

## Billy Rankin

### "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 fallin' down on me  
Thinkin' 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

Watermelon growin' on the vine  
The sweet taste of homemade wine  
And the soft touch of your fingertips  
Layin' 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 fallin' down on me  
Thinkin' 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 fallin' down on me  
Thinkin' 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

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