

(Hurricane) The Formal Weather Pattern

Something Corporate

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 your world

So don't say "These currents are still killing me"
And you can't explain
But the wind went and pulled me into your hurricane
Into your 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

So don't say "These currents are still killing me"
And you can't explain
But the wind went and pulled you into the hurricane
Into the hurricane

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

Well, maybe this time I can follow through
I can feel complete
Stop paying dues
Stop the rain from falling
Keep my ocean calm
This time I know nothing's wrong

So don't say "These currents are still killing me"
And you can't explain
But the wind went and pulled me in and no,

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But the wind went and pulled me into your hurricane
Into your hurricane
Into your hurricane