The sun is out, the sky is blue There's not a cloud to spoil the view But it's raining, raining in my heart

The weather man says clear today He doesn't know you've gone away And it's raining, raining in my heart

Oh, misery, misery What's going to become of me?

Oh, misery, misery What's going to become of me?

I tell my blues they mustn't show
But soon these tears are bound to flow
'Cause it's raining, raining in my heart
Raining in my heart
Raining in my heart