

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Brass Sky

I gotta bent up truck, gotta fix-it-up
So I set it on the backyard lawn
Put the radio loud in the window
I tuned it into rock
Now I'm patiently waitin' on music
But the DJ rambled and sang
And it was blowin' in a brass sky
But it won't rain

A bright-eyed woman on the hour
Brings a glass of tea
And I can tell she's as pretty as a flower
When she comes to me
She winds away the water
From my eyes and soothes my brain
And it was blowin' in a brass sky
But it won't rain

And it won't rain for tryin'
And it won't rain for beans
There's fear in the sky
A big storm is what it means

Waitin' out the weather
By workin' on the truck
We get to hang out together
Can't believe this luck

Glass is fine by the hour
But don't match with mine
It got wrecked playin' sailor in the shower
Last Christmas time
The song's written in another language
But the weather forecast is plain
It was blowin' in a brass sky
But it won't rain

And it won't rain for tryin'
And it won't rain for beans
Well it's a bad day for flyin'
But they won't fly with me
Starin' at the boats and planes
That are stayin' on the ground
Another won't leave it's hidin'
Til the wind turns 'round

A bright-eyed woman in the kitchen
Cooks up a kiss of death
Boilin' up mango, crab and coconut
And includin' cinnamon bread
But she drops the pan and says
Paranoia is out and breeds like a runaway train
And it was blowin' in a brass sky
But it won't rain

And it won't rain for tryin'
And it won't rain for beans
Well it's a bad day for flyin'
They won't fly with me, no
Starin' at the boats and planes
Stayin' on the ground
Another won't leave it's hidin'
Til the wind turns 'round