

Our Colander Eyes

Alison Moyet

Some days nothing comes my way
Nothing, but nothing that is
A heaven of rain clouds crown my day
Queen of the wet ghost town brigade

Then you walk by and from my sky
Nothing falls without a sparkle
Feeling it kissing my face
So even I don't know, I'm crying

Now you're him, out is in
Who has time to live in sorrow
Umbrella's are chapel ceilings in chrome
And I dig the nylon blue lining your avenue

I'm not waiting on the sun
Like a bus that never comes
I'm at home with my colander sky
I'm just hanging with a friend

I don't need this storm to end
I'm in deep with my colander guy
It's you, you and me babe
And our colander eyes

Then you walk in and for my sins
Nothing hurts for feeling groovy
Everything seems appealing
And even I don't know, I'm lying

But we soon forget how to get on wet
We pass the towel and get back to drying
And only the time is flying
But then with only our chances slim
Back to nephrology again