

# (Hurricane) The Formal Weather Pattern

Something Corporate

Shake down you make me break  
For goodness sake  
I think I'm on the edge  
Of something new with you  
Shout out don't drown the sound  
I'll drown you out  
You'll never scream so loud  
As I want to scream with you

Standing there with your smile blinding  
Your eyes from seeing  
My face as I'm dying  
To figure out a girl  
But she drifts so far away  
I'm on her coast  
So maybe I should stay  
And map around your world

So don't say "These currents are still killing me"  
And you can't explain  
But the wind went and pulled me into your hurricane  
Into your hurricane

Stand up don't make a sound  
Your ears might bleed  
There are sweet fluorescent enemies  
That live inside of me  
The world moves faster than I knew  
Not fast enough to not creep up on you  
And the space we put between

So pull me under your weather patterns  
Your cold fronts and the rain don't matter  
Because a sun burns what I needed

So don't say "These currents are still killing me"  
And you can't explain  
But the wind went and pulled you into the hurricane  
Into the hurricane

You don't do it on purpose  
But you make me shake  
Now I count the hours 'til you wake  
With your babies breath  
Breathe symphonies  
Come on sweet catastrophe

Well, maybe this time I can follow through  
I can feel complete  
Stop paying dues  
Stop the rain from falling  
Keep my ocean calm  
This time I know nothing's wrong

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But the wind went and pulled me in and no,

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Into your hurricane  
Into your hurricane