

Trisha Yearwood, Georgia Rain

Barefoot in the bed of your truck,
On a blanket lookin' up.
Half a moon peekin' down at us,
From underneath the clouds.
Teenage kids sneakin' out again...
I heard the thunder rollin' in.
We were fallin' the moment when,
It all came pourin' down.

The Georgia rain on the Jasper county clay,
Couldn't wash away what I felt for you that day.
Just you an' me down an ol' dirt road...
Nothin' in our way except for the Georgia rain.

The cotton fields remember when,
Flash of lightnin' drove us in.
We were soaked down to the skin,
By the time we climbed inside.
An' I don't remember what was poundin' more...
The heart in my chest or the hood of that Ford.
As the sky fell in an' the storm clouds poured,
Worlds away outside.

The Georgia rain on the Jasper county clay,
Couldn't wash away all the love we made.
Just you an' me down that ol' dirt road...
No one saw a thing except for the Georgia rain.

Screen door flappin' in the wind...
Same ol' house I grew up in.
I can't believe I'm back again,
After all these years away.
You fixed your Daddy's house up nice...
I saw it yesterday when I drove by.
Looks like you've made yourself a real good life...
What else can I say?

The Georgia rain on the Jasper county clay,
Couldn't wash away the way I loved you to this day.
The old dirt road's paved over now,
Nothin' here's the same except for the Georgia rain.

Couldn't wash away.

[To fade]