

Barrel Of Rain  
by Berkley Hart  
(capo up one)

D-A-E-A, D-E-A

A E  
Her pride and his joy - was raven black  
D A E A  
And it ran like a river of silk down her back  
A E  
And she brushed it every morning - one hundred times  
D A E A D-A-E-A  
And he washed it for her on Saturday nights

Then a drought struck the heartland - in nineteen thirty five  
And they didn't have water for Saturday nights  
It all seemed so hopeless - so she cut it with the shears  
D A E A  
And he held her close and said through her tears

D A E A  
I'll build you a barrel to catch the rain  
D A E  
To wash out the dust of the Kansas plain  
D A E A D  
I swear you'll never have to cut your hair again  
D A E A  
If it's the last thing I do on this earthly plane  
D E A D-A-E-A, D-E-A  
I'll give you a barrel of rain

So he worked in the evenings - when he finished up the chores  
And cut out some staves from a chest of drawers  
Then he bound them with leather - and sealed them with tar  
Then he got to his knees and prayed in the yard

I've built this barrel to catch the rain  
To wash out the dust of the Kansas plain  
If you give me this, Lord, I'll never ask nothing again  
D A E (no A)  
Just a little thundercloud now and then  
To give her a barrel of rain  
D-A-E-A, D-A-E, D-A-E-A, D-E-A  
HMMMMMMMM, HMMMMMMMM

Well the rain never came - the barrel sat dry  
And she watched as the truth of it ate him alive  
Then God took the crops - and the bank took back the land  
And when his spirit broke he just folded his hands

As the sun beat down on his thirsty grave  
She thought of the fields that he plowed in vain  
And she screamed at the sky in all her rage and pain  
Oh he didn't want much and he never complained  
D A E A  
Dear God he just wanted a barrel of rain  
D-A-E-A, D-A-E, D-A-E-A, D-E-A  
HMMMMMMMM, HMMMMMMMM

Her pride and his joy - is now white as milk  
And it runs down her back like a river of silk  
And all that she brought to these Oregon shores  
Was a barrel made out of an old chest of drawers

And the neighbors all whisper that she's insane  
The way that she stares at the driving rain  
And waits for the gutters to fill it up again  
D A E (no A)  
Then on Saturday nights if the sky is tame  
D A E A  
She washes her hair in a barrel of rain  
D-A-E-A, D-A-E, D-A-E-A, D-E-A  
HMMMMMMMM, HMMMMMMMM