

Howard Jones, We Make The Weather

Heaven is a somewhere locked inside and I must find the key
Wish I'd never locked the door
Ordinary things in life are where this heaven likes to be
Hold the sky, feet on the floor
Hold the sky, feet on the floor

We make our sun to shine
We make our space and time
We make the weather
We make it change

Hell is not somewhere but a state of mind I choose to be
When my faith in life has gone
Cruelty rebounds to hurt itself puts shackles on the free
Vicious circle carries on
Hold the sky, feet on the floor

We make our sun to shine
We make our space and time
We make the weather
We make it change
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Time to judge the act don't judge the actor of the circumstance
Time to free compassion's world
Life is not the end we're passing through like bubbles on the sea
Time to learn and time to mend
Hold the sky, feet on the floor

We make our sun to shine
We make our space and time
We make the weather
We made a change
We make the weather
We make a change