

Charlton Hill, Raincloud

Excursions to the heart don't come free
but in her face I saw pure honesty.
A faded vision frozen in my mind
of melting memories and tears in her eyes.

but she's a raincloud and she's washing over me
makes it hard to see the light.
She's a raincloud, it can't be good for me,
so why does she make me come alive?

I hear her whisper in every single breeze
'please be with me for a thousand dreams'.
A ray of hope that guides me through the storm
so I'll be here until the break of dawn.

when she's moving on and its become another shade of gray
what's left behind I'll never find I'm ever gonna feel the same