

Help Pour Out The Rain

Buddy Jewell

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The moment was custom made to order,
I was riding with my daughter
On our way back from Monroe,

And like children do,
she started playing 20 questions
but i never would've guessed one
could touch me to my soul.

She said "Daddy, when we get to heaven,
can I taste the Milky Way?
Are we going there to visit, or are we
going there to stay?
Am I gonna see my Grandpa?
Can I have a pair of wings?
And do you think that God could use another angel, to help pour
out the rain?"

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Well I won't lie, I pulled that car right over,
And I sat there on the shoulder, trying to dry
my misty eyes. And I whispered, "Lord,
I wanna thank you for my children, 'cause
your innocence that fills them often takes me by surprise.

Like Daddy, "When we get to heaven, can I taste the milky way?
Are we going there to visit, or are we going there to stay? Am
I gonna see my Grandpa? Can I have a pair of wings? And do you
think that God could use another angel, to help pour out the ra
in?"

Well I thought about it later on and a smile came to my face. A
nd when I tucked her into bed, I got down on my knees and praye
d.

"Lord, when I get to heaven, can I taste the Milky Way? I don't
wanna come to visit, 'cause I'm coming home to stay. And I can
't wait to see my family and meet Jesus face-to-face. And do yo
u think Lord, ypou could use another angel, to help pour out th
e rain?"

mmmmm, can I help pour out the rain? Can I help pour out the ra
in?