

Southern Rain

Billy Ray Cyrus

Times were rough when times were lean
Most the time nobody seemed to care
No more peace than a southern breeze
Whistling through the willow trees
And I see you standing there
And I reach out to touch your face
But the cold hard facts of life put me in my place

Southern rain falling down on me
Thinking back to yesterday and the way things used to be
Sweet home on the radio why do things have to change
Oh Lord what I would not give to feel that southern rain

Watermelon growing on the vine
The sweet taste of homemade wine
And the soft touch of your fingertips
Layin' down by the riverside
Do you recall how we used to hide
So I could taste your lips
Though the winds of change took me from home
So many years just passed me by and now I'm all alone

Southern rain falling down on me...

You said that we could last forever
But I had my wild oats yet to sow
Through every storm and each endeavor
The past and the love we found just will not let me go

Southern rain falling down on me...
Oh Lord what I would not give to feel that southern southern ra
in
Oh to feel that southern southern rain
Oh to feel that southern southern rain
Oh to feel that southern southern rain
Southern southern rain