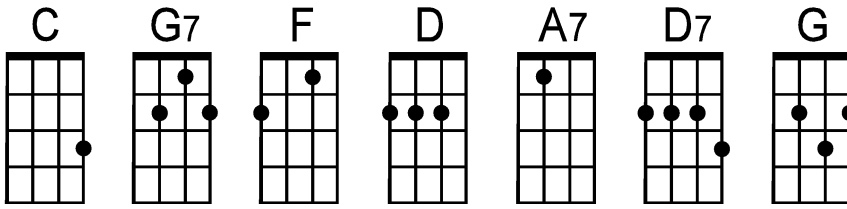


Here Comes That Rainbow Again

by Kris Kristofferson (1981- inspired by *The Grapes of Wrath*)



C . . | . . . | . . . | . . .

(sing c e)

. | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
The scene was— a small road-side ca-fe—

. | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . | . . .
The wait-ress— was sweep-in'— the floor—

. | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
Two truck dri-vers drink-in'— their cof-fee—

. | . . . | . . . | C . . | . . .
And two o-kie kids by— the door—

. | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
“How much are— them can-dies” they asked her—

. | . . . | . . . | G7 . . | . . .
“How much have you got” she re-plied—

. | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
“We've on-ly— a pen-ny— be-tween us—”

. | . . . | . . . | C . . | . . .
“Them's two for— a pen-ny” she lied—

. | F . . . | . . . | C . . | . . .
And the day-light grew hea-vy with thun-der—

. | G7 . . . | . . . | C . . | . . . | . . .
With the smell of— the rain on— the wind—

F . . . | . . . | C . . | . . . | . . .
Ain't it just like— a hu-man—

G7 . . . | . . . | C . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
Here comes that rain-bow— a-gain—

D . . | . . . | . . . | . . .

. | D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
One truck dri-ver called to— the wai-tress—

. | . . . | . . . | A7 . . | . . .
Af-ter— the kids went out— side—

. | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .
“Them candies ain't two for— a pen-ny—”

. | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . .
“So, what's it to you” she re-plied—

In silence they fin—ished their co—ffee—

Got up and nod-ded good-bye—

She called “Hey you left too much mo-ney—”

“So what's it to you” they re—plied—

And the day-light was hea-vy with thun-der—

With the smell of— the rain on— the wind—

Ain't it just like— a hu-man—

Here comes that rain—bow— a-gain—

Ain't it just like— a hu-man—

Here comes that rain—bow— a-gain—