

# 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