

Something In The Rain

By TISH HINOJOSA

Moderately slow



Bm(addE)



mp

D(addE)



E



A



D(addE)



E



A



Bm(addE)



Mom and Dad— have worked the fields;
(See additional lyrics)

D(addE)



E



A



I don't know how— man - y — years.

Bm(addE)



I'm just a boy, — but I — know — how,

D(addE)



E



A



D(addE)



E



and go to school — when work — is slow.

A



Bm(addE)



We have seen — our coun - try's roads,

D(addE)



E



A



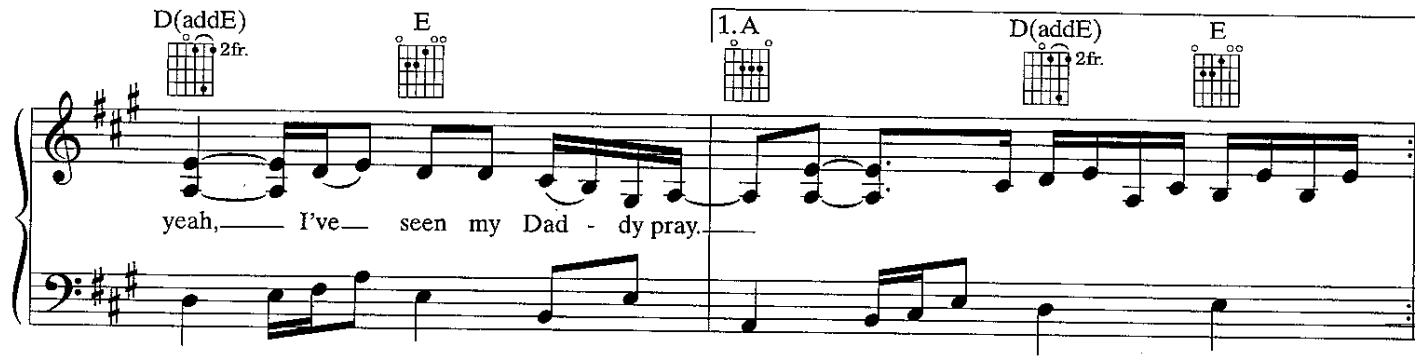
Ba - kers - field to Il - li - nois.

Bm(addE)



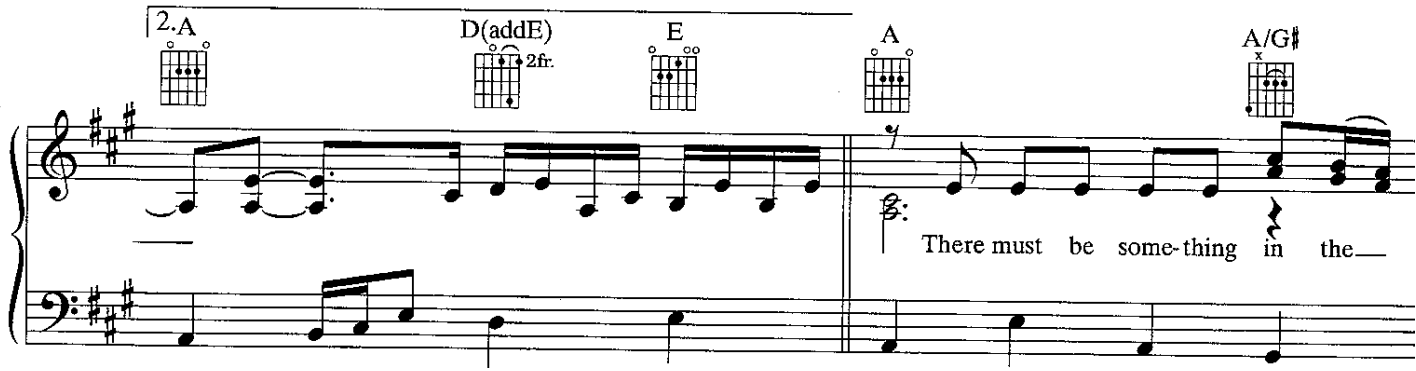
And when trou - bles come our — way, oh —

D(addE) 2fr. E 1. A D(addE) 2fr. E



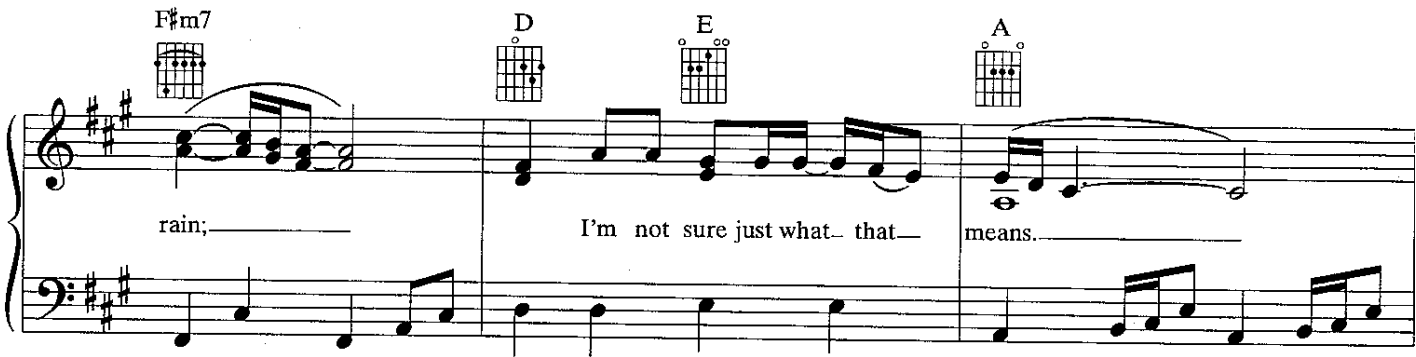
yeah, I've seen my Dad - dy pray.

