

# We Make the Weather

Howard Jones

Heaven is a somewhere locked inside and I must find the key  
Wish I'd never locked the door  
Ordinary things in life are where this heaven likes to be  
Hold the sky, feet on the floor  
Hold the sky, feet on the floor

We make our sun to shine  
We make our space and time  
We make the weather  
We make it change

Hell is not somewhere but a state of mind I choose to be  
When my faith in life has gone  
Cruelty rebounds to hurt itself puts shackles on the free  
Vicious circle carries on  
Hold the sky, feet on the floor

We make our sun to shine  
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Time to judge the act don't judge the actor of the circumstance  
Time to free compassion's world  
Life is not the end we're passing through like bubbles on the sea  
Time to learn and time to mend  
Hold the sky, feet on the floor

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We make the weather  
We made a change  
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