

# Pray For Rain

PFR

Born in a dry season  
Wind and sand have blown through me  
Haven't found shade anywhere  
Only moments of relief

But sometimes I think I hear the thunder  
Somewhere on the horizon line  
If I could just find a way to get under  
The rain that can reach this soul of mine

I pray for rain to come  
And wash away what has made me numb  
I pray for a raging storm  
To drown what's in me

And the rain comes  
In the nick of time  
I swallow hard  
'Cause my throat's been dry  
The rain comes beating on my skin

Till I'm washed away  
Nothing left within  
When Your rain comes  
Your rain comes

Seasons have passed so quickly  
Since I felt that first big storm  
Still there have been times of drought  
When I've prayed for the clouds to form

And I often hear the thunder  
And I know of its coming rain  
Many times in my life I'll kneel under  
The moving showers that brought this change

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