

## Partly Cloudy

Open Mike Eagle

The forecast is partly cloudy  
So party loudly  
And make sure that it's hearty sounding  
He's crowned king of the evening  
Whistling the chord swings to "The Sweetest Thing"  
A genie with a brown leather wish bag  
With the power to wring out the clouds like a dishrag  
Let it rain, soak it in  
Your electric brain and golden skin  
Needs to accept the pain and hold it in  
'Til the coda stops  
Let that pressure in  
Fizz like it's soda pop

The last ray of the setting sun  
Let it come  
The water pressure's better when it runs  
This is second to none  
Who gets the Motts?  
I not by chance  
I rain dance, I rain dance  
If they want to come  
Let them come  
I'll never run  
I'll yell until I see my severed tongue  
It weighs a metric ton  
Who gets the Motts?  
I not by chance  
I rain dance, I rain dance

And there should be no discussion  
And this is the wrong time to drown in your Robitussin  
(So disgusting)  
There's a volcano erupting  
I'm just waiting for ya'll to say "no" to something  
Pick a card any card  
Penny pub or big bizarre tittie bar  
Keeping chrome rims on your shitty car  
Pretty bartenders get tricked with ya'll Citi cards  
Big cigars for the smoking  
Tricked by reflections  
Counting stars in the ocean  
(Oh shit)  
I'm just looking for my sun sign  
Your spine's crooked so you unwind