

Did It Rain?

Barbara Fairchild

She slips off softly in the early morning rain
Upon a hillside for a place to hide her pain
Breaking the cobwebs on the branches of the pine
Asking forgiveness for me and my short time

And did it rain, and did it rain
And is there such a place called empty
And did it rain, and did it rain
And is there such a place called time
Left on your mind

I know the writer of the songs she sadly sings
She rides a pony and her cape flies in the wind
Checking the dewdrops on the branches of the corn
She rides to keep her strange appointment with the dawn

And did it rain, and did it rain
And is there such a place called empty
And dit it rain, and did it rain
And is there such a place called time
Left on your mind