

The Creatures, Weathercade

The weatherman is calling... calling... calling
The weatherman's informing of a bright new day
There's no more gloomy weather
Forget that umbrella
No more diseases sneezing at this century
The dalek drones are drowning
We're flying, we're climbing
Cars sit corroding
As we soar away
Waltzers on the rooftops
Are spinning with side-hops
Ugly concrete towers are now bright arcades
Weathercade
These shoes have done some walking
Hear them talking
These shoes will last forever
They're made that way
The weatherman is calling... calling... calling
The weatherman's informing of a bright new day
Weathercade
Calling... calling... calling
Weathercade