

Praying For Rain

Chris Kläfford

I've always been my father's son
Lived my life doing what he done
Anything I could to make him proud
They say the season's coming round
But ain't nothing growing in this ground
Till the heavens open up and it comes down
Till the heavens open up and it comes down

But daddy, I've been trying all day
My knees ain't changing nothing away
Shut the door and you will find me
Out in the sun, praying for rain

I've always been my father's son
Tried growing old way too young
I wanted him to see
Oh Lord, I hope he sees me now
They say the seasons come around
So I wait, oh, how I wait to hear the sound
Of Adam's ale dancing on the ground
Of Adam's ale dancing on the ground

But daddy, I've been trying all day
My knees ain't changing nothing away
Shut the door and you will find me
Out in the sun, praying for rain

I've always been my father's son
So I'll keep on working till I'm down
And on the day I lay him in this ground
I pray he's looking down, that he's proud
I pray he's looking down, that he's proud

But daddy, I've been trying all day
My knees ain't changing nothing away
Shut the door and you will find me
Out in the sun, praying for rain
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