It's Raining Here This Morning

The Stanley Brothers

Oh it's raining, raining, raining here this morning
As I sit in jail and hang my head in shame
With a smile I try to greet each early dawning
But they've given me a number for my nameMany a little raindrops are falling close to me
Makes the streams and rivers just as muddy as can be
It's raining, raining, raining here this morning
As the Mississippi flows on to the seaHow I wish that I could see my little darling
And hold her in my arms just as before
I used to tell her every day I loved her
But now she doesn't love me anymoreShe knew that I was guiltless of this one crime
And said that she'd be waiting there for me
But she has found somewhere else to wander
Where the Mississippi flows on to the seaIts raining, raining, raining here this morning
And I am just as weary as can be
I wish that I could follow all the raindrops
Down the Mississippi toward the silver seaBut there's no way to prove that I'm not guilty
So I will have to suffer all the shame
Go and tell her for me little raindrops
That they've given me a number for my name

Songwriters
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