

Dead Sara "Weatherman"

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His skin was soft as leather
I'm the weatherman
No one else more dedicated
I'm the weatherman

Well, hey kid
You got the right
But the choice to kill
No, Son of Sam
Will let you in to turn against

Addicted to the love of ourselves
I'm the weatherman
I tell no one else
I'm the weatherman

So go for the kill
'Cause no one else cares
Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill, go for the kill

His skin was soft as leather
I'm the weatherman
There's no one else worth the dedication
I'm the weatherman

'Cause hey kid
You got the heart without the ache
Pretentious thieves
Have you believe it's theirs to take

Addicted to the love of ourselves
I'm the weatherman
And tell no one else
I'm the weatherman

So go for the kill
'Cause no one else cares
Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill, go for the kill

Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill, go for the kill

For here's the history we make
For luck of our Fathers
(If I could be anywhere I wouldn't be here)
No future or good night
(If I could be anywhere I wouldn't be here)
No future fans
(If I could be anywhere I wouldn't be here)

I sing for the melody and I sing for a reason
And I'll sing out the neglect for all that un-American

So go for the kill
'Cause no one else cares
Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill, go for the kill
Go for the kill

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