

## Jesper "Talk Of The Weather"

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We are just two of a kind You and I
We know we could change things but choose not to try
We donÂ't do the right thing
But feel deep inside that we should
Surely that is good

We read the papers
But start from the back
We laugh at the funny isnÂ't feel back on track
We see whatÂ's on tv
Then falled it and put it away
ItÂ's just another day

So letÂ's get together
And talk of the weather
ItÂ's just the grown up thing to do
WeÂ'll try to be glad
And say itÂ's too bad
Things are not up to me and you

We take offense if you say we donÂ't care ThereÂ's just so much misery everywhere ItÂ's self preservation to just not let all of it in Where would we begin?

And we still protest when we feel things are wrong Try to race access, you wonÂ't stay for long WeÂ're counting our nickels while babies are dying of thirst First things will come first

So letÂ's get together and talk of the weather A new shade of lipstick saves the day We form a pact, swear we wonÂ't act DoesnÂ't matter anywayÂ...

Maybe the sun does get warmer each day But honestly itÂ's still a long way away And things might go bad but sience nobody can predict when WeÂ'll be gone by then PolicyÂ's serving itÂ's self and not you ItÂ's fair I suppose sience well we do it too WeÂ'd love to help others as soon as we fell we are done Looking out for number one

So letÂ's get together and talk of the weather We donÂ't have time to stat a fight Surely some day it will be ok And someone else will make things right

Ballooting the air space, infesting the sea Questions too big both for you and for me Simpler to choose ecological past our such But it still cost too much

Are we expected to do this alone? Nobody can save the world on their own If everyone just would join forces Then surely weÂ'd win Could someone just begin?

While we get together and talk of the weather We take no credit and share no blame Hidding behind, a blind lead the blind Nothing changes with used one name

The rest of the world seems not nearly enough
To fear all the problems and terrors and stuff
It seeps through the cracks and comes closer and
closer to home
On roads, literome

So donÂ't be surprised when you hear the bell ring ItÂ's time to pay penals for everything
The jew never did and that I never didnÂ't much more Standing by your door

A neighborhood rapist and pedophiles racists White color addicts and contraband Just be prepared and donÂ't look so scared Â'Cause theyÂ've come to shake your hand

You all get together and talk of the weather ItÂ's just a sinnerÂ's paradise
A day in the sun, life can be fun
When you learn to close your eyes

WeÂ're all together we talk of the weather We donÂ't make waves we get along

## But things might get rough when weÂ've had enough Â'Cause then we just might write a song

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