

You Look Like Rain

Luke Bryan

[Luke]

You and your Sunday mornings,
Me and my Saturday nights
You and all your colors
Me and my black and whites
You and your lacing cotton
Up against my whiskey skin
Saving me the way you always do, yeah 'Cause I'm hell up here on a high wire
You're the hallelujah kind
I'm dust that spins,
And the gust of wind
That's blowing by
I'm a desert dry
And in my thirsty eyes,
You look like rain You and your stain glass windows,
Me and my cracked windshield
You and your quiet beauty
Me and my can't set still! 'Cause I'm hell up here on a high wire
You're the hallelujah kind
I'm dust that spins,
And the gust of wind
That's blowing by
I'm a desert dry
And in my thirsty eyes,
You look like rain Girl, I'm hell up here on a high wire
You're the hallelujah kind
I'm dust that spins,
And the gust of wind
That's blowing by
I'm a desert dry
And in my thirsty eyes,
You look like rain You look like rain
(You look like
You look like
You look like rain)
You look like rain
Ye-yeah
You look like rain
You look like rain You must be rain...

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