

Anna Tatangelo

"Let It Rain"

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Leaving on a Mayday, fine summer pain
In his heart on his tongue, the taste is sweet again
Leaving on a Mayday, fine summer pain
But he said a feather, and his mind can take all, his
feet are moving again

Let it rain, on me, let it rain
Let it rain, on me, let it rain

Morning comes, wakes him up, he looks out at the
parking lot
Sees the house, he was born, almost 57 years ago
Where his brother lives, where his sister moved, and all
three went to unfinished school
Where the father died, in '59, and mother did in 63'
He's reminded of her when he looks at me.

Let it rain, on me, let it rain
Let it rain, on me, let it rain
Let it rain, on me, let it rain
Let it rain, on me, let it rain
That's how, that's how all things grow
That's how, that's how all things grow

I've been waiting for the noosy set, 20 years I've been
waiting
For the last pages in a book I read, of love, death and
endless need
About you, your sister your mother and me, even the
happiest families bleed.
I want to get even, making it last, get every bastard
from the past

Let it rain, on me, let it rain
Let it rain, on me, let it rain
Let it rain, on me, let it rain
Oh let it rain, on me, that's how
That's how all things grow, that's how
That's how all things grow, that's how
That's how all things grow, that's how
That's how all things grow

Want to get even, making last, get every bastard from
the past

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