

Heavy Cloud No Rain

Sting

Turned on the weather man just after the news
I needed sweet rain to wash away my blues
He looked at the chart but he looked in vain
Heavy cloud but no rainBack in the time with Louis XVI
At the court of the people he was number one
He'd be the bluest blood they'd ever seen
When the king said hi to the guillotine
The royal astrologer was run out of breath
He thought that maybe the rain would postpone his death
He look in the sky but he look in vain
Heavy cloud but no rainWell the land was cracking and the river was dry
All the crops were dying when they ought to be high
So to save his farm from the banker's draft
The farmer took out a book on some old witchcraft
He made a spell and a potion on a midsummer's night
He killed a brindled calf in the pale moonlight
He prayed to the sky but he prayed in vain
Heavy cloud but no rain
Heavy cloud but no rainThe sun won't shine 'til the clouds are gone
The clouds won't go 'til their work is done
And every morning you'll hear me pray
If only it would rain today

Songwriters

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