

Anna Ternheim, Let It Rain

Leaving on a Mayday
Fine summer pain
In his heart, on his tongue
The taste is sweet again
Leaving on a Mayday
Fine summer pain
But his head's a feather
His mind can take all
His feet are moving again
Let it rain on me, let it rain
Let it rain on me, let it rain
Morning comes, wakes him up
He looks out at the parking lot
Sees the house he was born
Almost fifty seven years ago
Where his brother lives, where his sister moved
And all three went to and finished school
Where their father died in fifty nine, mother did sixty three
He's reminded of her when he looks at me
Let it rain on me, let it rain
Let it rain on me, let it rain
Let it rain on me, let it rain
Let it rain on me
That's how, that's how all things grow
That's how, that's how all things grow
I've been waiting for the news, he said
Twenty years I've been waiting
For the last pages in a book I read
Of love, death and endless need
About you, your sister, your mother and me
Even the happiest families bleed
I want to get even, making it last
Get every bastard from the past
Let it rain on me, let it rain
Let it rain on me, let it rain
Let it rain on me, let it rain
Oh, let it rain on me
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