

# 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