

Cowboy Junkies, Southern Rain

Michael Timmins

The flies have quit their buzzing
Even Bear has stopped his barking
They all sense something brewing
up the James and headed this way

Bobby sips his morning coffee
Says `Have you finished with the funnies?
Looks like a storm's coming honey
guess we'll have to stay in bed today'

I've heard that into every life
a little of it must fall
If there's any truth to the saying,
Lord, let it be a southern rain

Marie was born in Macon, Georgia
She met a west coast lawyer
He plucked that sweet magnolia
and carried her to the hills of West L.A.

She says `I never thought I'd tire of a dollar
But this life has grown so hollow
Every night there's lipstick on his collar
and every morning I wash it away'

She heard that into every life
a little of it must fall
So she spends her evenings praying
for a little of that southern rain

Cars alive on city streets
of sparkling black water
like waves beneath my window
never break just roll away
Tonight, this rain will be my lullaby
these cars, my dreams
to carry me home to stay

The wipers beat a rhythm
Truck spray obscures my vision
But I'm closing in on my destination
Two more hours and I'll be at your door

And it will never cease to amaze me
how a little rain can drive folks crazy
When I'd trade all my blue skies gladly
for your blue eyes, crooked smile
and a steady downpour

I've heard that into every life
a little of it must fall,
but you'll never catch me complaining
about too much of that southern rain