

# Texas Rain

## Seven Miles South

That poor soul  
He looks wrecked  
Putting out his last cigarette  
As she drives off  
Those damn wheels  
Keep turning round and round in his head  
She goes off to someone else  
He starts thinking to himself  
When she's around, she makes me sad  
When she's gone , I wish she'd come back  
And she never brings enough to quite ease my pain  
That girls like Texas rain  
Two shots down  
A bottle to go  
Nowhere left to drown his soul  
Except that hole she left in the driveway  
With all her tire tracks  
She goes off to someone else  
He starts thinking to himself  
When she's around, she makes me sad  
When she's gone , I wish she'd come back  
And she never brings enough to quite ease my pain  
That girls like Texas rain

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