

## Weather Report

Graham Parker

Hey, can you tell me  
What everybody plans to do  
Hey, can you tell me  
Where's everybody's going to

They're out there on the street  
They must be elite  
They got shoes I can't afford on their  
Quick fast feet  
They have modified irises  
Behind opaque lens  
They're hiding equipment  
Behind barbed wire fences  
They have somewhere to go  
They have somewhere to lurk  
They have this high-end electronic stuff  
I wouldn't know how to work

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I'm sitting here on my couch  
My enthusiasm sinking  
I don't know where anybody's going  
I don't know what they're thinking  
There seems to be some secret  
That everybody's onto  
But I just don't seem to get it man  
Not even if I want to

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I got an upright piano  
That is blocking my door  
However, my fingers don't obey me  
So I don't play it anymore  
I got chains around my ankles  
That are made out of spaghetti  
My newspaper's shredded  
Into so much confetti  
I tried to make sense of it  
But my eyes start to bleed  
Every single page is impossible to read

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