

VINCE GILL, The Rhythm Of The Pourin' Rain

Board up the windows
Lock all the doors
Try to remember what a body is for
There's bad weather coming
The red eye's runnin' red
Let's spend that weekend
And never leave that bed

[Chorus:]

Turn out the lights like there's no one home
Cut the wires on the telephone
Our hearts are pounding like a hurricane
Makin' love to the rhythm of the pourin' rain
Makin' love to the rhythm of the pourin' rain

Let's tell ole Monday morning
Please don't come too soon
The storm is still raging
Right here in this room
Oh what a sweet day
To spend our time
Still got a little taste of some real good wine

[Chorus]

Oh what a fellin' is gonna fill my brain
The next time the weatherman says it looks like rain

[Chorus]