Bruce Hornsby & The Range
"Mandolin Rain"

B. R. Hornsby/John Hornsby

The song came and went
Like the times that we spent
Hiding out from the rain under the carnival tent
I laughed and she'd smile
It would last for awhile
You don't know what you got till you lose it all again

Listen to the mandolin rain
Listen to the music on the lake
Listen to my heart break every time she runs away
Listen to the banjo wind
A sad song drifting low
Listen to the tears roll
Down my face as she turns to go

A cool evening dance
Listening to the bluegrass band takes the chill
>From the air till they play the last song
I'll do my time
Keeping you off my mind but there's moments
That I find, I'm not feeling so strong

Listen to the mandolin rain
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Listen to my heart break every time she runs away
Listen to the banjo wind
A sad song drifting low
Listen to the tears roll
Down my face as she turns to go

Running down by the lakeshore
She did love the sound of a summer storm
It played on the lake like a mandolin
Now it's washing her away once again...again

Whoa whoa whoa...
Yeah-eah-eah-eah-eah-eah...
Oooooh...
Listen to...

Do, do, do...

The boat's steaming in
I watch the sidewheel spin and I
Think about her when I hear that whistle blow
I can't change my mind
I knew all the time that she'd go
But that's a choice I made long ago

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Listen to the music on the lake
Listen to my heart break every time she runs away
Listen to the banjo wind
A sad song drifting low
Listen to the tears roll
Down my face as she turns to go

As she turns to go, oh hoh...
Listen to the mandolin rain...
Whoa whoa whoa whoa oh hoh...

Listen to the tears roll
Down my face as she turns to go
Listen to the tears roll
Down my face as she turns to go

Ahhh...
Listen to the mandolin rain...

Submitted by Michael Hack