

# Los Lobos, Wicked Rain

(Cesar Rosas)

Rain, rain, rain, a wicked rain  
Falling from the sky  
Down, down, down, pouring down  
Upon the night  
Well there's just one chance in a million  
That someday we'll make it out alive

Rain, rain, rain, an evil rain  
Falling all the time  
Sun, sun, sun  
Sun don't ever want to shine  
Well there'll be no light in the morning  
Till some peace at last we find

Like travellers in the darkness  
Can't see our way  
Trying hard to make it through  
Another day

Father, father, father  
Why do you let your sons go astray  
Brother, brother, brother  
Why must we go on this way  
There's a storm off in the distance  
And it looks like it's here to stay

Rain, rain, rain  
Rain, rain, rain