

Seven Miles South "Texas Rain"

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That poor soul
He looks wrecked
Putting out his last cigarette
As she drives off
Those damn wheels
Keep turning round and round in his head

She goes off to someone else
He starts thinking to himself

When she's around, she makes me sad
When she's gone , I wish she'd come back
And she never brings enough to quite ease my pain
That girls like Texas rain

Two shots down
A bottle to go
Nowhere left to drown his soul
Except that hole she left in the driveway
With all her tire tracks

She goes off to someone else
He starts thinking to himself

When she's around, she makes me sad
When she's gone , I wish she'd come back
And she never brings enough to quite ease my pain
That girls like Texas rain

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