

Let the Rain Come In

William Elliott Whitmore

Open up the door.
And let the sound come in.
I can hear the owls.
And the dogs again.
And they sing.
And they shout.
When the moon is out. Open up a window.
And let the storm come in.
I need to feel the water.
On my skin.
And the crops need help.
To grow.
And this rain's gonna make it so. I can see the setting sun.
And I know my days are done.
But let it be said.
That I got no regrets.
And I made good on what I owe.
And let it be known.
That this place was not my home.
That this place was not my home.

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