

Weather

Ginger Root

How can you tell me? I know this is hard
Bringing you out, but there barely is sparks
Rolling around conversational thoughts
Present or past, oh well, where do we start?

And I (I) can't help it all the times
I've felt better, lost to this weather
And I (I) can't shelve it, tell me
I have to feel better, ignore all this weather

And I (I) can't help it all the times
I've felt better, lost to this weather
That's why (I) can't see you all the time
All the time

Might as well call it before it breaks dawn
AM to PM, I don't know what's on
Twenty-four hours, in only six songs
Present or past, wait, it's always this long?

And I (I) can't help it all the times
I've felt better, lost to this weather
And I (I) can't shelve it, tell me
I have to feel better, ignore all this weather

And I (I) can't help it all the times
I've felt better, lost to this weather
It's why (I) can't see you all the time, time, time, time

(Aaahhhhhh) (ooh)
(Aaahhhhhh) (ooh)
(Aaahhhhhh)

And I (I) can't help it all the times
I've felt better, lost to this weather
And I (I) can't shelve it, tell me
I have to feel better, ignore all this weather

And I (I) can't help it all the times
I've felt better, lost to this weather
It's why (I) can't see you all the time
All the time