

Stephen Speaks "Weather"

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August afternoon and the air's aflame
softly on the breeze, thought I heard your name
this morning I'd have thought
that it looked like rain
but these clouds have ways of playing games
whether you are weather like
clouds appear and clouds roll by
but if you stay within my sight,

fall in love I just might
yesterday you touched me and I felt the flame
but now the spark's gone out
and it's cold again
this morning I'd have thought
that it looked like rain
but you've got your ways
oh of playing games

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