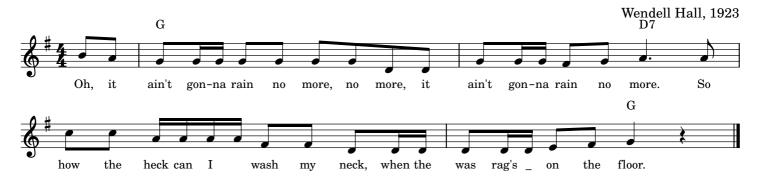
It Ain't Gonna Rain No More



We had a cat down on our farm It had a ball of yarn When those little cats were born They all had sweaters on It ain't gonna' rain . . .

She lay down by the sewer And by the sewer she died And at the coroner's inquest They called it sewer side It ain't gonna' rain . . .

We had a goat down on our farm It ate up old tin cans When those little goats were born They came in Ford sedans It ain't gonna' rain . . .

Other rafrain:

Some people say that fleas are black But I know that ain't so 'Cause Marry had a little lamb Whose fleece was white as snow It ain't gonna' rain . . .

The chamber maid came to my bed Get up you lazy sinner We need the sheets for table cloths And it's almost time for dinner It ain't gonna' rain . . .

Jack and Jill went up the hill To try out Jack's new flivver The car broke down a mile from town And dumped them in the river It ain't gonna' rain . . . She's the only girl I love With a face like a horse and buggy Leaning up against the lake Oh, fireman save my child It ain't gonna' rain . . .

Other rairain:		
Oh it ain't gonna rain no mo'		
It ain't gonna rain no mo'		
How in the hell can the old folks tell it ain't gonna rain no mo'	Butterfly has wings of gold Junebug wings of flame Bedbug has no wings at all but it gets there just the same Oh it ain't gonna	Well I have a pretty little wife and her name is Jenni When she took her marriage vows she didn't say yes to many Oh it ain't gonna
	Bullfrog sittin' on a lily pad lookin' up at the sky Lily pad broke and the frog fell in Water all in his eye Oh it ain't gonna	Well I drink six pints a day and I'm getting (D7) fatter Elephant drinks twice as much but for him it doesn't matter Oh it ain't gonna
	The mosquito he fly high Mosquito he fly low If ol' mister squiter land of on me He ain't gonna fly no mo' Oh there ain't no bugs on me Ain't no bugs on me There may be bugs on some of you mugs but there ain't no bugs on me	Our preacher's name is Billy Sunday His church is always full People come from miles around Just to hear him shoot the bull Oh it ain't gonna A man lay down by the sewer and by the sewer he died At the corner's inquest They called it sewer cide Oh it ain't gonna