

# 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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