

# Beautiful South, Everybody's Talkin'

Everybody's talking at me  
I don't hear a word they're saying  
Only the echoes of my mind  
People stopping staring  
I can't see their faces  
Only the shadows of their eyes  
Chorus  
I'm going where the sun keeps shining  
Thru' the pouring rain  
Going where the weather suits my clothes  
Backing off of the North East wind  
Sailing on summer breeze  
And skipping over the ocean like a stone