

# All Comes Floodin' Down

Brian McComas

The preacher prayed a month for rain  
We'd been dry for seven weeks or more  
Now it ain't stopped for thirteen days  
I guess he got what he was prayin' for So go tell the boys in the canyon  
And go tell the boys at the mill  
We'll throw the sand into those bags  
And fight this thing until it all comes floodin' down There's not much time left we can buy  
The water's strong and on the rise  
Pretty soon the dam will yield  
To it's weight and drown the fields So go tell the boys in the canyon  
And go tell the boys at the mill  
We'll throw the sand into those bags  
And fight this thing until it all comes floodin' down When the water comes  
It takes everything you know  
The houses and the harvest  
Your sanity and soul  
With a muddy rush  
It'll baptize this whole town  
When it all comes floodin' down The preacher's on his knees again  
He's prayin' for the rain to end  
Now we did all that we could do  
But still the water broke on through It took all the boys in the canyon  
It took all those boys from the mill  
Who threw the sand into those bags  
And fought that thing until it all came floodin' down  
It all came floodin' down  
It all came floodin' down

Songwriters

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