

Kris Delmhorst, Weatherman

I make a really bad umbrella just like I said I would
I'm full of holes and I do not stay put
So don't think I'm keeping you dry it just is not raining yet
When the clouds come to our sky we'll both be soaking wet

I make a really bad clothesline so don't pin your hopes on me
Do not try to tie me tree to tree (etcetera)
I make such a bad clothesline I would not pin nothing on me
Cause when you come back for it you might find it's gone in the breeze

And I don't know I don't know I don't know what else you expected me to say
Because I know you know I told you long ago that it would always be this way

I'm not a good lighthouse cause I don't always shine
I make a safe shore so hard to find
I make a really bad anchor just like I told you so
Cause I tend to get dragged and then I tend to let go

And I make a really good lover when there's a clear path to the door
Make a really good listener when I can't talk no more
I make a really good friend when there's an end in sight
I make a really good wrong to your right

You say I live like I'm on ice skates going down a frozen hill
I say baby it has always been like that maybe it always will
And when I said that to you I did not mean to cause you pain
But you can go ahead and blame me like you blame the weatherman for the rain

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