

All Comes Floodin' Down

Brian McComas

The preacher prayed a month for rain
We'd been dry for seven weeks or more
Now it ain't stopped for thirteen days
I guess he got what he was prayin' for

So go tell the boys in the canyon
And go tell the boys at the mill
We'll throw the sand into those bags
And fight this thing until it all comes floodin' down

There's not much time left we can buy
The water's strong and on the rise
Pretty soon the dam will yield
To it's weight and drown the fields

So go tell the boys in the canyon
And go tell the boys at the mill
We'll throw the sand into those bags
And fight this thing until it all comes floodin' down

When the water comes
It takes everything you know
The houses and the harvest
Your sanity and soul
With a muddy rush
It'll baptize this whole town
When it all comes floodin' down

The preacher's on his knees again
He's prayin' for the rain to end
Now we did all that we could do
But still the water broke on through

It took all the boys in the canyon
It took all those boys from the mill
Who threw the sand into those bags
And fought that thing until it all came floodin' down
It all came floodin' down
It all came floodin' down