

Waiting for the Rain

Meja

she picks her flowers in the garden
paints her toenails candy red
after five she pours herself a glass of wine
as she's thinking, so this is it
california makes her lonely
talking to the friends back home
but she knows it's just a passing cloud of gray
shes right here were she belongs

it's alright, it's alright
it's ok, it's ok
she's a flower waiting for the rain

she runs the canyon in the morning
and smells the dusty yellow sand
brings home a coffee from the countrystore
before she turns left on wonderland
touching the skyline in the evening
with a humble healing hand
and reflections from the headlights of the cars
among the fallen angels and shooting stars

it's alright, it's alright
it's ok, it's ok
she's a flower waiting for the rain
and in time, and in time
winds will change, winds will change
she's a flower waiting for the rain

she prays for scilence in the night time
a perfect place to be alone
she's looking up at the sky
and wishing for the rain to come down

and she's waiting for the rain, looking for a sign,
walking on the slippery memories made of ice
being a survivour for a day
and she's looking for a way out, letting go
leaving all the random thoughts
cuz there aint no point in crying anyway

and she's waiting for the rain to just come down
to just calm down