Dustbowl Weather

By John T. Wurzer

Em - 96 bpm

It’s dustbowl weather out there

The wind is as hot as the devil’s lair

Blowing hard on the old plow share

And missing a tune

Hot fire whistling through my ears

Trapped outdoors while the Satan sneers

And I’m running out of ice-cold beers

As I stare at the moon.

Chorus:

It’s dustbowl weather; as dry as a dying man’s last joke

It’s dustbowl weather, so hot this frog’s too weak to croak

It’s dustbowl weather out there my eyes constantly burn

I spend my mornings praying that somehow this weather is gonna turn

Yeah, it’s dustbowl weather.

It’s dustbowl weather out there

It’s hard to breathe; its even harder to care

When you’ve been taught to believe that nothing is fair

And somehow somebody should pay

It’s becoming very plain to see

That’s the only way you’ll ever be free

Is to turn your house in to an armory

And sit there locked and loaded on judgement day

Chorus

It’s dustbowl weather out there

Feel like I’m strapped into an electric chair

While I’m forced to watch an orange dancing bear

Fall in love with his own words

It’s like we’ve forged a continental divide

And every one of us has to pick a side

No peace, no love, the river has grown too wide

Keeps getting more and more absurd