

# Trisha Yearwood, Under The Rainbow

Evening, porch swing, we love to watch it rain  
To some folks, it ain't much, but we think we've got it made  
Some people dream about streets paved with gold  
Only to find a yellow brick road  
We know the way that story goes

Here under the rainbow  
People pass us by  
We laugh at the way they laugh at you and I  
The world is spinning around and around  
Everybody's lookin' for higher ground  
But here under the rainbow  
Dreams fall from the sky  
From the sky

We've got an old car with spare parts and a broken radio  
So many back seat memories we just can't let it go  
Sometimes we like to take it out  
Give the neighbors somethin' to talk about  
Movin' as slow as the law allows

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