

Sting, Heavy Cloud No Rain

Turned on the weather man just after the news
I needed sweet rain to wash away my blues
He looked at the chart but he look in vain
Heavy cloud but no rain

Back in time with Louis XVI
At the court of the people he was number one
He'd be the bluest blood they'd ever seen
When the king said hi to the guillotine
The royal astrologer was run out of breath
He thought that maybe the rain would postpone his death
He look in sky but he look in vain
Heavy cloud but no rain

Well the land was cracking and the river was dry
All the crops were dying when they ought to be high
So to save his farm from the banker's draft
The farmer took out a book on some old witchcraft
He made a spell and a potion on a midsummer's night
He killed a brindled calf in the pale moonlight
He prayed to the sky but he prayed in vain
Heavy cloud but no rain

Heavy cloud but no rain
The sun won't shine till the clouds are gone
The clouds won't go till their work is done
And every morning you'll hear me pray
If only it would rain today

I asked my baby if there'd be some way
She said she'd save her love for a rainy day
I look in the sky but I look in vain
Heavy cloud but no rain