Sarah Brightman, When It Rains In America

Do you want to feel freedom?
Do you want to see sun and rain?
Do you want to be near me?
Do you want to light up the way?

A strange magical feeling
That maybe we'll find someday

I thought I heard you laughing
I never wanted to make you cry
I only needed a reason
To see a teardrop caught in your eye

Loving you keeps me from the storm
When it rains in America

There is a place we can run to
Far away from the city stare
Where the ocean's a desert
But the wind still blows in your hair
Where we can watch the sun go down

When it rains in America
Loving you keeps me from the storm

When it rains in America