

# 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 it's 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

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And she will whisper to him  
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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 can you paint her back to life"