

# Stephen Speaks, Weather

August afternoon and the air's aflame  
softly on the breeze, thought I heard your name  
this morning I'd have thought  
that it looked like rain  
but these clouds have ways of playing games  
whether you are weather like  
clouds appear and clouds roll by  
but if you stay within my sight,  
fall in love I just might  
yesterday you touched me and I felt the flame  
but now the spark's gone out  
and it's cold again  
this morning I'd have thought  
that it looked like rain  
but you've got your ways  
oh of playing games