

Kitchen Blues

Bruce Robison

Sitting in the kitchen listening to the rain
Washing away my blues
I don't worry when I'm happy again
Living is it's own good news
I comb my hair like a straight A student
Step off the merry-go-round
Sitting in the kitchen listening to the rain fall down
Sitting in the kitchen, taking my time
Thinking about old friends
Are they smelling their coffee and listening to the rain
Wondering who they were back then
Dreaming of the city from a small town
Dreaming of the summer all year round
Sitting in the kitchen, what a wonderful sound
Rain erases time, each drop of water
Daughter of the sunshine
I sit here in the ground
Rain erases time, each drop of water
Daughter of the sunshine
I sit here in the ground
Well, the rain falls down and the river rolls
And the ground gets rocky again
I keep hopping on my pot of gold
Or a place I've ain't been
The rain on the tin speaks again
Of the rhythm of the world going round
Sitting in the kitchen listening to the rain fall down
Sitting in the kitchen, what a wonderful sound
Sitting in the kitchen
Whoooo

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