St. Swithin's Day

Thinking back now I suppose you were just stating your views What was it all for? For the weather or the battle of Agincourt

And the times that we all hoped would last Like a train they have gone by so fast And though we stood together at the edge of the platform We were not moved by them

With my own hands When I make love to your memory It's not the same I miss the thunder, I miss the rain

And the fact that you don't understand Casts a shadow over this land But the sun still shines from behind it

Thanks all the same But I cannot bring myself to answer your letters It's not your fault But your honesty touches me like a fire

The Polaroids that keep us together Will surely fade away Like the love that we spoke of forever On St. Swithin's day

Dubstar