

Raining Horses

Corb Lund

Well, you would but you can't sell her
You ain't got the heart to tell her
She'd be loaded up and shipped off on that truck to you know where

And if you're gonna feed her
You might as well just breed her
'Cause the last thing this place needs is another open mare

It's raining horses, we just may drown
In a flood (sea) of palominos, paints and greys and bays and browns
It's raining horses, it's coming down
'Round here it ain't cats and dogs but colts that hit the ground

The forecast calls for foaling
With zero chance of knowing
If the lead or if the weather's gonna change on down the line

Well, the kids can't even ride her
'Cause what if there inside her
Is the one that spins and slides and finally makes it all worthwhile

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If I could only see into the futurity
And if a cloud with silver lining waited there
Well, I wouldn't mind so much that it keeps pourin' down these ponies
And I'd make sure that I was always where

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