It's Raining Here This Morning  
Written by Louis "Grandpa" Jones

1. Oh it's raining, raining, raining here this morning,  
   As I sit in jail and hang my head in shame,  
   With a smile I try to greet each early dawning,  
   But they've given me a number for my name.

   chorus 1: Many little raindrops are falling close to me,  
   Makes the streams and rivers just as muddy as can be,  
   It's raining, raining, raining here this morning,  
   As the Mississippi flows on to the sea.

2. How I wish that I could see my little darling,  
   And hold her in my arms just as before,  
   I used to tell her every day I loved her,  
   But now she doesn't love me anymore.

   chorus 2: She knew that I was guiltless of this one crime,  
   And said that she'd be waiting there for me,  
   But she has found somebody else to want her,  
   Where the Mississippi flows on to the sea.

3. It's raining, raining, raining here this morning,  
   And I am just as weary as can be,  
   I wish that I could follow all the raindrops,  
   Down the Mississippi toward the silver sea.

   chorus 3: But there's no way to prove that I'm not guilty,  
   So I will have to suffer all the shame,  
   Go and tell her for me little raindrops,  
   That they've given me a number for my name.