

## The pouring rain

I can see faces in the black clouds  
they look at me like they know what I'm thinking about  
the leaves from the yellow birch tree shake and fly away from me...  
I can see now, the faces and the leaves are you!  
And I don't know how you found me here!

The violent wind is leaving you away from me...  
he is sweeping the clouds and leaves  
leaving me here with nothing but your memory.  
I whisper to the wind 'leave him with me here, please!'

The wind doesn't hear me, he just blows everything away  
shaking violently every part of me...  
I am still looking at the blurry clouds trying to see you again.  
'come back to me, come back to me!'

Then, I feel in my face the rain drop touching me...  
I feel the drop go through every part of me...  
And baby I feel you pouring out on me, you're coming for me!  
As you always do, you always find a way to find me.