

# Eva Cassidy, Kathy's Song

I hear the drizzle of the rain  
Like a memory it falls  
Soft and warm continuing  
Tapping on my roof and walls

My minds distracted and confused  
My thoughts are many miles away  
They lie with you when youre asleep  
Kiss you when you start the day

And as I watch the drops of rain  
Weave their weary paths and die  
I know that I am like the rain  
There before the grace of you go I