

Fairy Tale of Meteorology

It was Christmas Eve babe
In the drunk tank
An old man said to me
Won't see another one
And then he sang a song
The Rare Old Mountain Dew
I turned my face away
And dreamed about you

Got on a lucky one
Came in eighteen to one
I've got a feeling
This year's for me and you
So happy Christmas
I love you baby
I can see a better time
When all our dreams come true

They've got cars big as bars
They've got rivers of gold
But the wind goes right through you
It's no place for the old
When you first took my hand
On a cold Christmas Eve
You promised me
Broadway was waiting for me

You were handsome
You were pretty
Queen of New York City
When the band finished playing
They howled out for more
Sinatra was swinging
All the drunks they were singing
We kissed on a corner
Then danced through the night

The boys of the NYPD choir
Were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out
For Christmas day

It's always been the same
In my family
I mention climate change
And they just shun me
I don't believe that tripe
I'm sticking to my guns
The only ones I trust
Are Positive Weather Solutions

Well that's about to end
Come on and see my friends
I've got in Reading
They're dying to meet you
So Harry Potter
Have fear no longer
You'll see better place
Where all your dreams come true

They've got classes on clouds
They do they research on rain
Once you've started to learn
Then your life will be changed
You'll take photos of rainbows
And tweet about sleet
You'll be checking the radar
Like a true weather geek

Sounds awesome
It's peachy!
Can't wait 'til they teach me
'bout convection and cyclones
Shear, pressure and winds
You better believe me
Soon you'll know the meaning
Of QBO, ENSO
CAPE, CIN and PV

I'm taking you to Reading
Where you'll start your PhD
Yes it's time for you to learn
Meteorology

<Instrumental>

You're a bum, you're a punk
You're an old slut on junk
Lying there almost dead
On a drip in that bed
You scumbag, you maggot
You cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas your arse
I pray God it's our last

The boys of the NYPD choir
Still singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out
For Christmas day

<Instrumental>

I could have been someone
Well so could anyone
You took my dreams from me
When I first found you
I kept them with me babe
I put them with my own
Can't make it all alone
I've built my dreams around you

<Build up>

The boys of the NYPD choir
Still singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells are ringing out
For Christmas day

<Instrumental>

Shane MacGowen
Kirsty MacColl
Both

<Instrumental>

It's nonsense, it's twaddle
Bogus theories and models
The forecasts are broke
Global warming's a hoax!
You, sir, are a cretin
Express reader, I'm bettin'
Harry's coming to Reading
And you can't do a thing

That department would be shut down
If it were all up to me
I'll never let you learn
Meteorology

<Instrumental>

I know it's right for me
It is your destiny
You have a gift Harry
It's one you must use
So much he doesn't know
We have to let him go
He could be the one to show
The things that we could not prove

<Build up then stop>

Oh alright then!

We're going to go to Reading
Where I'll/you'll start my/your PhD
Yes it's time for me/you to learn
Meteorology

<Instrumental>

Harry
Hogrid
Harry and Hogrid
Dad
Mum