

A Flood on Our Hands

Joe Ely

The rivers are swollen
We got a flood on our hands
Get out the buckets
And the pots and pans Mama, put the pictures
In the old wooden boat
Billy, get the baby
And mama's overcoat There's high ground at Grene
At the old Gristmill Store
We can keep everybody dry
If it don't rain no more We got a flood on our hands
The rain's gonna keep comin' down Has anybody talked to sister
Since the lines went down?
She spent the night with Mandy
On the low side of town I do hope she's watchin'
On the outside tonight
She ain't been herself
Since she lost little Dwight You don't never miss
What you ain't got
'Till you wake up some morning
And you've lost the whole lot We got a flood on our hands
The rain's gonna keep comin' down Thank God we're all together
That's all we really need
You can't change the weather
But you can plant new seed No life is spared
To the ones who blame
A god without mercy
Pride without shame Like Noah of old
Was put to the test
To see if his faith
Was deeper than the rest
We got a flood on our hands
And the rain's gonna keep comin' down Mama, get the shotgun
And the pictures of dad
Someday well look back
On everything we had
We got a flood on our hands
The rain's gonna keep comin' down

Songwriters

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