Make It Rain

Clark Beckham

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 there can come fire from the sky
To refine the purest of kings
And even though
I know this fire brings me pain
Even so
And just the same

Make it rain
Make it rain down, Lord
Make it rain
Oh, make it rain
Make it rain
Make it rain down, Lord
Make it rain
Make it rain

And the seed needs the water
Before it grows out of the ground
But it just keeps on getting hotter
And the hunger more profound
Well, I know there can come tears from the eyes
But they may as well be in vain
Even though
I know these tears come with pain
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

Make it rain

And the seas are full of water
That stops by the shore
Just like the riches of grandeur
That never reach the poor

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

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