

Make It Rain

Matt McAndrew

When the sins of my father
Weigh down in my soul
And the pain of my mother
Will not let me go
Well I know there can come fire from the sky
To purify pure as the canes
Even though
I know this fire brings me pain
Even so
And just the same

Make it rain
Make it rain down low
Make it rain
Make it rain

So let the claps fill with thunderous applause
And let thy death be the veins
And fill the sky
With all that they can drop
When it's time
To make a change

Make it rain
Make it rain down low
Make it rain
Make it rain

Make it rain
Make it rain down low
Make it rain
Make it rain

Make it rain
Make it rain
Make it rain
Make it rain