

Andrew Bird

"Weather Systems"

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Quiet, quiet down, she said
Speaking to the back of his head
On the edge of her bed
I can see your blood flow
Your cells grow

Hold still a while
Don't spill the wine
I can see it all from here
I can see, I can see
Weather systems of the world

And every time you turn the soil
Another cloud begins to boil

Some things you say
Are not for sale
I would hold that we're
All free agents
Of a substance or scale

Hold still a while
Don't spill the wine
I can see it all from here
I can see, I can see
Weather systems of the world

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