

# 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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