

Cursive, Herold Weathervein

Harold walks down any street in this town
both crier and witness
the sun drops the clouds shift
his legs twitch
the clocks chime on cafes, pharmacies and dime stores
in bar rooms he sits alone erupting

in his head it's like the weather (3 times)
back and forth it's like the weather (3 times)
when it rains it pours down

Weatherman, do you feel? Do you feel?
Is it stormy inside of your veins?