

John Prine, Great Rain

Great rain great rain
I thought I heard you call my name
Great rain great rain
I thought I heard you call my name
I was standing in the station
Waving down an unmarked train

There's a fire at the junction
Why do you do the things you do
There's a fire at the junction
Why do you do the things you do
I was praying for mercy
And all he ever sent me was you

Jimmy bought the liquor
I bought the cups and ice
Jimmy bought the liquor
I bought the cups and ice
I tell you funny stories
Why can't you treat me nice

Great rain great rain
I thought I heard you call my name
Great rain great rain
I thought I heard you calling my name
I was standing by the river
Talking to a young Mark Twain.