

## Southern Rain

Billy Ray Cyrus

Times were rough when times were lean  
Most the time nobody seemed to care  
No more peace than a southern breeze  
Whistling through the willow trees  
And I see you standing there  
And I reach out to touch your face  
But the cold hard facts of life put me in my place

Southern rain falling down on me  
Thinking back to yesterday and the way things used to be  
Sweet home on the radio why do things have to change  
Oh Lord what I would not give to feel that southern rain

Watermelon growing on the vine  
The sweet taste of homemade wine  
And the soft touch of your fingertips  
Layin' down by the riverside  
Do you recall how we used to hide  
So I could taste your lips  
Though the winds of change took me from home  
So many years just passed me by and now I'm all alone

Southern rain falling down on me...

You said that we could last forever  
But I had my wild oats yet to sow  
Through every storm and each endeavor  
The past and the love we found just will not let me go

Southern rain falling down on me...  
Oh Lord what I would not give to feel that southern southern ra  
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