

# You Can't Trust the Weatherman

Trisha Yearwood

Her daddy hated his tattoos  
But she was in love with a baby due in  
September, early September  
So they called the kinfolk, set up the bar  
Threw some chairs out in the yard  
And got a preacher, a Pentecostal preacher  
And the man on the evening news  
Promised sunny and 72, but

You can't trust the weatherman  
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance  
Whole crowd was soakin' wet  
Mud all over Mama's dress  
No sign of the sun  
But a surefire sign of things to come  
One thing you can plan  
You can't trust the weatherman

Six months after the knot got tied  
There were diapers and a double wide  
They couldn't pay for  
One day they had a brainstorm  
She held the gun he cracked the safe  
They pulled it off and they pulled away  
They were laughin' till they saw lights flashin'  
Forecast on the radio  
Never ever mentioned snow, but

You can't trust the weatherman  
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance  
Cop car hit a patch of ice  
Spun around, flipped on its side  
That couple got away  
Cops only had one thing to blame  
Shook off the snow, threw up their hands  
Said, You can't trust the weatherman

They hid their cash under the bed  
Of a condo in Club Med  
Where the chance of sunshine is  
One hundred percent, but

You can't trust the weatherman  
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance  
Hurricane came rippin' through  
Tore that condo right in two  
Stuff scattered everywhere  
Stolen money flyin' through the air  
If you wonder how the story ends  
They're back out in the sticks again  
So remember when you're makin' plans  
You can't trust the weatherman

Can't trust the weatherman, no no