

Surrogate "Talk Of The Weather"

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I hate wasting words, gonna get what I deserve
Even if I run as far away as I can
And I don't suspect anybody's influence in this
Except mine, yours and someone else's, oh

This weather seems to follow me
With every move I make

The problem I find is undeserving eyes
Seeing things they never should have seen
So I'll draw a line for me to stand behind
And show you just how much this means to me

This weather seems to follow me
With every move I make
And with every step, the wind at my back
Chaining it to me

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