

Something Wrong With The Rain

Tom Paxton

I used to love to hear the rain come down
It used to whisper on my window
I'd lie awake and listen, and half asleep I'd murmur
"They got to love this rain in Iowa."

I used to welcome every drop of rain
It came as manna to my garden
And in the sunny morning, I'd walk among the flowers
They used to look like they were on parade

But now we're livin' on some sufferin' ground
The flowers withered and the grass turned brown
And now I'm prayin' when the rain comes down
The facts begin to be plain

And now we're lookin' at a desperate year
On many faces there are traces of fear
Because it's rainin', and it's terribly clear
Unless I'm goin' insane:
There's something wrong with the rain

I hear the thunder on the westerly wind
I watch the flickerin' horizon
The trees begin to quiver; the sky begins to darken;
The rain is fallin' on the dusty ground

I used to love a rainy afternoon
The dogs and I would get so lazy
A gentle rain was fallin', we'd close our eyes and listen
I used to love it when it felt that way

But now we're livin' on some sufferin' ground
The flowers withered and the grass turned brown
And now I'm prayin' when the rain comes down
The facts begin to be plain

And now we're lookin' at a desperate year
On many faces there are traces of fear
Because it's rainin', and it's terribly clear
Unless I'm goin' insane:
There's something wrong with the rain
There's something wrong with the rain
There's something wrong with the rain!