

## Weather Systems

Andrew Bird

Quiet  
quiet down she said  
speaking to the back of his head  
on the edge of her bed  
I can see your blood flow  
your cells grow

hold still a while  
don't spill the wine  
I can see it all from here  
I can see  
I can see  
weather systems of the world

and every time you turn the soil  
another cloud begins to boil

some things you say  
are not for sale  
I would hold that we're  
all free agents  
of a substance or scale

hold still a while  
don't spill the wine  
I can see it all from here  
I can see  
I can see  
weather systems of the world