

## Covette

### "Southern Rain"

Visit "[Southern Rain](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The flies have quit their buzzing  
Even bear has stopped his barking  
They all sense something brewing  
Up the james and headed this way

Bobby sips his morning coffee  
Says 'have you finished with the funnies  
Looks like a storm's coming honey  
Guess we'll have to stay in bed today'

I've heard that into every life  
A little of it must fall  
If there's any truth to the saying,  
Lord, let it be a southern rain

Marie was born in macon, georgia  
She met a west coast lawyer  
He plucked that sweet magnolia  
And carried her to the hills of west l.a.

She says 'i never thought I'd tire of a dollar  
But this life has grown so hollow  
Every night there's lipstick on his collar  
And every morning I wash it away'

She heard that into every life  
A little of it must fall  
So she spends her evenings praying  
For a little of that southern rain

Cars alive on city streets  
Of sparkling black water  
Like waves beneath my window  
Never break just roll away  
Tonight, this rain will be my lullaby  
These cars, my dreams  
To carry me home to stay

The wipers beat a rhythm  
Truck spray obscures my vision  
But I'm closing in on my destination

Two more hours and I'll be at your door

And it will never cease to amaze me  
How a little rain can drive folks crazy  
When I'd trade all my blue skies gladly  
For your blue eyes, crooked smile  
And a steady downpour

I've heard that into every life  
A little of it must fall,  
But you'll never catch me complaining  
About too much of that southern rain

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

---

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