

Every Time It Rains (Lord Don't It Pour)

[George Strait](#)

Every time my ship comes in, a hurricane blows it out again
Stormy weather seems to hang around my door
My sweet bird of paradise, flew the coop on me last night
Oh, and every time it rain, Lord don't it pour I got a letter from the IRS
They said, Son, you're in a hell of a mess
Our computer shows you owe ten-thousand more
Well, that machine's made a bad mistake
'Cause that's more than this poor boy makes
Oh, and every time it rain, Lord don't it pour Every time it rains, I just wash my car
The whole neighborhood goes, swimmin' in my front yard
Well, my mother-in-law says, she's stayin' three weeks more
Oh, and every time it rain, Lord don't it pour Just got my car out of the shop
Two blocks down the street it stopped
I went to use the telephone at the grocery store
I walked back to my Chevrolet
But they towed that sucker away
Oh, and every time it rain, Lord don't it pour

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