

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.