

Pray for Rain

Cody Johnson

When I was five years old
lookin' through the window pane,
there was debt growin' in the fields,
every year it was the same,
there was burnt up corn,
livin in a dusty haze,
and daddy'd say good night son, I love you,
and pray for rain.

Well, it was about mid July when daddy's pride sank,
he told my momma, he was goin' to the bank,
he put on his Sunday's best, but it didnt hide his
pain,
the banker said take the money son,
but you better, pray for rain.

Well there's no clouds to hide the sun,
and there's no waters in the creeks,
and there's a fear in the congregation,
every Sunday when we meet,
that the devil's found West Texas
and he may never leave,
the preacher gives his sermon,
says pay your tithes and pray for rain.

Now my daddy's land is mine,
and times sure aint the same,
the blacktop's taken over,
there's no room to grow the grain,
and now the man down at the bank
he don't understand my pain,
cause he don't have to lay his head down every night,
and pray for rain.

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