

Joe Ely, Flood On Our Hands

The rivers are swollen
We got a flood on our hands
Get out the buckets
and the pots and pans

Mama put the pictures
In the old wooden boat
Billy get the baby
And mamas overcoat

Theres high ground at Gruene
At the old Gristmill Store
We can keep everybody dry
if it dont rain no more

We got a Flood on Our Hands
The rains gonna keep comin down

Has anybody talked to sister
Since the lines went down?
She spent the night with Mandy
On the low side of town

I do hope shes watchin
On the outside tonight
She aint been herself
Since she lost little Dwight

You dont never miss
What you aint got
Till you wake up some morning
And youve lost the whole lot

We got a Flood on Our Hands
The rains gonna keep comin down

Thank God were all together
Thats all we really need
You cant change the weather
But you can plant new seed

No life is spared
To the ones who blame
A God with out mercy,
Pride with out Shame

Like Noah of old
Was put to the test
To see if his faith
Was deeper than the rest
We got a Flood on Our Hands
And the Rains gonna keep Comin Down

Mama get the Shotgun
And the pictures of dad
Someday well look back
On everything we had
We got a Flood on Our Hands
The rains gonna keep comin down