

The The, Weather Belle

Sitting at the back of a smoke filled room
On a cold and sunny afternoon
Drinking red wine
And counting the laugh lines
On the face of the girl who stands in the doorway
And over her shoulder
There's a world growing colder
I'm feeling older and slowly less sober

It's the first and the last time
That we'll ever meet
Just falling leaves
From winter trees

So light gives in to dark
The nylon sheets softly spark
Nostalgia strikes hard at the heart
That cannot escape from its past

And it's the first and the last time
That we'll ever meet
Just falling leaves
Dropping from winter trees
Strangers touching the parts
That love cannot reach