

Nothing is free in the land of the living,

Where rain costs money from all who are giving;

Water comes down by the bucket and drizzle,

With a BBQ on the weekend when in a sausage sizzle.

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Rain will cost money every time there is a downpour,

To the dams or the countries where the poor endure;

We all make our earth for the weather that comes;

From whether the water is in the world or the sums.

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Some of the time we have to pray for the rain,

Which usually goes down in waste to the drain;

But if you pay from the heart or make an effort in time,

Rain will cost money by the ink in the rhyme.

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If we pay with the pain it will make us our luck,

From a few short years managing a truck with a buck;

And if tears appear to come when you're hurting,

Remember the love and all the time you were flirting.

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Rain will cost money from God high in the sky,

Where heaven is free from the grace we all try;

In time and in turn the rain all will come back,

While shopping or home, or a walk down the track.

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We predict precipitation from the charts on its course,

Of evaporation to condensation in all the right source;

Rain will cost money it is now all fair to say,

In all the management decided and needed every day.

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Signed,

If currency is free.