

## Make it rain

Sandi Thom

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 refine the purest of kings  
Even though I know this fire brings me pain  
Even so, and, Lord, just the same

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And the seed needs the water  
Before it grows out of the ground  
But it just keeps on getting hotter  
And the hunger is just more profound  
Well, I know there can come tears from their eyes  
But they may... they may as well be in vain  
Even though I know these tears will bring me pain  
Even so, Lord, just the same

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