

Waitin' For Rain

by Stephen M. Golden

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Standing in a downpour of emotional distress.
I haven't done things perfectly — that I must confess.
But I can't see any justice, I just can't seem to win,
and the storm clouds keep rollin in.

Downpour ain't lettin' up. Though, my life's had enough
The cactus, sage, and tumbleweed livin' on the plain —
Waitin' for rain.

Years have passed with grey skies loomin' over head.
"It's better to have loved and lost," I heard the poet said.
"Into each life some rain must fall," but I've had more than my share,
And the rain man don't seem to care.

Downpour ain't lettin' up. Sorrow 'round me like a flood,
While the cactus, sage, and tumbleweed livin' on the plain -
Waitin' for rain.

I'd like to see some sunshine before my final days;
Share my love with someone who won't throw it away.
Send the rain to somewhere else that's dry as a bone.
But it seems the rain's found a home.

Downpour ain't lettin' up. Though, my life's had enough
The cactus, sage, and tumbleweed livin' on the plain —
Waitin' for rain.

They tell me it's the worst drought in a hundred-forty years,
and the consequences bearin' down are raisin' all their fears.
But the only thing in my life that's dried and blown away
Are the dreams of better days

Downpour ain't lettin' up. Sorrow 'round me like a flood,
While the cactus, sage, and tumbleweed livin' on the plain —
hurtin' for rain.

Water all around me, I'm drownin' in my pain . . .