

# 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 pansMama, put the pictures  
    In the old wooden boat  
    Billy, get the baby  
And mama's overcoatThere's high ground at Grene  
    At the old Gristmill Store  
    We can keep everybody dry  
If it don't rain no moreWe got a flood on our hands  
The rain's gonna keep comin' downHas anybody talked to sister  
    Since the lines went down?  
    She spent the night with Mandy  
On the low side of townI do hope she's watchin'  
    On the outside tonight  
    She ain't been herself  
Since she lost little DwightYou don't never miss  
    What you ain't got  
    'Till you wake up some morning  
And you've lost the whole lotWe got a flood on our hands  
The rain's gonna keep comin' downThank God we're all together  
    That's all we really need  
    You can't change the weather  
But you can plant new seedNo life is spared  
    To the ones who blame  
    A god without mercy  
Pride without shameLike 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' downMama, 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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