

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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