

## **Chris Edwards**

# **"Rainy Summer Blues"**

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Cigarettes, vodka and an old George Jones song  
Can't really tell you why I hung around so long.  
There's room at the top, but I'm staring straight down.  
My eyes planted there like it's all that I've found.

I never knew the skies would turn such a hue  
It all went to black the day I found out about you.  
Well I'd seen the rain fall hard before  
But that was the hardest I'd ever felt it pour.

And the rain it keeps pourin' down  
I can hear it from my window  
Every time I hear your name  
It comes again, here comes the rain.

No need for the sprinklers out on the lawn  
'Cause a frog strangler is a comin' right on.  
Other storms I weathered, well they came and they went.  
With nothing to show, but they sure left me bent.  
Oh, they sure left me bent.

And the rain it keeps pourin' down  
I can hear it from my window  
Every time I hear your name  
It comes again, here comes the rain.  
Here comes the rain.

Headed out again in this pouring down rain,  
I can't hardly see out, but I ain't going back again  
With these cigarettes, this vodka and an old George Jones song  
I can't really tell you why I hung around so long.  
No, I can't really tell you why I stuck around so long.

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