Chorus:

If the rain comes, they run and hide their heads, They might as well be dead.

If the rain comes, if the rain comes:

When the sun shines, they slip in to the shade, and sip their lemonade.

When the sun shines, when the sun shines:

I can show you that when it rains, everything’s the same.

I can show you that when it rains:

Can you hear me, can you hear me?

Can you hear me, can you hear me?

Can you hear me, can you hear me?

Can you hear me, can you hear me?

San Jose Ukulele Club
(updated 6/23/2015)