

When It Rains It Pours

Luke Combs

Sunday morning, man, she woke up fighting mad
Bitching and moaning on and on 'bout the time I had
And by Tuesday, you could say that girl was good as gone
And then when Thursday came around, I was all alone

So I went for a drive to clear my mind, ended up at a Shell on I-65

Then I won a hundred bucks on a scratch off ticket
Bought two twelve packs and a tank of gas with it
She swore they were a waste of time, oh, but she was wrong
I was caller number 5 on the radio station
Won a 4-day, 3-night beach vacation
Deep sea, senorita, fishing down in Panama
And I ain't gotta see my ex future mother-in-law anymore
Oh, Lord, when it rains it pours

Now she was sure real quick to up and apologize
When she heard about my new found luck on that FM dial
And it's crazy how lately now it just seems to come in waves
What I thought was gonna be the death of me was my saving grace

It's got me thinking that her leaving is the only logical reason

That I got the last spot in the Hooter's parking lot
And the waitress left her number on my check with a heart
She picked up on the first ring when I gave her a call
And I only spent five bucks at the Moose Club Raffle
Won a used four-wheeler and three free passes
For me and two of my buddies to play a round of golf
And I ain't gotta see my ex future mother-in-law anymore
Oh, Lord, when it rains it pours
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I've been on one hell of a redneck roll for three weeks now
And it all started on the day that she walked out

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