

Robert Cray, The Forecast Calls For Pain

Coffee for my breakfast
Shot of whiskey on the side
It's a dark and dreary morning
With the clouds covering up the sky

The forecast calls for pain
The forecast calls for pain
My baby's turning cold
And the forecast calls for pain

We stayed up all night talking
She's grown restless she confessed
She says there's no one new
But deep down I know that's next

The forecast calls for pain
The forecast calls for pain
My baby's turning cold
And the forecast calls for pain

She says she tried and tried yes she has
But slowly her love has died
I can see that deep down inside she's changed
The forecast calls for pain
The forecast calls for pain
The forecast calls for pain
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I can hear approaching thunder
I can feel chills run up my spine
I've seen love freeze before
And I know I'm on borrowed time

The forecast calls for pain
The forecast calls for pain
My baby's turning cold
And the forecast calls for pain

I can feel the thunder
I can see the lightning
I can feel the pain
Oh, it's gonna rain

The forecast calls for pain
The forecast calls for pain
My baby's turning cold
And the forecast calls for pain