

Lower Definition "The Weatherman"

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I know how you are with these things
And you're not gonna stop
I know how you are
Yeah you're an artist
When you tear things apart
Oh

I think it's when your friends
(Don't think that you know)
Twist the knife in your back
And I'm still giving into it

I don't think that you know
I can assure that you don't
And there is nothing that I can say,
To you, To soothe... To you To soothe.

I'm pressing my luck
On the neck of regret
And distress
Cause it's not like it's our favorite thing
Don't you dare forget
Don't you dare forget
That nothing with meaning is easy

It's so easy
To vomit the words
And choke.

Blood

You've never seen a machine
Like this before
Yeah yeah yeah
Whoa whoa whoa ohhoho whoa

I'm pressing my luck
On the neck of regret
And distress
Cause it's not like it's our favorite thing and
Don't you dare
And don't you dare forget

And don't you dare forget
That nothing with meaning is easy easy

You've never seen a machine like this
It devours devours the flowers
The flowers
The flowers are fake
The flowers are fake
The flowers are fake
Yeah yeah yeah
Whoa whoa whoa ohhoho whoa

Cause I'm gone goodbye yeah
Cause I'm gone goodbye yeah

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