

## **Bic Runga**

# **"Listening For The Weather"**

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So I'm listening for the weather to predict the coming  
day

Leave all thought of expectation to the weather man  
No it doesn't really matter what it is he has to say  
'Cause tomorrows 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 the 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

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  
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

Sunlight sends you on your way  
And those restless thoughts that cling to yesterday

Never be afraid of change

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