

Eleanor Mcevoy "The Weatherman"

Visit "[The Weatherman](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

But 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 that snow on the ground
Twelve days, sun is what I'm looking for now
Twelve days, gray is 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
Well, it's not so sad when they're tumblin' down

Twelve days, snow would spread the cold around
Twelve days, heat would melt that snow on the ground
Twelve days, sun is what I'm looking for now
Twelve days, gray is what's in, gray is what's in store

Snow would spread the cold around
Twelve days, heat would melt that snow on the ground

Twelve days, sun is what I'm looking for now
Twelve days, gray is what's in store

Keep the weatherman sweet
I believe it's gonna get wetter

Visit [Eleanor McEvoy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.