Southern Rain

Mike Auldridge

Times were rough when times were lean
Most the time nobody seemed to care
No more peace than a southern breeze whistling through the willow trees
And I see you standing thereAnd I reach out to touch your face
But the cold hard facts of life put me in my placeSouthern rain falling down on me
Thinking back to yesterday and the way things used to be
Sweet home, on the radio, why do things have to change
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rain, ohWatermelon growing on the vine, the sweet taste of homemade wine
And the soft touch of your fingertips
Laying down by the riverside do you recall how we used to hide
So I could taste your lipsThough the winds of change took me from home
So many years just passed me by and now I'm all aloneSouthern rain falling down on me
Thinking back to yesterday and the way things used to be
Sweet home, on the radio, why do things have to change
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rainYou said that we could last forever
But I had my wild oats yet to sow
Through every storm and each endeavor
The past and the love we found just will not let me goSouthern rain falling down on me
Thinking back to yesterday and the way things used to be
Sweet home, on the radio, why do things have to change
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern rain
Oh Lord, what I would not give to feel that southern, southern rainOh, to feel that southern rain
Oh, to feel that southern rain
Oh, to feel that southern rain
Southern rain, can you feel that southern rain
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

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