

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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