

Weather Report

Graham Parker

Hey, can you tell me
What everybody plans to do
Hey, can you tell me
Where's everybody's going to

They're out there on the street
They must be elite
They got shoes I can't afford on their
Quick fast feet
They have modified irises
Behind opaque lens
They're hiding equipment
Behind barbed wire fences
They have somewhere to go
They have somewhere to lurk
They have this high-end electronic stuff
I wouldn't know how to work

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I'm sitting here on my couch
My enthusiasm sinking
I don't know where anybody's going
I don't know what they're thinking
There seems to be some secret
That everybody's onto
But I just don't seem to get it man
Not even if I want to

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I got an upright piano
That is blocking my door
However, my fingers don't obey me
So I don't play it anymore
I got chains around my ankles
That are made out of spaghetti
My newspaper's shredded
Into so much confetti
I tried to make sense of it
But my eyes start to bleed
Every single page is impossible to read

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