

Marianne Faithfull, Strange Weather

Will you take me across the Channel,
London Bridge is falling down.
Strange a woman tries to save
What a man will try to drown.
And he's the rain that they predicted,
It's the forecast every time.
The rose has died because you picked it
An' I believe that brandy's mine.

And all over the world
Strangers
Talk only about the weather.
All over the world
It's the same
It's the same
It's the same.

The word is getting flatter,
The sky is falling all around.
And nothing is the matter
For I never cry in town.
And a love like ours, my dear,
Is best measured when it's down.
And I never buy umbrellas,
For there's always one around.

And all over the world
Strangers
Talk only about the weather.
All over the world
It's the same
It's the same
It's the same.

And you know that it's beginning,
And you know that it's the end
When once again we are strangers
And the fog comes rolling in.

And all over the world
Strangers
Talk only about the weather.
All over the world
It's the same
It's the same
It's the same.

Dr. John:
You ready ? 2, 3, 4, 1.