

Rain

George

Save me from the judgment of a fool, save me from dressing down
the rich man

Save me from the judge's writing tool, releasing now

An aptitude for anything at all, no need for time to ponder on
the maybes

Now happiness will one day really fall, on you like rays of gold

Won't you rain on me now

Do your shoes fit you as well as they did before, are you
Walking steady since you took the fall

I know it must be hard to be strong, and still more on

I look inside your child-like eyes, believing
thoughts that tear you up inside

I know you're out there trying not to hide
so let it go and flow down

Won't you rain on me, won't you pray with me

Won't you cradle me, would you label me

Won't you rain