

Weatherman

Tori Amos

He is not a weatherman
But his bride lies with the land
And she will whisper to him
I'll be dressing up in snow
Cloaked in echo it's almost
As if only Nature knows
How to bring his wife to life
And breathe her into form
One more look from her eyes
One more look can you paint her back to life
He knows every moor and mound
Every curve of every hill
A shoulder of the mountain
Where they watched a thousand dawns
One more look from her eyes
One more look can you paint her back to life
Rising she stirs
First it blurs
A breeze that lifts
Lilac blossoms from the earth
Blending its shape
To a skirt
With limbs that bend
He's drawn toward her pirouette turn
Autumn's peach black
Winter's velvet coat
Pink Tourmaline,
Palette of Spring
In Summer she's wrapped in Viennese green
He is not a weatherman
But his bride lies with the land
And she will whisper to him
I'll be dressing up in snow
Cloaked in echo it's almost
As if only Nature knows
How to paint his wife to life
With every season's tone
One more look from her eyes
One more look from her eyes
One more look from her eyes
One more look from her eyes
One more look can you paint her back to life

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