

# The Rhythm of the Pourin' Rain

Vince Gill

Bolt up the windows, lock all the doors  
Try to remember what a body is for  
There's bad weather comin', the red eye's runnin' red  
Let's spend the weekend and never leave that bed

Turn out the lights like there's no one home  
And cut the wires on the telephone  
Our hearts are pounding like a hurricane  
Makin' love to the rhythm of the pourin' rain  
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Let's tell ol' Monday mornin', "Please don't come too soon"  
The storm is still raging right here in this room  
Oh, what a sweet way to spend our time  
Still got a little taste of some real good wine

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Oh, what a feelin's gonna fill my brain  
Next time the weatherman says it looks like rain?

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