D (8x) 1. My daddy spent his life lookin' up at the sky. He'd cuss, kick the dust, say this sun is way to dry. If it clouds up in the city, the weather man complains. But where I come from, rain is a good thing. D Α R: Rain makes corn, corn makes whiskey. D Α Whiskey makes my baby, feel a little frisky. Back roads are cloggin' up, my buddies pile up in my truck. F# We hunt our hunny's down, we'll take all into town. В Start washin' all our worries down the drain. Rain is a good thing, rain is a good thing 2. Ain't nothin' like a kiss out back in the barn. Ringin' out our soakin' clothes, ridin' out a thunderstorm. The tin roof gets to talkin'; it's the best of what we made. Yea where I come from, rain is a good thing. R: Rain makes corn... *: Farmer Johnson does a little dance. Creeks on the rise, well above your pants. Country girls, they wanna cuddle. Kids out playin' in a big mud puddle. R: Rain makes corn...

Rain is a good thing, rain is a good thing