

## Forecast 42

Jakalope

Gather round  
Listen to my story  
A ride I thought I'd left far behind  
Some broken falls  
In a memory box  
Waits to be cashed in  
Waiting for my stocks to rise  
Still with the idea  
That you'd be mine  
Some other time

Tap on the glass  
And watch the roller coaster  
Little screams heard from tiny  
You and I  
Race me around the playground  
Til I catch you  
Ready for the next go round  
On your mark

A weatherman  
Coming or going  
Predicting sunny skies  
You give me stormy  
Whether you are wrong or right  
You are always crowned  
And I'm left back at the playground

I left my stamp to beacon you  
I thought that seeing you would  
Would be a forecast made for two

The weatherman  
Always watching  
Predicting stormy skies  
You give me rainbow  
Whether you are here or there  
You're always around  
And you're running from the playground

I left my stamp to beacon you  
I thought that seeing you would  
Would be a forecast made for two  
I think I'm on to you  
I'm building this forecast made for two

Fooled again  
Taken by surprise  
A ride that I'd left  
Trailing in time  
I've been taught well  
To sit and stay  
And now i'm begging to run away  
Get set

The weatherman  
A strict position

For taking my hand  
And then casting his fortune  
If I watch once more  
Will I weather the storm  
Or will I swing  
Back to my playground

I left my stamp to beacon you  
I thought that seeing you would  
Would be a forecast made for two  
I think I'm on to you  
I'm building this forecast  
Building this forecast  
Building this forecast made for two