

THE GIRL WHO LOVED TO PLAY IN THE RAIN

6-24-14
(#66)

1. You were always the heart of my life
far back, far back, as memory goes.
If you weren't in every flickering frame of its film
I wouldn't even have a life, I suppose . . .
*You, (Bum, ba, ba, bum; ba ba ba)
the girl who loved to play in the rain
in days when your-life-in-mine
made such a sweet refrain.

BRIDGE 1: Thunderstorms were her favorite thing,
she loved the peaceful aftermath they bring;
and Moody Blues playing, to cloud figures
slow-waltzing in the sky.
And love songs were her favorite thing
especially learning the words so we could sing,
and dreams of skydiving when we'd get older
kept us high.

**[INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE OF SECOND HALF OF VERSE SECTION,
STARTING AT ASTERISK]**

2. If you took a billion pictures of my life
and omitted you from every scene
there'd be nothing but shadows on a skeleton frame
I really mean it when I say that's how much you mean —
You (Bum, ba, ba, bum; ba ba ba)
the girl who loved to play in the rain
in days when your-life-in-mine
kept us sane.

BRIDGE 2: Everything in life was her favorite thing
'cause she loved living more than anything;
she could find good where no one else could
—a gift, she understood.
She'd laugh on a lark, and cry in the dark
she had no fear to show a smile or a tear
—so much like me, in the mirror of my soul
she'd be what I'd see.
And you . . . **[REPEAT FROM * FIRST VERSE SECTION]**

[FULL INSTRUMENTAL]

(Continued)

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(Continued)

(6-24-14)

3. You taught me so much about this macro-game
had you not been there nothing would be the same.
Even before love subtly crept on in
even before we did our first carnal sin . . .
You (Bum, ba, ba, bum; ba ba ba)
the girl who loved to play in the rain
in days when your-life-in-mine
washed away every stain . . .

You (Bum, ba, ba, bum; ba ba ba)
the girl who loved to play in the rain
in days when your-life-in-mine
washed away all the pain.

[INSTRUMENTAL FADEOUT]

[END]

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