Craig Morgan, Rain For The Roses

- -It's ninety eight in the shade
- -Mr. Rose is rolling hay
- -Eighty acres down and ten to go
- -Clouds are building in the south
- -He knows times a running out
- -And there goes that tractor's radiator hose
- -There ain't no tricks in his straw hat
- -He walks a quarter mile back
- -Ms. Rose hears him slam that old screen door
- -What he sees as wasted time
- -Is a blessing in disguise
- -Oh he's cussing what she's been praying for
- -The day turned dark as night
- -And in her eyes he saw the light
- -He hadn't taken the time to notice
- -From heaven it poured down
- -On that little old farm house
- -Lord knows what to do when love needs time for growing
- -He sends rain for the Roses
- -She pulled down the window blinds
- -Even though the sun wadn't shining
- -The rain tapped out a love song on that old tin roof
- -Wrapped up in the covers
- -They held on to eachother
- -Like new lovers on their honeymoon
- -The day turned dark as night
- -And in her eyes he saw the light
- -He hadn't taken the time to notice
- -From heaven it poured down
- -On that little old farm house
- -Lord knows what to do when love needs time for growing
- -He sends rain for the Roses
- -Lord knows what to do when love needs time for growing
- -He sends rain (backup)
- -The lord sends rain
- -For the Roses