

## The Forecast (Calls for Pain)

Robert Cray

Coffee for my breakfast  
Shot of whiskey on the side  
It's a dark and dreary morning  
With the clouds covering up the sky

The forecast calls for pain  
The forecast calls for pain  
My baby's turning cold  
And the forecast calls for pain

We stayed up all night talking  
She's grown restless she confessed  
She says there's no one new  
But deep down I know that's next

The forecast calls for pain  
The forecast calls for pain  
My baby's turning cold  
And the forecast calls for pain

She says she tried and tried yes she has  
But slowly her love has died  
I can see that deep down inside she's changed  
The forecast calls for pain  
The forecast calls for pain  
The forecast calls for pain  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I can hear approaching thunder  
I can feel chills run up my spine  
I've seen love freeze before  
And I know I'm on borrowed time

The forecast calls for pain  
The forecast calls for pain  
My baby's turning cold  
And the forecast calls for pain

I can feel the thunder  
I can see the lightning  
I can feel the pain  
Oh, it's gonna rain

The forecast calls for pain  
The forecast calls for pain  
My baby's turning cold  
And the forecast calls for pain