

## **Something Corporate "Formal Weather Pattern"**

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Shake down, you make me break, for goodness sake I think I'm on the edge of something new with you. shout out, don't drown the sound, I'll drown you out, you'll never scream so loud as I want to scream with you.

Standing there with your smile blinding your eyes from seeing my face as I'm dying to figure out a girl. but she drifts so far away, I'm on her coast, so maybe I should stay and map around her world.

So don't say "these currents are still killing me" and you can't explain how the wind went and pulled you into the hurricane.

Stand up don't make a sound, your ears might bleed. there are sweet fluorescent enemies that live inside of me. the world moves faster than I knew, not fast enough to not creep up on you and the space we put between. so pull me under your weather patterns, your cold fronts and the rain don't matter, because a sun burns what I needed.

You don't do it on purpose but you make me shake now I count the hours 'til you wake. with your babies breath, breathe symphonies, come on sweet catastrophe. maybe this time I can follow through, I can feel complete, stop paying dues. stop the rain from falling keep my oceans calm this time I know nothings wrong

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