

Eleanor McEvoy, The Weatherman (Twelve Days)

(Eleanor McEvoy)

Keep the weatherman sweet,
Then begin sweeping the driveway.
News is that the heat's
Coming in, Thursday or Friday.
Now I'm a little slow to see
How weatherman's words are gonna satisfy me
Words can change my point of view
Only if they prove to be true

Seven inches of rain,
I believe it's gonna get wetter
Seven days of the week.
Hopes are high it's gonna get better
Now, I'm not in the hoping game
That's a kind of a pity and a bit of a shame
But hope can be a two-edged sword
And a luxury that I just can't afford

Twelve days, snow would spread the cold around
Twelve days heat would melt the snow on the ground
Twelve days sun is what I'm looking for now
Twelve days grey what's in store.

Keep the weatherman sweet
Then go off, buy an umbrella
Go and wait for the sun
Go and dream beautiful weather
I'm much too old for dreams
Now that's a little bit sad,
But not as sad as it seems
When dreams have been a thorny crown
It's not so sad when they're tumblin' down

Repeat CHORUS