Weather In My Head

Donald Fagen

The air is boiling, sun on my back Inside I'm frozen girl, I'm about to crack

They may fix the weather in the world Just like Mr. Gore said But tell me what's to be done Lord 'bout the weather in my head

Girl when you hurt me, when you told those lies It's like a typhoon exploded behind my eyes

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Here comes my own Katrina, the levee comes apart There's an ocean of misery floodin' my heart

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Sea quake by morning says Quake-TV Rogue wave comes high and it breaks all over me

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Four old hippies drivin' in the rain I asked for a lift they said: get used to the pain

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I said what's to be done Lord 'bout the weather in my head