

Missing the Rain

The Slow Show

A little tired of the city
A little tired of you
A little tired of the small sort of things
That we never do
A little tired of the grey skies
A little tired of the rain
Won't you take me away from here?
Or maybe France or maybe Spain?

And we'll sit by the blue skies
And talk about missing the rain
And we'll waste another evening
Lying about the good old days

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And maybe I was wrong
To say the good days are gone
The roses are wilting
As fast as the day is
As fast as the day is long

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And talk about missing the rain
And we'll waste another evening
Lying about the good old days