

# Weather In My Head

Donald Fagen

The air is boiling, sun on my back  
Inside I'm frozen girl, I'm about to crack

They may fix the weather in the world  
Just like Mr. Gore said  
But tell me what's to be done  
Lord 'bout the weather in my head

Girl when you hurt me, when you told those lies  
It's like a typhoon exploded behind my eyes

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Here comes my own Katrina, the levee comes apart  
There's an ocean of misery floodin' my heart

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Sea quake by morning says Quake-TV  
Rogue wave comes high and it breaks all over me

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Four old hippies drivin' in the rain  
I asked for a lift they said: get used to the pain

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I said what's to be done  
Lord 'bout the weather in my head