

Southern Rain
Wayne Hooper [Quincy A. Flint]

There's a fire in a southern forest
Where there's smoke from a southern flame
And there's an aching in this old heart
With a thirst for a southern rain

| | | | |
|---|---|----|----|
| G | G | Bm | Bm |
| C | C | G | G |
| G | G | Bm | Bm |
| C | C | G | G |

I'm still burning
I'm still calling her name

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D | D | C | C |
| D | D | C | G |

There's a girl with golden hair
Silver wings and a painted smile
She's gone north for the winter
Far above these southern skies

I'm still burning
I'm still calling her name

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D | D | C | C |
| D | D | C | D |

**I want to go home to that mansion in the sky
Cause I just want to be with her so lord just let me die
As I lay down and close my eyes**

| | | | |
|---|---|----|----|
| G | G | Bm | Bm |
| C | C | Cm | Cm |
| G | G | D | D |

There's a house left cold and empty
Where there's snow upon my lover's grave
I've been here for too many years
With a curse for a southern rain

I'm still burning
I'm still calling her name

**I want to go home to that mansion in the sky
Cause I just want to be with her so lord let me die
As I lay down and close my eyes**

There's a fire in a southern forest
Where there's smoke from a southern flame
And there's an aching in this old heart
With a thirst for a southern rain