

Matthew Jay

"Meteorology"

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Storm dies, younger brother calls for his mother
Son, she said, follow me instead
Cloud rains tears, now the storm has cleared
Blown through time, let her mother shine
Still sees his father over the river
He pours a little his way
Shows him there's a way
Sea's calm now, but I don't know how
To bring in the tide and call the storm inside
Still sees his father over the river
He pours a little his way
Shows him there's a way
Won't be here very long
I know where I should be now
Rise and fall, and we will still be all
That we held so dear
When the storm was here
Still sees his father over the river
He pours a little his way
Shows him there's a way
Won't be here very long
I know where I should be now
Won't be here very long
I know where I should be now

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