

Jakalope, Forecast 42

Gather round
Listen to my story
A ride I thought I'd left far behind
Some broken falls
In a memory box
Waits to be cashed in
Waiting for my stocks to rise
Still with the idea
That you'd be mine
Some other time

Tap on the glass
And watch the roller coaster
Little screams heard from tiny
You and I
Race me around the playground
Til I catch you
Ready for the next go round
On your mark

A weatherman
Coming or going
Predicting sunny skies
You give me stormy
Whether you are wrong or right
You are always crowned
And I'm left back at the playground

I left my stamp to beacon you
I thought that seeing you would
Would be a forecast made for two

The weatherman
Always watching
Predicting stormy skies
You give me rainbow
Whether you are here or there
You're always around
And you're running from the playground

I left my stamp to beacon you
I thought that seeing you would
Would be a forecast made for two
I think I'm on to you
I'm building this forecast made for two

Fooled again
Taken by surprise
A ride that I'd left
Trailing in time
I've been taught well
To sit and stay
And now I'm begging to run away
Get set

The weatherman
A strict position
For taking my hand
And then casting his fortune
If I watch once more
Will I weather the storm
Or will I swing
Back to my playground

I left my stamp to beacon you
I thought that seeing you would
Would be a forecast made for two
I think I'm on to you
I'm building this forecast
Building this forecast
Building this forecast made for two