

Someone Special

Poets of the Fall

I wake up to the sound of rain upon my sill
Pick up the pieces of my yesterday old thrill
Can I deliver this used up shiver
To how I pronounce my life
And I leave it up to faith to go by its own will

Back row to the left, a little to the side
Slightly out of the place
Look beyond the light, where you'd least expect
There's someone special

A foggy morning greets me quietly today
I smell a fragrance in the wind blowing my way
And ever further I run to find her
I yearn to define my life
Placing my faith in chance to meet me in half way

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And she's here to write her name
On my skin with kisses
In the rain, hold my head and ease my pain
In a world that's gone insane

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