

Emilie Simon, Song Of The Storm

Can't you hear my storm coming?
Stones falling onto you
Can't you feel the earth shaking?
Big, black clouds forming now

Can't you hear my sky shouting?
Close, chasing after you
Deep, dark fear building up
It's too strong for you

And I hope you're satisfied
And I hope you're satisfied
I hope you're satisfied
To see the wind blow over me

Can't you hear my snow crying?
Under your feet, the ice breaking
Can't you hear me? I'm here
I'm whistling in your ear

And I hope you're satisfied
I hope you're satisfied
I hope you're satisfied
To see the wind blow over me

Can't you hear my storm coming?
Stones falling
Big, dark clouds forming now

Can't you hear my storm coming?
Stones falling
Big, dark clouds

And I hope you're satisfied, ohh
And I hope you're satisfied
To see the wind blow over me
Over me...