

# The Last Summer Rain

(D)

When he was just a little boy--Playing (G) in his own back (D) yard  
He would (A) sometimes hurt himself—(G) When he played too (D) hard  
He would run to his mother--And in her (G) gentle caring (D) way  
She would (A) kneel and hug and kiss him--And his (G) hurt would---go a (D) way

(A) Then came the teen years—He just (G) had to hit the (D) road  
He left the (A) teachings of his mother--Where he was (G) going----they couldn't (D) go  
But now he was again--Thinking (G) of his mother's (D) love  
With what (A) mind he had left—(G) Shattered by the hell of (D) drugs

(Music Break)

The ditch he was lying in—Was filling (G) from the (D) rain  
But he (A) never even noticed—His (G) body torn with (D) pain  
Then he felt his old mother—Gently (G) kneel and kiss his (D) cheek  
In the (A) cold falling rain—He (G) closed---his eyes in (D) sleep

(A) She had tried to raise him right—She did (G) all a mother (D) could  
But a (A) caring mothers love—Would never (G) be--e (D) nough  
Now she's found her dying son — His (G) body torn with (D) pain  
Her gentle (A) kiss won't help —In the (G) last-----summer (D) rain

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