

Open Mike Eagle "Partly Cloudy"

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The forecast is partly cloudy
So party loudly
And make sure that it's hearty sounding
He's crowned king of the evening
Whistling the chord swings to "The Sweetest Thing"
A genie with a brown leather wish bag
With the power to wring out the clouds like a dishrag
Let it rain
Soak it in
Your electric brain and golden skin
Needs to accept the pain and hold it in
'Til the coda stops
Let that pressure in
Fizz like it's soda pop

The last ray of the setting sun
Let it come
The water pressure's better when it runs
This is second to none
Who gets the Motts?
I not by chance
I rain dance
I rain dance
If they want to come
Let them come
I'll never run
I'll yell until I see my severed tongue
It weighs a metric ton
Who gets the Motts?
I not by chance
I rain dance
I rain dance

And there should be no discussion
And this is the wrong time to drown in your Robitussin
(So disgusting)
There's a volcano erupting
I'm just waiting for ya'll to say "no" to something
Pick a card any card
Penny pub or big bizarre tittie bar
Keeping chrome rims on your shitty car
Pretty bartenders get tricked with ya'll Citi cards

Big cigars for the smoking
Tricked by reflections
Counting stars in the ocean
(Oh shit)
I'm just looking for my sun sign
Your spine's crooked so you unwind

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