

Bruce Hornsby, Mandolin Rain

The song came and went, like the times that we spent
Hiding out from the rain, under the carnival tent
I laughed and she'd smile, it would last for awhile
You don't know what you've got, till you lose it all again

Listen to the mandolin rain, listen to the music on the lake
Ah listen to my heart break, everytime she runs away
Oh, listen to the banjo wind, a sad song drifting low
Listen to the tears roll, down my face as she turns to go

Cool evening dance, listen to the bluegrass band
Takes the chill from the air, until they play the last song
I'll do my time, oh keeping you off my mind
But there's moments that I find, I'm not feeling so strong

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Runnin' down by the lake shore
She did love the sound of a summer storm
Played on the lake like a mandolin
Now it's washing her away, once again...whoa again

The boat's steaming in, oh watch the sidewheel spin
And I think about her when I hear that whistle blow
I can't change my mind
Oh, I knew all the time that she'd go,
But that's a choice I made long ago

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As she turns to go
Listen to the...listen to the mandolin rain

Listen to the tears roll, down my face as she turns to go
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Listen to the mandolin rain.