

web: <http://tekstovi-pesama.com/>  
email: [webmaster@tekstovi-pesama.com](mailto:webmaster@tekstovi-pesama.com)

## **10000 Maniacs** **Like The Weather**

The color of the sky as far as I can see is coal grey.  
Lift my head from the pillow and then fall again.  
With a shiver in my bones just thinking about the weather.  
A quiver in my lips as if I might cry.  
Well by the force of will my lungs are filled and so I breathe.  
Lately it seems this big bed is where I never leave.  
Shiver in my bones just thinking about the weather.  
Quiver in my voice as I cry,  
"What a cold and rainy day. Where on earth is the sun hid away."  
I hear the sound of a noon bell chime. Now I'm far behind.  
You've put in 'bout half a day while here I lie  
with a shiver in my bones just thinking about the weather.  
A quiver in my lip as if I might cry,  
"What a cold and rainy day. Where on earth is the sun hid away?"

Do I need someone here to scold me  
or do I need someone who'll grab and pull me out of this  
four poster dull torpor pulling downward.  
For it is such a long time since my better days.  
I say my prayers nightly this will pass away.  
The color of the sky is grey as I can see through the blinds.  
Lift my head from the pillow and then fall again  
with a shiver in my bones just thinking about the weather.  
A quiver in my voice as I cry,  
"What a cold and rainy day. Where on earth is the sun hid away?"  
I shiver, quiver, and try to wake.