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 tomorrows keep on blowing in from somewhereAll the people that I know in the apartments down below
Busy with their starring roles in their own tragediesSunlight 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 todayAnd 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 restaurantI've been doing what I'm told
I've been busy growing old
And the days are getting cold but that's alright with meSunlight 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 todayI've been doing what I'm told
I've been busy growing old
And the days are getting cold but that's alright with meSunlight sends you on your way
And those restless thoughts that cling to yesterday
Never be afraid of change

Songwriters
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