

# Tied the Rain into a Bow

Martin Kleppmann

Gently flowing ♩ = 55

Vocals

Piano

*mp*

5

used to think we were run-ning the show, the a - pex pre-da-tor, the ones in the  
mul - tuous days... are fears o - ver-blown? Our ci - vic du - ty is drin-king at

9

*poco rit.*

know. Now one tenth of a mi-cron has ta-ken con-trol,  
home. We're in this to-ge-ther, this is-n't a war,

*cresc.*

*f*

14

thir-ty thou - sand ba - ses bring lock-down and fur-lough and dole. We tied the rain in  
at-temp-ting homeschoo-ling and vi - de - o mee-tings ga - lore.

*mp*

*mf*

to a bow, en - joyed the sun-shine through the win-dow. For - ces of na-ture,

bare-ly con-tained took all a-way, the es-sen-tial re-mained. Locked in-doors from the in-

vi - si-ble flood, this spring was not nipped in the bud.

*cresc.*

1. Tu-

The un - der-ap-pre-ci-a-ted

is now sud-den-ly an es - sen-tial wor-ker and a cru-cial emp-lo-ye. Now pay them a fair wage and

give them P P E.

No vi-si-tors al-lowed, no grand-child at his side, no mi-ra-cles, no cure, a

shor tage na-tion-wide. Twelve-ho-ur shifts, a lot to ask. No

brave smile hid-den be - hind her mask. We

*cresc.* *f* *ff*

70

tied the rain in - to a bow, en - joyed the sun-shine through the win-dow.

75

For ces of na-ture, bare-ly con-tained took all a-way, the es-sen-tial re-mained.

80

Locked in-doors from the in - vi - si - ble flood, this spring was not nipped in the

*p* *f*

84

rit.

bud, this spring was not nipped in the bud.

*mp* *p* *8va* *8vb*