

# Reba McEntire, It Always Rains On Sunday

On Monday the sun will be shining  
On Tuesday the weather was fine  
Wednesday and Thursday went by  
By Friday the clouds filled the sky

Dismorning I knew it would rain  
The moment the telephone rang  
I heard your voice and I knew  
The sky turned a new shade of blue

And it looks like rain  
It always rains on Saturday  
The dark clouds came  
And the sunny days are gone away  
This house feels so cold  
It always feels like this when he goes away  
There's really nothing new about the rain  
It always rains on Saturday

I look into Billy's young smile  
And watch him watch Big Bird a while  
His daddy will be here by eight  
Seems like the sky's turning grey  
There's an overnight bag on the stairs  
Beside a one eyed teddy bear  
I hold Billy and try not to cry  
And whisper kiss mommy goodbye

And it looks like rain  
It always rains on Saturday  
The dark clouds came  
And the sunny days are gone away  
This house feels so cold  
It always feels like this when he goes away  
There's really nothing new about the rain  
It always rains on Saturday  
It always feels like this when Billy goes away