

“Bucketsful” Lyrics

Music and Lyrics by Jean Louis Marcel Pedat aka Jay Elle (ASCAP)

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Never just a summer mist
Lonely drops here and there
Never just a passing cloud
A drizzle in the air

When it comes to tears
When it comes to love
She acts up like the rain
Above a withered plain
From early Spring to late Fall
Always bucketsful or nothing at all

She loves her destiny
I spend all my time
Cursing mine
She seems so carefree
I’m a prisoner in my mind

When it comes to punches
When it comes to love
She acts up like the rain
Above a withered plain
From early Spring to late Fall
Always bucketsful or nothing at all

I never use to care too much above love

Now I feel the tears

I'm a weather balloon

Caught in a typhoon

If I'm not good at loving her

What the hell am I good for?

I'd better give her my all

Always bucketsful or nothing at all

Always bucketsful or nothing at all

On my bed getting drenched

She is smiling through the tears

She gives to me tenfold

The half of it hasn't been told

When it comes to kisses

When it comes to love

She acts up like the rain

Over a withered plain

From early Spring to late fall

Always bucketsful or nothing at all

Always bucketsful or nothing at all

Always bucketsful or nothing at all