

Strange Rain

Bobby Darin

Strange rain fallin' around us
All day, every day
Strange rain fallin' around us
And what will become of my baby?

Baby, my baby
Much too little to run
Baby, my baby
What will become of my son?

Measurin' death for a suit, Lord
All day, Every day
They're measurin' death for a suit, Lord
And what will become of my baby?

Baby, my baby
Much too little to run
Baby, my baby
And what will become of my son?

My kid don't eat what I feed him
All day, every day
My kid won't eat what I feed him
And what will become of my baby?

Baby, my baby
Much too little to run
Baby, my baby
And what will become of my son?

Strange rain fallin' around us
All day, every day
There's strange rain fallin' around us
And what will become of my son?