

Weatherman, Section One

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here i am
the weatherman
here today
and gone tomorrow
tell me what you want to hear
no skies of grey
no clouds of sorrow
a bit of rain
a hurricane
high today
and low tomorrow
let's get the hell on out of here
the day is old new blue and borrowed
a family man
fare weather friend
i fell in love until tomorrow
so take the diamonds from your eyes
they only bring you brighter sorrow

everybody's got a new song
and i almost made something different
but i ain't got that kind of drive
i'm fine with stealing someone else's