

# 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