

Jimmy Buffett, Barefoot Children In The Rain

Scratch my back with a lightning bolt
Thunder rolls like a bass drum note
The sound of the weather is Heaven's ragtime band
We all fell down from the Milky Way
Hangin' round here till Judgment Day
Heaven only knows who's in command

Barefoot children in the rain
Got no need to explain
We'd be swingin' on a ball and chain
It's always understood by those who play the game
Barefoot children in the rain

Show me yours and I'll show you mine
Take me back to days full of monkeyshines
Bouncin' on a bubble full of trouble in the summer sun
Keep your raft from the riverboat
Fiction over fact always has my vote
And wrinkles only go where the smiles have been

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We'd be swingin' on a ball and chain
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Scratch my back with a lightning bolt
Thunder rolls like a bass drum note
The sound of the weather is Heaven's ragtime band
The sky turns blue and the sun appears
But the question's still what are we doin' here
I don't think the answer's close at hand

Barefoot children in the rain
Got no need to explain
We'd be swingin' on a ball and chain
It's always understood by those who play the game
Barefoot children in the rain
In the rain...
In the rain...