

# 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]