

# Sarah Brightman, When It Rains In America

Do you want to feel freedom?  
Do you want to see sun and rain?  
Do you want to be near me?  
Do you want to light up the way?

A strange magical feeling  
That maybe we'll find someday

I thought I heard you laughing  
I never wanted to make you cry  
I only needed a reason  
To see a teardrop caught in your eye

Loving you keeps me from the storm  
When it rains in America

There is a place we can run to  
Far away from the city stare  
Where the ocean's a desert  
But the wind still blows in your hair  
Where we can watch the sun go down

When it rains in America  
Loving you keeps me from the storm

When it rains in America