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I love when it rains

I love
when it rains.

All this dust,
all this gloom
is washed away
by Heaven\'s broom.

Things are shown
in colours true
to eyes delight
for me and you.

Floods of water
clean the street
and make the asphalt
smell so sweet.

Pouring rain
makes me sing.
Water is
a precious thing.

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