twenty thousand cans of beer

I'll probably die a lonely man, I've always been alone

They'll print my age and little else upon my marble stone

With my family gathered around the grave, my ghost will then appear

And pass out to the mourners, twenty thousand cans of beer

Running After Me

By John T. Wurzer

Who's that girl in the long red stockings?

With her tongue on fire and the way she's walking

She melts my attitude, sends a shiver up my sleeve

Is it love, or just the home fires raging

Is it her or just an act she's staging

I'm not sure at all, but what I see I believe

But I am taken

No use mistaking

Someone else belongs to me

Even undercover

Can't forget my lover

Can't forget that nothing's ever free

Don't come running after me

As she comes to me, her eyes grow brighter

I try to run away, but I can't fight her

A dream, a fantasy, brushing up against my knee

Hair as blond as the wheat in August

Fresh and lively like the smell of sawdust

I'm wondering why she has the urge to conquer me

She's smooth as silk, she got a look like lightening

And when she breathes the whole room is brightening

She throws her hair back like she's giving it up to the sky

And in a moment with my head still spinning

I find myself, and see my good side winning

I'm headed home, you know I'm not that kind of a guy

Ghost Farm

By John T. Wurzer

This place is just a ghost farm

Nothing living in this barn

The cattle gone for years now

And nobody gives a darn

I chanced upon a farmhouse over seven years ago

I found there what I found there, although nothing seemed to grow

Inside I saw a lady, with her eyes unfolding fast

She said, "This is a ghost farm, and there's nothing in its past".

The road brings on a farmer, dressed in emblems and decor

Driving in his pickup, like I'd seen him times before

He stumbles from the driver's seat, and through the kitchen sink

He says, "This is a ghost farm, someone pour another drink."

The farmer's wife is famous, in her parish and her town

The one and only martyr, who endures the endless clown

She gazes from the window in a silent wishful haze]

And says, "This is a ghost farm, and it's been that way for days."

I sat there eating breakfast in her kitchen with a grin

Tried to hide the deep inside thinking it's a sin

Begging for release and something else to fill this space

Saying, "Babe, this is a ghost farm, let's find another place."

Tehsha's Lunch

By John T. Wurzer

A riverboat rolls by; Tehsha sips a diet coke

Reads the morning paper, thinking life is just a joke

Haunted by a vision that she gets most every night

Of a thousand angry dentists who discuss her overbite

And a sacrificial stewardess, with her cattle prod in hand

On a one-way flight to Hades, flying through the Promised Land

While the pilot plays stud poker with a one armed man from mars

The sun comes up, but still you look outside and see the stars

The plane begins to spiral down, and crashes in a vat

Inside some ancient brewery, while Tehsha's getting fat

The dentists leave the airplane; the stewardess rides a cow

The pilot shoots the man from mars; the devil just says wow!

The luggage, it exploded, and Tehsha's heart went pop.

All she's wearing are her panties and a see through halter-top

She starts running through the brewery and calling for a bus

But she's followed by a ragman, who says, "You're one of us"

She can only find a ski lift, so she takes it and escapes

To find herself at lunch, buying compact discs and tapes

A riverboat rolls by; Tehsha sips a diet coke

Reads the morning paper, thinking life is just a joke

Coincident Style

By John T. Wurzer

This is the grand finale

This is the end of the line

When there's nobody left to examine

And you've emptied the bottle of wine

This was a one-act movie

This was a peep show at noon

Now you've got to get back to the grindstone

And I've got to go to the moon

This is the last of the ninth, kid

This is the old checkered flag

And the laughter has finally ended

Put those wild oats back in the bag

This was a night in the desert

And you never repeat desert nights

So get yourself back to the grasslands

Enough of just seeing the sights

This is a one-night stand in

No hope for a future of lust

Time to use that emergency exit

And reach out for someone to trust

This was just one of those things, kid

A fantasy moment in space

Now I'm alone for the long haul

But I'll always remember your face

This is the grand finale

This is the end of the line

When there's nobody left to examine

And you've emptied the bottle of wine

I pasted my eyes to your body

And I pasted my heart to your smile

Now we've got nothing but memories

Of perfect coincident style.

Raining Cats and Dogs

By John T. Wurzer

You'd better get yourself a steel umbrella

Cause it's raining cats and dogs

Go out and find your very best fella and break all the laws

Heard the weather man today

I asked him what he had to say

He said, "I don't have the nerve to make this call"

But you'd better buy yourself a steel umbrella

Cause it's raining cats and dogs

(And then you just make up the rest of the song)