

Barrel of Rain

From the album "Wreck 'N Sow" by Berkley Hart
Written by Calman Hart
Running time: 4:55

Vocals - Jeff Berkley
Vocal, Guitar - Calman Hart

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

Then drought struck the heartland in 1935
They didn't have water for Saturday nights
It all seemed so hopeless so she cut it with the shears
And he held her close and said through her tears

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

So he worked in the evenings when he finished up the chores
He cut out some staves from a chest of drawers
He bound them with leather, 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 for nothing again
Just a little thundercloud now and then
To give her a barrel of rain

But the rain never came, the barrel sat dry
She watched as the truth of it ate him alive
Then God took the crops, and the bank took back the land
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
She screamed at the sky with all her rage and pain
He didn't want much and he never complained
Dear God, he just wanted a barrel of rain

Her pride and his joy is now white as milk

And it runs down her back like a river of silk
All that she brought to these Oregon shores
Was a barrel made out of an old chest of drawers

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
Then on Saturday nights if the sky is tame
She washes her hair in a barrel of rain