

Running in the Rain

[qanda](#)

Well the water's up on Franklin Street
The rain was coming down all night
And filling up the Little Conemaugh and Stony Creek
People scurrying all over town to save their things
Johnstown came to life with coal and steel
You could find a job and raise a family
30,000 souls at church on Sundays
12 hour shifts, 6 days a week
We're sorry we can't help you
We can't free you from the pain
Nobody's safe from getting wet
We are all running in the rain
There was danger in the distance
Fourteen miles up the valley
A mountain lake where Pittsburg wealthy came to play
Held up by a leaky dam that slowly wore away
We're sorry we can't help you
We can't free you from the pain
Nobody's safe from getting wet
We are all running in the rain
The final day of May in 1889
Eight inches fallen on the lake
There was no time left for warning
The barrier shifted and gave way
Twenty thousand tons of water were released
Crushing bridges, trees, and buildings
In just ten minutes sweeping Johnstown all away
Widows weeping for two thousand and two hundred lost that day
There's one thing about life that's sure, the
suffering will come
But the strong must strive to do what's right
To protect the little ones
Slowly the living rose out of the ruins and mud
They didn't know what part of their old life was left
There was so much that was gone
But they determined to stay on
And those rich folks never came back to the mountain
Work crews cleared the streets and built Johnstown again
They remembered those who died
We still look back and wonder why
Nobody's gonna help you
To free you from your pain
We're not safe from getting wet
We are all running in the rain

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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