

Buddy Jewell, Help Pour Out The Rain (Lacey's S

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The moment was custom-made to order:
I was ridin' with my daughter on our way back from Monroe.
An' like children do, she started playin' twenty questions,
But I never could of guessed one would touch me to my soul.

She said: "Daddy, when we get to Heaven, can I taste the Milky Way?
"Are we goin' there to visit, or are we goin' there to stay?
"Am I gonna see my Grandpa? Can I have a pair of wings?
"An' do you think that God could use another Angel,
"To help pour out the rain?"

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Well, I won't lie: I pulled that car right over,
An' I sat there on the shoulder tryin' to dry my misty eyes.
An' I whispered: "Lord, I wanna thank you for my children.
"'Cause your innocence that fills them often takes me by surprise."

Like: "Daddy, when we get to Heaven, can I taste the Milky Way?
"Are we goin' there to visit, or are we goin' there to stay?
"Am I gonna see my Grandpa? Can I have a pair of wings?
"An' do you think that God could use another Angel,
"To help pour out the rain?"

Well, I thought about it later on,
An' a smile came to my face.
An' when I tucked her in to bed,
I got down on my knees an' prayed.

Lord, when I get to Heaven, can I taste the Milky Way?
"I don't wanna come to visit 'cause I'm comin' home to stay?
"An' I can't wait to see my family and meet Jesus face to face.
"An' do you think, Lord, you could use another Angel,
"To help pour out the rain?"

Mmmm, can I help pour out the rain?
can I help pour out the rain?

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