

Weatherman

Machines of Loving Grace

Get off the streets and rise from the pressure
And burst out laughing, get off
Where the cops all wear leather-eyed amphetamine stares
Bleed kid, get off the street kid
Everybody knows it's going to explode you see
Bleed kid, get off the street kid
Everybody knows it's all wired, it's all wired
Weatherman, think it over
You've got a moment's respite
Weatherman, get it over
Infiltrate your inside
There was a film, there was a nightmare
Cielo Drive up on the right there
Some people say the weather's no different
From what we had yesterday
But there's a house on the hill
Where the children all kill their playthings
And plant them like barrels of toxic hatred
Bleed kid, get off the street kid
Everybody knows it's going to explode you see
Bleed kid, get off the street kid
Everybody knows it's all wired, it's all wired
Weatherman, you get it over
We penetrate your disguise
Weatherman, get it over
Twist the fork in her spine
Bleed kid, get off the street kid
Weatherman, you're taking over
Weatherman, get it over