

Damien Rice, Weatherman

It's a beautiful night for me to be here
With my empty head
I should have stayed at home
And watched the weather
It's a wonderful night but it's a shame
Because there is an empty bed
I should have stayed at home
'Til I got better
And nothing's changing
The record's scraping round and round and round
And nothing's changing
The people drive their cars to town

I ask the weatherman to sent a cloud my way
I ask the weatherman by Monday
I ask the weatherman to sent a cloud my way
I ask the weatherman, yeah

It's a beautiful night for me to be here
Now our love is dead
I should have stayed at home
And watched the weather
Well it's a wonderful night
But this is it now
I've left your head
I should have stayed at home
'Til I got better
And nothing's changing
The record's scraping round and round and round
And nothing's changing
The people drive their cars to town
The people drive their cars
These people drive me

I ask the weatherman to sent a cloud my way
I ask the weatherman by Monday
I ask the weatherman to sent a cloud my way
I ask the weatherman, yeah

Nothing's changing
The record's scraping round and round and round
Nothing's changing
The people drive their cars
These people drive me

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The weatherman