

# The Rain Still Tumbles Down

Slim Dusty

Hey, hey, hey  
Oo de lay dee  
Oo do do do doo do do

It was back in forty seven  
Oh, how the time does fly  
When I sang that song about the rain  
That tumbled down in July  
Ever since I made that record  
And it started spinning round  
There's been nothing else but raging floods  
Since the rain keeps tumbling down

There's poor old farmer Wilson  
With hair old silver grey  
He curse that song, as he rode along  
The damage to survey  
But the sun came out in August  
And the grass again did grow  
And for a while he wore a smile  
As the westly winds did blow

When June came round next winter  
He looked up at the sky  
And the air went blue, as there came in view  
Dark clouds in the sky  
And the rain it started falling  
And the rivers rising high  
And the cattle dogs crawl in the barn  
Till the ending of July

Then poor old farmer Wilson  
Goes mad and tearing round  
He sold his station for a song  
And then moved into town  
He buys a little cottage  
With gardens all around  
And for a while he wore a smile  
Until July came round

And the rain it started falling  
And the winter skies were grey  
And they had to move again you see  
For the town got washed away  
So their heading back for the mountains  
That rise in the great nor west  
In those far off distant ranges  
As high as he can get

Now today I gets a letter  
And the lines were wrote in red  
It's from old farmer Wilson  
But I can't say what he said

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