

Billy Ray Cyrus, Southern Rain

Times were rough when times were lean
Most the time nobody seemed to care
No more peace than a southern breeze
Whistling through the willow trees
And I see you standing there
And I reach out to touch your face
But the cold hard facts of life put me in my place

Southern rain fallin' down on me
Thinkin' back to yesterday and the way things used to be
"Sweet Home" on the radio, why do things have to change
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rain

--- Instrumental ---

Watermelon growin' on the vine
The sweet taste of homemade wine
And the soft touch of your fingertips
Layin' down by the riverside
Do you recall how we used to hide
So I could taste your lips
Though the winds of change took me from home
So many years just passed me by
And now I'm all alone

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Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rain

You said that we could last forever
But I had my wild oats, yet to sow
Through every storm and each endeavor
The past and the love we found
Just will not let me go

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"Sweet Home" on the radio, why do things have to change
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rain.
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern,
Southern Rain

Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rain.
Oh, to feel that southern rain.
Oh, to feel that southern rain.
Southern Rain
Can you feel that Southern Rain
Southern Rain...