

# Let It Rain

Anna Ternheim

Leaving on a Mayday  
Fine summer pain  
In his heart, on his tongue  
The taste is sweet again  
Leaving on a Mayday  
Fine summer pain  
But his head's a feather  
His mind can take all  
His feet are moving again  
Let it rain on me, let it rain  
Let it rain on me, let it rain  
Morning comes, wakes him up  
He looks out at the parking lot  
Sees the house he was born  
Almost fifty seven years ago  
Where his brother lives, where his sister moved  
And all three went to and finished school  
Where their father died in fifty nine, mother did sixty three  
He's reminded of her when he looks at me  
Let it rain on me, let it rain  
Let it rain on me, let it rain  
Let it rain on me  
That's how, that's how all things grow  
That's how, that's how all things grow  
I've been waiting for the news, he said  
Twenty years I've been waiting  
For the last pages in a book I read  
Of love, death and endless need  
About you, your sister, your mother and me  
Even the happiest families bleed  
I want to get even, making it last  
Get every bastard from the past  
Let it rain on me, let it rain  
Let it rain on me, let it rain  
Oh, let it rain on me  
That's how, that's how all things grow  
That's how, that's how all things grow  
That's how, that's how all things grow  
That's how, that's how all things grow  
I want to get even, making it last  
Get every bastard from the past  
I want to get even, making it last  
Get every bastard from the past  
I want to get even, making it last  
Get every bastard from the past

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