

# Something in the Rain

**Tish Hinojosa**

Mom and Dad have worked the fields  
I don't know how many years  
I'm just a boy but I know how  
And go to school when work is slow  
We have seen our country's roads  
Bakersfield to Illinois  
And when troubles come our way  
Oh yeah, I've seen my daddy pray  
There's something wrong with little sister  
I hear her crying by my side  
Mama's shaking as she holds her  
We try to hold her through the night  
And Mom says, Close you eyes, mijito  
Dream of someplace far from here  
Like the pictures in your schoolbooks  
Someday you can take us there  
There must be something in the rain  
I'm not sure just what that means  
Abuelita talks of sins of man  
Of dust that's in our hands  
There must be something in the rain  
Well, what else could cause this pain  
Those airplanes cure the plants so things can grow  
Oh no, it must be something in the rain  
Little sister's gone away  
Mama's working long again  
And me, I think I understand  
About our life, about our land  
Well, talkers talk and dreamers dream  
I will find a place between  
I'm afraid but I believe  
That we can change these hurting fields  
'Cause there's something in the rain  
But there's more here in our hands  
'Buelita's right about the sins of man  
Who's profits rape the land  
And the rains are pouring down  
From the growers to the towns  
And until we break the killing chains  
There's something in the rain

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