2. A D(addE) 2fr. E A A/G#



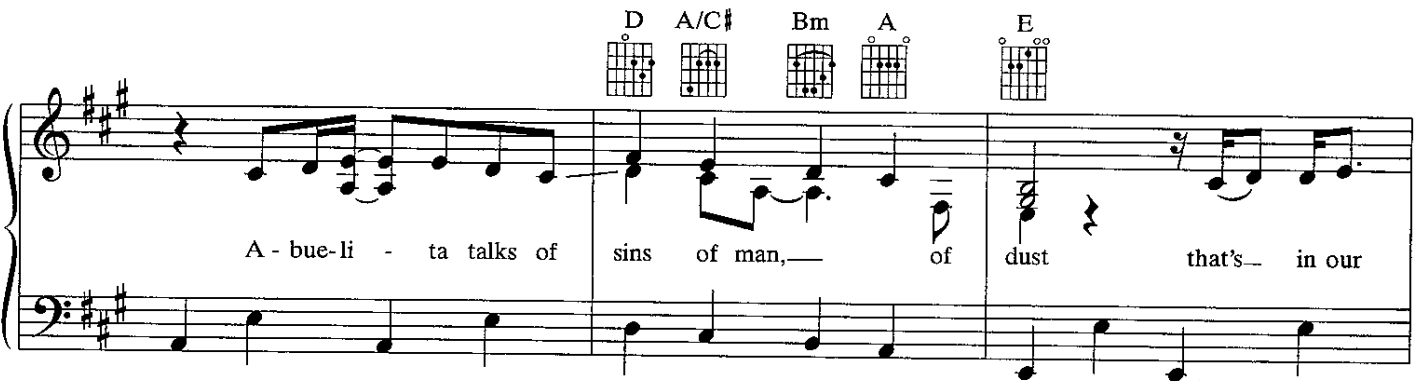
There must be some-thing in the--

F#m7 D E A



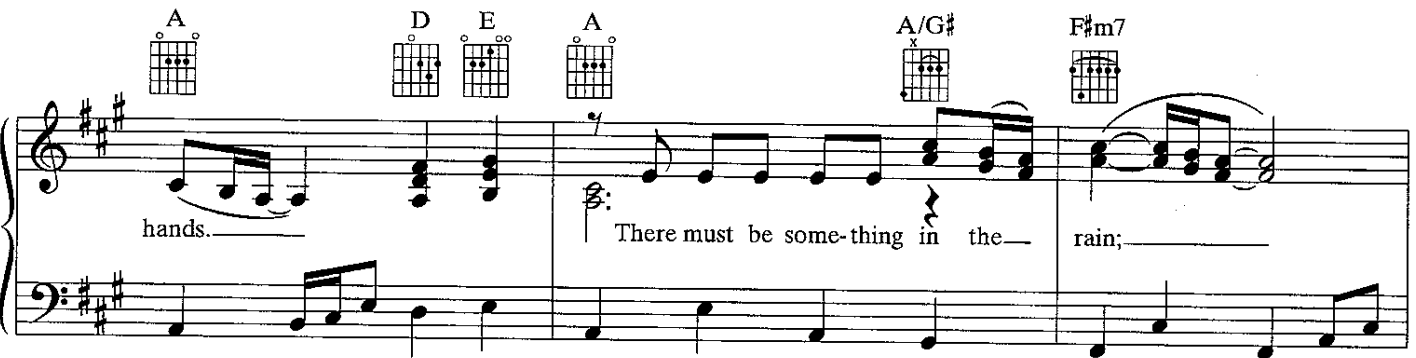
rain; I'm not sure just what-- that-- means.

D A/C# Bm A E



A - bue - li - ta talks of sins of man, of dust that's in our

A D E A A/G# F#m7



hands. There must be some-thing in the-- rain;

D E A

well, what else— could cause this pain? Those air-planes cure the plants so

D A/C# Bm A To Coda E

things can grow; oh— no, it must be some - thing in— the rain.

A D E A Bm(addE)

Instrumental solo ad lib.

D(addE) 2fr. E A A/G# F#m7

Bm(addE) Dsus2 E

D.S. al Coda

Coda

some - thing in the rain.

dim. e rit.

Additional Lyrics

2. There's something wrong with little sister;
I hear her crying by my side.
Mama's shaking as she holds her;
We try to hold her through the night.
And mom says, "Close your eyes, Mijito (my son);
Dream of some place far from here,
Like the pictures in your school books.
Someday you can take us there."
(*To Chorus*)
3. Little sister's gone away;
Mama's workin' long again.
And me, I think I understand
About our life, about our land.
Well, talkers talk and dreamers dream;
I will find a place between.
I'm afraid but I believe
That we can change these hurting fields.

Chorus:

'Cause there's something in the rain,
But there's more here in our hands.
'Buelita's (grandma's) right about the sins of man
Whose profits rape the land.
And the rains are pouring down
From the growers to the towns.
And until we break the killing chains,
There's something in the rain.