

Buddy Jewell

"Help Pour Out The Rain"

Visit "[Help Pour Out The Rain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The moment was custom-made to order:
I was ridin' with my daughter on our way back from
Monroe.
An' like children do, she started playin' twenty
questions,
But I never could've guessed one would touch me to
my soul.

She said: "Daddy, when we get to Heaven, can I taste
the Milky Way?
"Are we goin' there to visit, or are we goin' there to
stay?
"Am I gonna see my Grandpa? Can I have a pair of
wings?
"An' do you think that God could use another Angel,
"To help pour out the rain?"

Well, I won't lie: I pulled that car right over,
An' I sat there on the shoulder tryin' to dry my misty
eyes.
An' I whispered: "Lord, I wanna thank you for my
children.
"Cause your innocence that fills them often takes me
by surprise."

Like: "Daddy, when we get to Heaven, can I taste the
Milky Way?
"Are we goin' there to visit, or are we goin' there to
stay?
"Am I gonna see my Grandpa? Can I have a pair of
wings?
"An' do you think that God could use another Angel,
"To help pour out the rain?"

Well, I thought about it later on,
An' a smile came to my face.
An' when I tucked her in to bed,
I got down on my knees an' prayed.

Lord, when I get to Heaven, can I taste the Milky Way?
"I don't wanna come to visit 'cause I'm comin' home to
stay?"

"An' I can't wait to see my family and meet Jesus face
to face.

"An' do you think, Lord, you could use just one more
Angel,

"To help pour out the rain?"

Mmmm, can I help pour out the rain?

Visit [Buddy Jewell](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.