

B.J. Thomas, Burt Bacharach & Butch Cassidy and

Raindrops keep falling on my head
And just like the guy who's feet are too big for his bed
Nothing seems to fit
Those raindrops are falling on my head, they keep falling
So I just did me some talking to the sun
And I said I didn't like the way he got things done
Sleeping on the job
Those raindrops are falling on my head they keep falling
But there's one thing, I know
The blues they sent to meet me won't defeat me
It won't be long 'til happiness steps up to greet me
Raindrops keep falling on my head
But that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turning red
Crying's not for me
'Cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining
Because I'm free nothing's worrying me
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