

# This Weather

Patrick Wolf

The storm blows around  
This harbour town  
I listen to its wind as a choir  
The shipping forecast  
Is crackling  
Like wet wood upon a fire

And time slows and slips away  
The tourists come around in May  
'Till August when the clouds roll in  
The pier cracks, the awnings fade  
The Ferris wheel spins slowly in the rain,  
The day is gone.

Under this weather  
Under this weather  
Such shadows are blossoming  
Under this weather  
Under this weather  
Such shadows are blossoming  
Out at sea

I am not going to set myself free here  
I am following some dark fortune  
Some circle in me

Hold back the wind  
Hold back the rain  
I want to live  
To see good weather

Hold back the years  
Hold back the hours  
I want to live  
To see the sun break through  
These days  
These days

Under this weather  
Under this weather  
Such shadows are blossoming  
Under this weather  
Under this weather  
Such shadows are blossoming  
In me