

The The "WeatherBelle"

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Sitting at the back of a smoke filled room
On a cold and sunny afternoon
Drinking red wine and counting the laugh lines
On the face of the girl who stands in the doorway

And over her shoulder there's a world growing colder
I'm feeling older and slowly less sober
It's the first and the last time we'll ever meet
Just falling leaves from winter trees

So, light gives in to dark, the nylon sheets softly spark
Nostalgia strikes hard at the heart that cannot escape
from its past
And it's the first and the last time we'll ever meet
Just falling leaves dropping from winter trees

And it's the first and the last time we'll ever meet
Just falling leaves dropping from winter trees
Strangers touching the parts that love cannot reach

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