

Can't Trust The Weatherman

Cadillac Sky

Her daddy hated his tattoos
But she was in love with a baby due
In September, early September
So they called the kinfolk, set up the bar
Threw some chairs out in the yard
And got a preacher, a pentecostal preacher
And the man on the evening news
Promised sunny and 72 but
You can't trust the weatherman
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance
Whole crowd was soaken wet
Mud all over momma's dress
No sign of the sun
But a sure fire sign of things to come
One thing you can plan
Is you can't trust the weatherman
Six months after the knot got tied
There were diapers and a double wide
They couldn't pay for one day they had a brainstorm
She'd pull the gun he'd crack the safe
They pulled it off and they pulled away
They were laughin' 'til they saw lights flashin'
Forecast on the radio
Never even mentioned snow but
You can't trust the weatherman
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance
Cop car hit a patch of ice
Hit a rail flipped on its side
That couple got away
Cops only had one thing to blame
Shook off the snow, threw up their hands
Said, "You can't trust the weatherman"
They hid their cash under the bed
Of that condo in Club Med
Where the chance of sunshine is
One hundred percent but
You can't trust the weatherman
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance
Hurricane came rippin' through
Tore that condo right in two
Stuff scattered everywhere
Stolen money flyin' through the air
And if you wonder how the story ends
They're back out in the sticks again
So remember when you're makin' plans
You can't trust the weatherman
You can't trust the weatherman
No, you can't, can't trust the weatherman