Rain

Charlie Robison

Well, I hear that old John Deere tractor
At the low water bridge
Pulling them drinkers across
He's dragging so many on this Saturday night
I can smell that old tractor's exhaustBut the rain on the roof sounds so pretty
And the cowboys I fear for the most
Medina done broke from it's ragged old pen
It's making a run for the coastWell, there's a place down on Main Street
Right across from the bank
Where somebody drew up a line
About twenty foot up on that Frontier Hotel
Where it crested back in twenty-nineWell, this city took most of this little old town
'Cause we live on what they call the plain
Well, I read all about it in the cafe downtown
Where they got that old newspaper frameBut the rain on the roof sounds so pretty
And the cowboys I fear for the most
Medina done broke from it's ragged old pen
It's making a run for the coastWell my grandmother called about ten minutes ago
Like she does almost every night
She said they come home way early from the old rodeo
When a big bolt had knocked out the lightsWell, she said a cowboy got buckin'
Just before it went dark
On a bull that they called 'Checkered Tree'
And ain't nobody saw if he finished his ride
So I guess I'll forget about sleepBut the rain on the roof sounds so pretty
And the cowboys I fear for the most
Medina done broke from it's ragged old pen
It's making a run for the coastMedina done broke from it's ragged old pen
It's making a run for the coast

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