

Reba McEntire, It Always Rains On Sunday

On Monday the sun will be shining
On Tuesday the weather was fine
Wednesday and Thursday went by
By Friday the clouds filled the sky

Dismorning I knew it would rain
The moment the telephone rang
I heard your voice and I knew
The sky turned a new shade of blue

And it looks like rain
It always rains on Saturday
The dark clouds came
And the sunny days are gone away
This house feels so cold
It always feels like this when he goes away
There's really nothing new about the rain
It always rains on Saturday

I look into Billy's young smile
And watch him watch Big Bird a while
His daddy will be here by eight
Seems like the sky's turning grey
There's an overnight bag on the stairs
Beside a one eyed teddy bear
I hold Billy and try not to cry
And whisper kiss mommy goodbye

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