

Mitch Rossell

"Prayin' It Don't Rain"

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Daddy sent me down to the hardware store
To get some red paint for the new barn door
When I pulled in the parking lot there she stood
Well, I smiled at her, and she winked at me
She said nice to meet you, I'm Emily
And she wrote her number in the dust, on my hood

Well, I left my cell phone back at home,
And I ain't got a pen
And I could smell a storm a-comin' in the wind.

So, Lord please bless this truck
The tires are as worn as this old clutch
In third gear it always likes to stick
And I need to get home quick
One drop of water could change it all
So, God please don't let it fall
It's just five more miles to Cherry Lane
And I'm prayin' it don't rain.

Daddy'd kill me if he knew
I was prayin' against something the cops could use
But daddy ain't seen them legs on Emily
Well, I've outrun my buddies and the sheriff now
On the back roads in this town
But I ain't ever tried to outrun a storm cloud

So, Lord please bless this truck
The tires are as worn as this old clutch
In third gear it always likes to stick
And I need to get home quick
One drop of water could change it all
So, God please don't let it fall
It's just three more miles to Cherry Lane
And I'm prayin' it don't rain.

Oh, rain, rain stay away
Won't you come again another day?
And so much ain't ridin' on, "Goodbye Chevrolet".

So, Lord please bless this truck

The tires are as worn as this old clutch
In third gear it always likes to stick
And I need to get home quick
One drop of water could change it all
So God please don't let it fall
It's just one more mile to Cherry Lane
And I'm prayin' it don't rain

I'm prayin' it don't rain
I'm prayin' it don't rain
I'm prayin' it don't rain

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