

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 weatherman.
No it doesn't really matter
What it is he has to say,
'Cause tomorrow's keep on blowing in
From somewhere.

All the people that I know
In the apartments down below,
Busy with their starring roles
In their own tragedies.

Sunlight 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.

And 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 a restaurant.

I've been doing what I'm told.
I've been busy growing old,
And the days are getting cold,
but that's alright with me.

Yes I'm coming home today.

I've been doing what I'm told.
I've been busy growing old,
And the days are getting cold,
But that's alright with me.