

Rain on the River

So you stand there in the doorway,
Watching me through the screen.
I'm kicking rocks out of the driveway
With my back to the space between.
From an open window,
A radio rides the breeze,
And the song fades in and out
Just like some bittersweet memories.
We are tense and silent
Here waiting for the storm.
It come thundering around and around
Until it breaks to the distant aching sound of rain . . .
Rain on the river.

We were young hearts doing hard time,
Living under the gun.
What we saw as a chance for freedom
Turned to a life out on the run.
Now we've taken to drawing hard lines
For two such fragile souls.
What we once at least held steady
Is now spinning out of control.
The struggle outside the front door
Even follows us to our bed,
And the nights that used to steam
Are mostly desert and a haunting dream of rain . . .
Rain on the river.

It's a river of pain and laughter,
Of life and love so sweet,
Running with tears and wine and blood,
From a trickle to a flood in a heartbeat.

So I stand here in the darkness
While the latest rage subsides,
And the rain just keeps on falling,
And the river runs deep and wide.
The storm will leave us stronger
Than we were before it came,
In a channel of safe passage,
On a tide of forgiveness and grace.
Then you tenderly touch my shoulder,
And I turn to your embrace,
Then I lie awake till dawn
To hear your breathing like the peaceful song of rain . . .
Rain on the river.

Words & Music: Michael Cody