

Raining on Sunday

Keith Urban

It ticks just like a Timex
It never lets up on you
Who said life was easy
The job is never through It'll run us 'til we're ragged
It'll harden our hearts
And love could use a day of rest
Before we both start falling apart I pray that it's raining on Sunday
Stormin' like crazy
We'll hide under the covers all afternoon
Baby, whatever comes Monday Can take care of itself
'Cause we've got better things that we can do
When it's raining on Sunday Your love is like religion
A cross in Mexico
And your kiss is like the innocence
Of a prayer nailed to a door Oh, surrender is much sweeter
When we both let it go
Let the water wash our bodies clean
And love wash our souls And pray that it's raining on Sunday
Stormin' like crazy
And we'll hide under the covers all afternoon
And baby, whatever comes Monday Can take care of itself
'Cause we've got better things that we can do
When it's raining on Sunday
Ooh, oh, oh I pray that it's raining on Sunday
Stormin' like crazy
We'll hide under the covers all afternoon
And baby, whatever comes Monday Can take care of itself
'Cause we've got better things that we can do
When it's raining on Sunday
Ooh, oh, oh When it's raining on Sunday
When it's raining on Sunday
Let it rain
Whoo, ooh

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