

Storm

Gregory Isaacs

Sometimes it takes a storm
To really know the light
The scent of rain
The weight of clouds
Pulling down the sky
Sometimes it takes a storm
To know how you feel
To understand indigo
And the varnished sun
Lighting up the fields

It takes the rain between the lines to know what sorrow finds
The way a cloud divides sometimes
The clearing and the blue
I love you
I was just passing through
And taken by surprise
Between the black sky
And the blue
Between the black sky and the blue
I love you
I love you