

You Can't Trust the Weatherman

Trisha Yearwood

Her daddy hated his tattoos
But she was in love with a baby due in
September, early September
So they called the kinfolk, set up the bar
Threw some chairs out in the yard
And got a preacher, a Pentecostal preacher
And the man on the evening news
Promised sunny and 72, but

You can't trust the weatherman
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance
Whole crowd was soakin' wet
Mud all over Mama's dress
No sign of the sun
But a surefire sign of things to come
One thing you can plan
You can't trust the weatherman

Six months after the knot got tied
There were diapers and a double wide
They couldn't pay for
One day they had a brainstorm
She held the gun he cracked the safe
They pulled it off and they pulled away
They were laughin' till they saw lights flashin'
Forecast on the radio
Never ever mentioned snow, but

You can't trust the weatherman
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance
Cop car hit a patch of ice
Spun around, flipped on its side
That couple got away
Cops only had one thing to blame
Shook off the snow, threw up their hands
Said, You can't trust the weatherman

They hid their cash under the bed
Of a condo in Club Med
Where the chance of sunshine is
One hundred percent, but

You can't trust the weatherman
Makes his livin' off a lucky chance
Hurricane came rippin' through
Tore that condo right in two
Stuff scattered everywhere
Stolen money flyin' through the air
If you wonder how the story ends
They're back out in the sticks again
So remember when you're makin' plans
You can't trust the weatherman

Can't trust the weatherman, no no