

Michael Nesmith, Rainmaker

First day in August
Last rain was in May
When the rainmaker came to Kansas
In the middle of a dusty day

The rainmaker said to the people
"Tell me what you are prepared to pay"
The rainmaker said to the people
"Well, I'll conjure up a rain today"

Ninety degrees 'neath the trees where it's shady
Hundred and ten in the hot sun
Heat from the street burned the feet of the ladies
See how they run

Called down the lightning
By a mystical name
Then the rainmaker called on the thunder
And suddenly it began to rain
Then the rainmaker passed his hat to the people
But the people all turned away
Then the rainmaker's eyes
And the Kansas skies
Both became a darker grey

First day in August
Last rain was in May
When the rainmaker came to Kansas
In the middle of a dusty day
The rainmaker smiled as he hitched up his wagon
And without a word he rode way
Then the people of the town heard the sound of his laughter
And they knew the rain had come to stay

Rain rain go away
Come again another day
Rain rain go away
Come again another day
Rain
Rain
Rain