

# 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