Listening For The Weather

Bic Runga

So I'm listening for the weather to predict the coming day
Leave all thought of expectation to the weather man
No it doesn't really matter what it is he has to say
'Cause tomorrow's keep on blowing in from somewhere
All the people that I know in the apartments down below
Busy with their starring roles in their own tragedies
Sunlight sends you on your way
And those restless thoughts that cling to yesterday
Never be afraid of change
I'll call you on the phone
I hate to leave you on your own
But I'm coming home today
And this busy inner city has got nothing much to say
And I know how much you're hanging round the letterbox
And I'm sure that as I'm writing, you'll be somewhere on your way
In a supermarket checkout or the restaurant
I've been doing what I'm told, I've been busy growing old
And the days are getting cold but that's alright with me
Sunlight sends you on your way
And those restless thoughts that cling to yesterday
Never be afraid of change
I'll call you on the phone
I hate to leave you on your own
But I'm coming home today
Yes, I'm coming home today
I've been doing what I'm told, I've been busy growing old
And the days are getting cold but that's alright with me
Sunlight sends you on your way
And those restless thoughts that cling to yesterday
Never be afraid of change

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