

## **Brett Perkins**

# **"She's My Danish Weather"**

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She's my Danish weather  
Clear and bright  
Cold and measured

Sky high, like a feather  
Then comin' crashin' to the ground  
Hard as a snow storm blowing round

She never answers me  
When I call to ask her out  
Says we'll just have to see  
What the moments' moods' about

Still I tell her that I love her  
And she takes that to her heart  
For I have known her like no other  
Through a thousand stops and starts

She's my Danish weather  
Clear and bright  
Cold and measured

Sky high, like a feather  
Then comin' crashin' to the ground  
Hard as a snow storm blowing round

Strong as the angels' songs  
Sometimes she still can't see  
Just how to carry on  
That's when she turns to me

She's my Danish weather  
Clear and bright  
Cold and measured

Sky high, like a feather  
Then comin' crashin' to the ground  
Hard as a snow storm blowing round

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