

## Strange Rain

Bobby Darin

Strange rain fallin' around us  
All day, every day  
Strange rain fallin' around us  
And what will become of my baby?

Baby, my baby  
Much too little to run  
Baby, my baby  
What will become of my son?

Measurin' death for a suit, Lord  
All day, Every day  
They're measurin' death for a suit, Lord  
And what will become of my baby?

Baby, my baby  
Much too little to run  
Baby, my baby  
And what will become of my son?

My kid don't eat what I feed him  
All day, every day  
My kid won't eat what I feed him  
And what will become of my baby?

Baby, my baby  
Much too little to run  
Baby, my baby  
And what will become of my son?

Strange rain fallin' around us  
All day, every day  
There's strange rain fallin' around us  
And what will become of my son?