

# Stormy Weather

Jeff Lynne

I gotta keep fighting no matter  
whatever shit happens,  
keep a headlock on my game,  
I was born to entertain.  
I been as sad as a hooker in the cold, afternoon rain.  
I won't stop laughin and smiling for no one,  
cause I don't know when its gonna come again.  
I think you're lucky in this world  
if you got two friends you can trust.  
I'd pray to God but he's scared of us.  
I might stumble, but I still got direction on my drunken compass.  
Get me back to the studio  
so I can do a couple of new numbers.  
Cause life can get weird like setting  
clocks back in the middle of an Indian summer.  
Here's the journals of an amature psychic,  
as the bottle pounds the shit out of the typewriter,  
I get scared of myself  
when I'm not around.  
At the bar downtown,  
music works like the friggin teamsters  
I mean this. I spin the wheel get the thousand dollar deal  
Down at the Sands singing for my meals  
Miss Adalay and her Debutants,  
my alcoholic ghost haunts the sayance.  
Shaken ice in an empty glass  
weaves in the creaks and cracks  
like the old barnddoors in a thunderstorm.  
The sky lights blood red and it gets strangely warm.  
The rain falls like change from a slot machine.  
In such a crooked dirty world  
I feel so squeaky clean.

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