

Billy Ray Cyrus

"Southern Rain"

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Times were rough when times were lean
Most the time nobody seemed to care
No more peace than a southern breeze whistling
through the willow trees
And I see you standing there

And I reach out to touch your face
But the cold hard facts of life put me in my place

Southern rain falling down on me
Thinking back to yesterday and the way things used to
be
Sweet home, on the radio, why do things have to
change
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern
rain, oh

Watermelon growing on the vine, the sweet taste of
homemade wine
And the soft touch of your fingertips
Laying down by the riverside do you recall how we
used to hide
So I could taste your lips

Though the winds of change took me from home
So many years just passed me by and now I'm all alone

Southern rain falling down on me
Thinking back to yesterday and the way things used to
be
Sweet home, on the radio, why do things have to
change
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rain

You said that we could last forever
But I had my wild oats yet to sow
Through every storm and each endeavor
The past and the love we found just will not let me go

Southern rain falling down on me
Thinking back to yesterday and the way things used to
be

Sweet home, on the radio, why do things have to
change
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rain
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern,
southern rain

Oh, to feel that southern rain
Oh, to feel that southern rain
Oh, to feel that southern rain
Southern rain, can you feel that southern rain
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

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