

# 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 worth while

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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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