

## 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  
Umbrella's 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