

# The Rainbow Song

David Gates

Fresh out of high school, diploma in hand  
Ain't much you ain't seen and don't understand  
Ain't going steady, she's ripe and ready  
It's all so heady, this graduation

Two years later she's walking the floor  
She loves her baby but she don't want no more  
She's met the crisis, lost paradises  
World's not as nice as she thought that it would be

Don't you worry things will work out for the best  
You just watch out for yourself don't worry about the rest  
Even though you watched your rainbow fade away  
It almost always means a brighter one is gonna come someday

Fresh out of college, he's got his degree  
He's educated, success guaranteed  
No job is waiting, it's aggravating  
He's turned to painting apartment houses

He paints the landlord's, and she's right above  
She meets the painter they fall into love  
They move to 'Frisco, opened up a Disco  
Now see, it just goes to show you what I mean

So don't you worry things will work out for the best  
Live each day like it's your last don't worry about the rest  
If you're too far down just play the "Rainbow Song"  
It's not too hard to find a groove, get back and just sing along