

Pray for Rain

Bob Mould

Every time I pray
The fear of failure pours down on me
Once my heart is strained
I never feel like going out
People call and say
They wish that they could come and help me
I tell them I'm ok
And crawl back in my bed There's not much left to do but pray for rain
We could use a storm of two every day You don't comprehend
The slightest things that might affect me
World keeps marching on
And I can't help but get upset
Left here by myself
There's no tears that will be falling
Nothing more than dirt and dust
Nothing left at all I don't know who what else to do but pray for rain
I could write a song for you to ease the strain
There's not much left to do but pray for rain
We could use a storm or two every day I need you, release me
Make me feel again, pray for rain I need you, release me
Make me feel again, pray for rain I need you, release me
Make me feel again, pray for rain I need you, release me
Make me feel again, pray for rain

Songwriters

Bob Mould Published by

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