## Rebecca Martin, When the Rain Comes

(R. Martin)

When the rain comes To clear the cuts of summer skins When the rain comes in

You will find out What you're made of only then When the rain comes in

There you'll know Which way you're going. Start again But I think he's watching

Once was trespassed Is now looked over and fenced in Where the rain comes in.

And you wonder
If you'll find your feet again
When the rain comes in.

Now you know Which way you're going. Start again But I think he's watching you.

Take your chances Leave him now while you still can Let the rain come in.