

Emily's Rain

Peter Bradley Adams

In the shadows that she paints
Lie the stories she can't tell
But the trees she lights on fire
And the colors cast a spell

All the waiting it's been hard
She picks at the food on her plate
There's so much that he could give
There's so much that he could take

All her life she's looked up to the clouds
For the rain to fall, break up this fallow ground

One day soon she will be loved
It's written deep within her fate
And every generation gone
Will gather round to celebrate

From mouth to mouth will come the words
Year to year and face to face
From the hands down in the hurt
And in her intensive grace

She will raise the windows high
Let the light come streaming in
And though the wind will burn her eyes
She will learn to breathe again

All her life she's looked up to the clouds
For the rain to fall, break up this fallow ground
For the rain to fall, break up this fallow ground

Na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na