

Rain For The Roses

[Craig Morgan](#)

It's 98 in the shade an' Mr Rose is rollin' hay.
Eighty acres down an' ten to go.
Clouds are buildin' in the south, he knows time is runnin' out,
An' there goes that tractor's radiator hose. There ain't no tricks in his straw hat; he walks a quarter mile back.
Miss Rose hears him slam that ol' screen door.
What he sees as wasted time is a blessing in disguise,
Oh, he's cussin' what she's been prayin' for. The day turned dark as night, and in her eyes he saw the light,
He hadn't taken the time to notice.
From Heaven, it poured down on that little old farm house,
Lord knows what to do when love needs time for growin',
He sends rain for the Roses. She pulled down the window blinds even though the sun wasn't shinin',
The rain tapped out a love song on that old tin roof.
Wrapped up in the covers, they held on to each other,
Like new lovers on their honeymoon. The day turned dark as night, an' in her eyes he saw the light,
He hadn't taken the time to notice.
From Heaven, it poured down on that little old farm house,
Lord knows what to do when love needs time for growin',
He sends rain for the Roses. Lord knows what to do when love needs time for growin',
(He sends rain for the Roses.)
The Lord sends rain for the Roses.

Songwriters

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