

AND THE RAIN

CHRIS TURNER

I WAS A FARMER BEYOND THE GREAT DIVIDE  
MY WIFE AND CHILDREN WORKED BY MY SIDE.  
RAISED OATS AND APPLES CUT TIMBER TOO  
BESIDE THE HOMESTEAD RIVER HER WATERS GREEN AND BLUE

CHORUS:

AND THE RAIN IT SOAKED THE GROUND  
IT WATERED OUR CROPS WASHED CLEAN OUR TOWN  
AND THE RAIN IT SOAKED THE GROUND

THEN CAME THE DROUGHT BACK IN '42  
SUN PARCHED THE EARTH LIKE A DEVIL'S DEW  
CROPS DRIED UP AND JUST BLEW AWAY  
AND THE HOMESTEAD RIVER SHE TURNED A HARD-BAKED CLAY

CHORUS

AND THE RAIN WEREN'T TO BE FOUND  
JUST BLASTIN' HEAT AND A DUSTY OLD TOWN  
AND THE RAIN WEREN'T TO BE FOUND

BREAK

THREE YEARS OF NOTHIN' NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN  
TILL ONE SUNDAY MORNING COME A HURRICANE  
DEAD TREES A-FLYIN' TORE APART OUR TOWN  
AND THE HOMESTEAD RIVER SHE TURNED A MUDDY BROWN

CHORUS

AND THE RAIN WAS A-POURIN' DOWN  
WASHED AWAY OUR ROADS WASHED AWAY OUR TOWN  
AND THE RAIN WAS A-POURIN' DOWN

BREAK

SO NOW I'M OLD SADLY STILL ALIVE  
MY WIFE AND CHILDREN KILLED BACK IN '55  
WE'S STRUCK BY LIGHTNIN' LOST MY HEARIN' AND SIGHT  
AND BY THE HOMESTEAD RIVER I LOST MY FAMILY THAT NIGHT

CHORUS

AND THE RAIN WAS A-THUNDERIN DOWN  
BUT I COULDN'T SEE NOTHIN' COULDN'T HEAR NO SOUND  
YEAH THE RAIN WAS A-THUNDERIN' DOWN

AND THE RAIN IS A-THUNDERIN' DOWN  
BUT WE DON'T SEE NOTHIN' WE DON'T HEAR NO SOUND  
YEAH THE RAIN IS A-THUNDERIN' DOWN