

Sam Phillips, Same Rain

i went to the sun it was too hot
i went to the moon it was too cold
went to the mountain it was too young
went to the ocean it was too old

is it the same rain that falls on a holy man
is it the same rain that falls on a liar's hand
is it the same rain that falls on me

i knew a man a refugee survival was his art
all that he held valuable he carried in his heart

is it the same rain that falls on the mountain's face
is it the same rain that falls on the prison gate
is it the same rain that falls on me

all the money in the world all the power it can buy
will not take your voice away
cannot own what you hold inside

is it the same rain that falls on a poor man's room
is it the same rain that falls on a rich man's tomb
is it the same rain that falls on me

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is it the same rain that falls on the raging see
is it the same rain that falls on the hanging tree
is it the same rain that falls on me