

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
Makin' love to the rhythm of the pourin' rain

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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