

Ben Wells

"Valdosta Rain"

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There's something strange about this bottle
Calling me at 4 am
Telling me that everything's ok
She's not laying down with him

There's something strange about these raindrops
They can't wash away my pain
How her memory was left behind
But didn't even leave a stain

It's kinda like...
Valdosta Rain, it's pouring down
It's coming in like a hurricane, I'm not ready for it now
You only come on the days, she ain't around
Don't you bring down this pain, in my temporary
drought
Cuz' getting over her, is driving me insane
It's kinda like, counting drops of valdosta rain

There's something strange about this picture
Staring back at me
I can still hear her laughing
As we danced on new year's eve

There's something strange about her leaving
I can't explain what's going on
I thought I was over her
But I guess that I was wrong

It must be...
Valdosta Rain, it's pouring down
It's coming in like a hurricane, I'm not ready for it now
You only come on the days, she ain't around
Don't you bring down this pain, in my temporary
drought
Cuz' getting over her, is driving me insane
It's kinda like, counting drops of valdosta rain

Can somebody please tell me
What the hell is going on
Why one day I see the sunshine
And the next there's a storm

Like...

Valdosta rain, it's pouring down

It's coming in like a hurricane, I'm not ready for it now

You only come on the days, she ain't around

Don't you bring down this pain, in my temporary
drought

Cuz' getting over her, is driving me insane

It's kinda like, counting drops of valdosta rain

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