

Lila McCann

"Rain Of Angels"

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He prays for the harvest
To bring a record yield
Five generations counting
On his work out in these fields
The only life he knows
Is the soil that he tills
And if the drought don't take it all
He knows the banker will

He's waiting for a rain of angels
To turn these dusty acres
Back to a fertile plain
Reward him for his labor
Put his life back in his hands
He's waiting for a rain of angels

Somewhere in the city
In the hours before dawn
She huddles in a doorway
To dream her hunger gone
Forgotten by the cold world
Frightened by her own
She sips a little whiskey
To forget she is alone

She's waiting for a rain of angels
To lift her from the shadows
To give her back her name
Turn back all the pages
Give her shelter from the storm
She's waiting for a rain of angels

And all the places where the battle lines are drawn
When the bullets fly
It doesn't matter what side you're standing on
Give the farmer back his land
Pull the helpless from the street
Take the guns out of our hands
And we will be within the angel's reach

Call down through the ages
Wash away the pain

Only love will remain
We're all waiting for
Still waiting for a rain of angels

Waiting for a rain of angels
Waiting for a rain of angels
Waiting for a rain of angels

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