

Tocotronic, The Weather's Fine

The water's turning brown as it washes away the ground
The trees having lost their leaves
Turn barren like the wind and the sea

Resting on the shore needed time (?) so much more
Than the parts and pieces of broken things
That people think are real

The weather's fine

Pure and empty sky has given me the time
To find some objects
That oftentime reality obscures

With these many things feelings they will bring
Silence solace peaceful
Among the field of green

The weather's fine

I should tell you something without words

The weather's fine