Our Colander Eyes

Alison Moyet

Some days nothing comes my way, nothing but nothing that is
A heaven of rain clouds crown my day, queen of the wet ghost town brigade
Then you walk by and from my sky, nothing falls without a sparkle.
Feeling it kissing my face, so even I don't know I'm crying
Now you're him, out is in, who has time to live in sorrow
Umbrellas are chapel ceilings in chrome
And I dig the nylon blue lining your avenue
I'm not waiting on the sun like a bus that never comes
I'm at home with my colander sky
I'm just hanging with a friend
I don't need this storm to end
I'm in deep with my colander guy
It's you, you and me babe, and our colander eyes
Then you walk in, and for my sins
Nothing hurts for feeling groovy
Everything seems appealing
And even I don't know I'm lying
But we soon forget how to get on wet
We pass the towel and get back to drying
And only the time is flying
But then with only our chances slim
Back to nephrology again

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