

Oh, the Rain

Mighty Oaks

Oh I sat atop the hills and tore them down
Oh the rain it fell with me to the ground
And I fear that I soon will start to drown
In this water that surrounds

And I dream about golden fields of rye
Fields of wheat where we would run for miles and miles
Oh my friends don't fear let's drop our bags and dive
Into these waters, these waters, these waters surround

Amidst these dreams I can dream
And these waters, they surround