

## Forecast

Horsegirl

Shallow  
I am shallow  
I am, I am, I am shallow  
Oh, oh  
Shallow  
I am, I am, I am shallow  
I am shallow  
I am, I am, I am shallow  
Oh, oh  
Shallow  
I am, I am, I am

Fell asleep in the bathroom  
In the bathroom, bathroom  
On the lawn  
On the porch in the backyard  
In the backyard, backyard  
Sit and sat in the way you should sit still  
You should sit still, oh, oh  
What's it for  
Wash the door in the attic  
In the attic, oh, oh

Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh  
I don't know about the weather  
Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh  
I don't know about the weather  
Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh  
I don't know about the weather  
Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh  
I don't know about the weather

They asked me if I knew about the weather  
All I could do was shake my head and say no  
I wanted to understand them  
Do I look like I know about the weather?  
Did they just trick me?  
Are they keeping secrets from me?  
No, I don't know, I'll never know  
I've only met one man who knows of it  
He does much more than know  
At least that's what they say to me  
(Maybe I'm a child)

Do not push, do not shove, do not give me any trouble  
The talk of the town is  
I've looked at the sun too many times  
Does it hurt when you blink or  
Sting when you cry?  
As a matter of fact

The words that come from them are vulgar  
They don't tell me the truth, not many have  
But I'll tell them the truth, I'd be honest  
I deserve what he has, I deserve to know  
The power he has, the praise he's received  
I look onto them and ask, "Why?"

Let me harvest your righteousness  
We must come together, bring food, bring drink  
Topple before me onto the gravel  
For I am your savior  
Thomas of Santa Monica