

I CAN TEACH THE RAIN

I can see him round the bases. I can hear him on the court.
He got two minutes warning. He left behind so much more.
Now there's a thing or two about falling that I can teach the rain.

The movie houses knew him, black and white souls through curtain cloth.
What the magic lantern overlooked baseball diamonds finished off.
Now there's something about crying that I can teach the rain.

So I've got some work to show him now, but he remains forever gone.
And he's way too long a fly ball for his loved ones to bring down.
Now there's a lot about the heavens that he can teach the rain.

For Carl Bakal (1920-1996).

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