

# Make It Rain

Koryn Hawthorne

Oh  
Oh oh oh  
Oh When the sins of my father  
Weigh down in my soul  
And the pain of my mother  
Will not let me go  
Well, I know that there can come fire from the sky  
To refine the purest of kings  
And even though I know this fire brings me pain  
And even so  
And just the same Make it rain  
Make it rain down, Lord  
Make it rain  
Make it rain  
Make it rain  
Make it rain down, Lord  
Make it rain  
Make it rain And let the clouds fill with thunderous applause  
And let lightning be the veins  
And fill the sky with all that they can drop  
When it's time  
To make a change Make it rain  
Make it rain down, Lord  
Make it rain  
Make it rain  
Make it rain  
Make it rain down, Lord  
Make it rain  
Make it rain Make it rain  
Make it rain  
Make it rain  
Make it rain

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