

## None But the Rain

Townes Van Zandt

We had our day, now it's over  
We had our song, now it's sung  
Had our stroll through summers clover  
Summer's gone now, our walkin's done

So tell me gently who be your lover  
Who be your lover after I'm gone?  
Will it be the moon that hears your sighin'?  
Will it be the willow that hears your lonesome song?

Will it be the rain that clings to your bosom?  
Will it be the sunshine that dries your golden hair?  
Will it be the wind that warns of my returning  
Will a rose be in your arms when I find you waitin' there

None but the rain should cling to my bosom  
None but the moon should hear my lonesome sigh  
None but the wind should warn of your returning  
Fare thee well, my love, goodbye