

Tanya Donnelly, Last Rain

Sometime today it will rain
One of the last of the 1900s
Should we go out and try to save it?
Or just let it go like the days and decades?

This is not stolen time
My piece of the sky
My story line
My mind
How it flies

I am so very proud to be here with you
So glad to be here it's kind of pathetic
I lose my voice in this noisy love of ours
I just let it go like the days I wasted

This is not stolen time
My piece of the sky
My story line
My life
How it flies
How it flies

Baby, I'm not sentimental
About a change in the rain
You go on about the end of the world
With your prophecies, psychics, well I'm sure
Rain is just rain, it just falls dumbly down ever
I'm letting go of this

Some time today it will rain
Some time today it will rain

This is not stolen time
My piece of the sky
My story line
My life
How it flies

So this is where the story ends
Talking to myself again

When I let you off
My heart went on
Now it's gone