

From Good Homes "Drivin' And Cryin'"

Visit "[Drivin' And Cryin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A log drops and the
Fire creaks
all eyes turn but no
One speaks
the air grows heavy all
Thoughts the same
the rain, the rain, here
Comes the rain
father scoffs and the
Baby cries
son gets ready and the
Mother sighs
the air grows heavy all
Thoughts the same
the rain, the rain, here
Comes the rain
at the podium the
Voices speak
ships touch ground on a
Sandy beach
the air goes heavy all
Thoughts the same
the rain, the rain, here
Comes the rain
on the front line a
Rifle cocks
a pin drops loaded and a
Trigger locks
everyone grabs a weapon
Everyone takes aim
another log drops on the
Fire and flames
slave out in the field
Drops his work looks up
beggar in the street drops
His begging cup
the air grows heavy all
Thoughts the same
the rain, the rain, here
Comes the rain

