

Del Amitri, Mother Nature's Writing

Open up your eyes,
Everything is crying out this could be your time
She fell out of the sky,
Must every star been working on
Heavenly designs
A crooked line of lightning, a silent movie moon
Mother nature's writing to you
So button up your lip
You don't get many chances in the time between the tides.
The weather's rolling in
In a minute flat you'll be soaking wet
So kiss her while it's dry
A crooked line of lightning, a silent movie moon
Mother nature's writing to you