

Michael McGuire "The Weatherman"

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THE WEATHERMAN

Hey mister where you going with that thermometer in
your hand, I
know it's been a long time since we measured time
with sand, but I
know so well how you like to take command, but
yesterday I saw your
wife walking with a bigger man, when I asked her how
you were doing
she just turned around and ran, oh I know women are
so strange, but
hey mister it aint nothing you cant change.
Hey mister you walk with that fork as if you were going
to a feast, the
celebrations ready but no one called the priest, and no
one will eat if
the foods not been blessed so the festivities have
ceased, I know you
want everything perfect your the one I'd suspect the
least, to ever have
an impure thought or to be seen walking with a
barefoot beast, oh
when you wake up you never wonder about your
dreams, hey mister
don't you know everything is closer than it seems.
Hey mister why or you heading to the D.A. with that
smirk on your
face, we've got jails for lawbreakers but it don't
always work like that
in this place, cant you feel these bars we lean against
stretched out
thru this empty space, ah but some one like you would
never get
involved in such a futile race, I forget you know right
from wrong and
your dying at a much slower pace, things don't ever
really get you
down that much, hey mister everything turns sterile at
your touch.
Hey mister there are people watching you with excited
eyes, out on the

town dressed like an average citizen such a perfect
disguise, perfectly
poised while you wait for your party's banner to rise,
you talk so much
with your own voice but you just repeat someone else's
lies, caught
between the rushing river and the bridge of sighs, but
you don't ever
make promises to yourself that you don't keep, and
hey mister you
don't ever lose any sleep.
Hey mister you don't carry a wallet you carry a silk
purse, you consider
poverty not a problem but a curse, you don't pay
attention you say
things couldn't get any worse, so you play doctor with
your own
disease and when it hurts you call your nurse, but
don't try to play
plumber when the water pipes burst, ah you have a
hard time even
feeling your own pain, hey mister you might be right
about this
weather but your wrong about this rain.

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