

# Garth Brooks, Everytime That It Rains

stuck in an airport in austin, all of the flights are delayed  
and as the rain keeps fallin the mem'ries keep callin me back  
to another time and place  
back to a rainy day in Oklahoma, she was workin ats a roadside cafe  
and it was just her and me and looked like it would be  
at least till the storms rolled away

i played "Please Come to Boston" on the jukebox  
she said hey that's my favorite song  
the next thing i knew the song was all through  
and we were still dancin along  
with that look in her eyes she pulled from me  
then she pulled off that apron she wore  
and with her hand in mine we turned off the sign  
and locked the rain outside the door

everytime that it rains, i can hear her heart callin  
it rains, i can see that dress fallin  
the storm clouds roll on, still the memory remains  
every time that it rains

one late rainy night i got a phone call  
so i went back to see her again  
and through the dance we both stumbled and with the buttons we fumbled  
so we decided just to call it at friends  
if we ever had a thing now it's over, and only the memory remains  
of a roadside cafe on a september day  
i relive every time that it rains

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