

# Praying For Rain

Robbie Robertson

I met a traveler from a ancient land  
He claimed to know where the cyclones rest  
He said they'll be strange changes in the weather  
And it's getting better, I must confess

I didn't know if he's a roadside profit  
Or some psychic mystic from the east  
But his words resounded with rolling thunder  
Like Nasturtiums and Edger Casey

There's gonna be a raw wind we need  
With everybody praying for rain  
From the hot desert, out to Burning Man  
Down on your knees, praying for rain  
Praying for rain

I saw an Indian on top of a Mason  
His arms stretched out to the blood red sky  
I knew exactly what he's reaching for  
He had that fire in his eyes

What made the river turn to dust?

A freak of nature or an act of man?  
But I never thought I'd see the day  
When the Arctic ice caps would't be fading away

There's gonna be a raw wind we need  
With all the people praying for rain (Praying for rain)  
From the hot desert, out to Burning Man  
Down on your knees, praying for rain (Praying for rain)

Have mercy

There's gonna be a raw wind we need  
With all the people praying for rain  
From the hot desert, out to Burning Man  
Down on your knees, praying (Praying for rain)

There's gonna be a raw wind we need  
With all the people praying for rain (It's gonna be)  
Down on your knees  
Down on your knees  
Begging for rain  
Begging for rain (Begging for rain)