Meet It There
Don Caudill

Took a walk in the clouds
stole the thunder from the night
and there was no one around
to talk about wrong and right
there was no one around
to call it a crime
so i tucked the thunder up under my arm
and called it mine

but the thunder grew
too heavy to hold
rain came down
and the wind blew cold
so i let it roll
i had to let it roll

found some cool in a willow's shade
found some sadness too
i wore it on my face
like a jailhouse tattoo
i wore it on my face
for the world to see
and before very long
it was wearing me

the sadness grew
too heavy to bear
the cool went away
and the willow didn't care
so i left it there
i had to leave it there

stepped into a place in the sun
let it rain (reign) over me
held out my hands
turned my face up
and i just let it be
held out my hands
turned my face up

in the beautiful air
turns out all i had to do
was just meet it there
all i had to do was just meet it there