Tracy Chapman, Spring

There's a cloud
There's a cloud
A blue sky darkening
That veils the light of the sun
And foretells the rain
But there's a bird
There are birds
And some are singing

To greet every new day that may come
Like the first of spring

It is cold
It is cold
I've had the feeling
At the heart and in the core
The roots of all things
But there's a bud there's a bulb
It will be blooming

To greet every new day that may come
Like the first of spring

It's late
It's late
As I watch waiting
It will go turn away
The cycle cycling
There's a face with new eyes
A baby crying

Who'll greet every new day that may come
Like the first of spring

Like the first of spring