I like to hear the rain when you're lying by my side, 'neath the fireplace, so soft and warm.

I like to hear the rain when you're locked inside my arms and I know you feel safe from any harm.

Someday, when we're growing old, we'll make love like we do today. Someday, when our baby's own his own, it will be so sweet remembering the way we shared our love today.

I like to hear the rain in the stillness of the night when I'm dreaming pretty dreams of you and me.
I like to hear the rain when you're locked inside my heart and I know you always ever be.

Someday, when we're growing old, I'll hold you like I do today. Someday, when today is long ago, it will be so sweet remembering the way we shared our love today.

Someday, when we're growing old, we'll make love like we do tod ay.

Someday, when our baby's own his own,

it will be so sweet remembering the way we shared our love toda  $\mathbf{y}\:\!\boldsymbol{\cdot}$