

## **From Good Homes "Here Comes The Rain"**

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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  
the rain, the rain, here

comes the rain  
the rain, the rain, here  
comes the rain  
here comes the rain, here  
comes the rain

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