

when it rains

Lisa Loeb

When it rains, when it rains, we don't have to waste the day.
When it rains, when it rains, sometimes the bluest skies turn grey.

Those clouds are not a reason for crying, no matter what the weatherman says.

'Cause we can make the weather inviting when it rains, when it rains.

Pressing your face to the windowpane as you watch the rain come falling down,
Are you sad 'cause you're stuck inside?
Got it bad, pitterpat.
We could mope around together, or grab our boots and your red umbrella
And dance on the muddy lawn; let it slide, it's all right.

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Ev'ryone wants the storm to blow over.
But we won't run from the thunder.
Oh, I wonder, oh, I wonder

How long it will be till the sun appears and we toss our hats and our galoshes up into the clearing sky?
It's all right, it's all right.

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