

They Say It's Weird

The Tiny

They say it's weird, the way he walks.
Under the bridge, I've seen him crawl.
Waiting for everlasting rain,
trying to find someone to blaim.

All he needs is everlasting raindrops on his window,
to open up the dreams he left behind.

They say it's weird, the way I fell
under your spell, as I recall.
Waiting for everlasting sun,
trying to find what I've become.

All I needed was everlasting sunlight through my window,
to open up the dreams he left behind.
All he needed was everlasting raindrops on his window,
to open up the dreams I left behind.

All we need is everlasting raindrops on our windows,
to open up the dreams we left behind.

They say it's weird.
They say it's weird.
I say it's weird.