

# Steve Earle & The Dukes, The Rain Came Down

The old man loaded up everything that he owned  
On a wagon and headed out west  
The old woman fearlessly faced the unknown  
'Cause she figured he knew what was best  
And they settled down hard on a government grant  
With six mouths to feed and forty acres to plant  
And the rain came down  
Like an angel come down from above  
And the rain came down  
It'll wash you away and there ain't never enough

Fall turned to winter another year gone  
Over and over again  
Some took their lives from their land and moved on  
And some stayed on to plow it back in  
And the good Lord he giveth and he taketh away  
And the restless shall go and the faithful shall stay

Now my granddaddy died in the room he was born in  
Twenty-three summers ago  
But I could have sworn he was beside me this morning  
When the sheriff showed up at my door  
So don't you come around here with your auctioneer man  
'Cause you can have the machines but you ain't taking my land