

Brush Arbor

"He Who Made The Rain"

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Out here in the desert it's an unforgiving land
The sun don't show no mercy on a hot and thirsty man
My soul cried out for water but every teardrop fell in
vain
Till I got down on my knees and called on he who made
the rain
He who made the rain he who made the rain
His voice is in the thunder the lightning knows his name
I stand in awe and wonder at he who made the rain
Some say that it's wonderful some say it's absurd
He disturbs the comfortable and he comforts the
disturbed
Now I have been on both sides and here I will remain
Since I've tasted livin' water from he who made the rain
He who made the rain...
[guitar]
Yeah he who made the rain...

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