

# Hawksley Workman, Rain

rain, rain, falling is the only thing you ever do  
you're getting pretty good  
you're getting pretty good at it now

down, down, down to where the trouble  
and the hurt does live  
where so many fall  
where so many take  
and not give

you make it seem so graceful  
you make it seem so proud  
you're just falling from  
the sky on to the ground

what, what, what if it was simple  
like the falling rain  
love comes down  
and just sinks into your heart

cause when you fall, fall, fall so hard  
it's ugly just to see your face  
fall so hard  
the earth beneath you  
looks the other way

you make it seem so graceful  
the peace within your sound  
you're just falling from  
the sky on to the ground

pain, pain why did i invite you  
to be here again  
i thought we were through  
when i walked away in the rain