Weather

Broadcaster

August afternoon and the air's aflame softly on the breeze, thought I heard your name this morning I'd have thought but these clouds have ways of playing games clouds appear and clouds roll by that it looked like rain fall in love I just might whether you are weather like but if you stay within my sight, yesterday you touched me and I felt the flame but now the spark's gone out this morning I'd have thought and it's cold again oh of playing games that it looked like rain but you've got your ways [Thanks to socute989@aol.com for these lyrics]

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