

## Jeff Lynne

### "Forecast"

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The forecast miserable to gloomy, overcast to grim  
The outlook sadly bleak to gale force, cold hard rain or  
wind

If you could get a ticket to the place you wanna be  
Where would you be now, girl?  
Where would you be?

Deep depression looming over, pushing to the shore  
Raining on the wooden faces, raining on the wooden  
floor

Sail out into nothing, way beyond the shining sea  
Where would you be now, girl?  
Where would you be... girl?  
Be... girl?

Where would you be?

The rain is gonna fall down on Persperation Alley  
The clouds will shed their tears, upon the high and  
mighty

Fly a new horizon, to the dream you'll never leave  
Where would you be now, girl?  
Where would you be... girl?  
Where would you be... girl?  
Where would you be... girl?

Where would you be?  
(Where would you be now?)  
Where would you be?  
Where would you be?  
Where would you be?  
(Where would you be?)  
Where would you be?

-(sound effects)

"It's still going, you know?"  
-(chimes)

