

Weathervane

Dave Hause

It's the fire jumping over the 405
It's the synagogue where no one made it out alive
It's a paranoid high in a head like a hive
It's a poke in the eye
It's the bruise on your thigh
It's a whole life believing in little white lies

Have we been unkind?
Got a storm of trouble on my mind

I'm spinning, I'm spinning
In the middle of a hurricane spinning like a weathervane now
I'm spinning, I'm spinning
In the middle of a hurricane spinning like a weathervane now
I'm spinning like a weathervane now

It's the burning plastic, poisoned sea
It's retirement spent on replacement knees
It's you without me
It's life on a screen
It's the copay down at the pharmacy
It's the satellite with its eyes on me

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Let me out