

Jewel

"Help Pour Out The Rain"

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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 would'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 another Angel,

"To help pour out the rain?"

Mmmm, can I help pour out the rain?

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