

It's raining again for everyone nearly everywhere,  
And god has got the reign and the beauty nearly and anywhere;  
But when it's went and damp and the dark clouds seem to form,  
Remember that your blesses so we can all calculate the norm.

It's raining again after the dry and drought of fall,  
And the clouds are starting to form and to torment us all;  
There's reason in the madness and the folly of the season,  
When life is only water and it's raining again like treason.

As the clouds pass away again and the day is clear and bright,  
And the darkness and the storm clouds are coming in the night;  
It's lovely weather really but it would be nice if it was raining again,  
As the dam is getting empty and the blue sky days have been.

Now if you're not with me and it's raining where you are,  
As I might have speculated and when it's form far afar;  
It's raining again in the heart and mind of God who listens,  
And hears the pain and reasons and all the long forgotten years.

It's funny how there's always a dry spell in the sinning city,  
Where the summer and the winter only brings us tears and pity;  
For the lovely thirst quenching drops that fill and drench the ground,  
As written in the books of heaven where life abounds in pounds.

So for all the beauty of the earth and where it's raining again,  
And life is but a moment for God to decide right then;  
That the rain is really needed here and I pray for it to fall,  
When times are long and lovely and the world is wet for all.

Signed,

Watering eyes