



L A K E R M U S I C

Weather Vane

The glory-bound
The beaten down
Hell-bent for love again
Forget the wind that howls in
And turns the weather vane

The glory-bound
The beaten down
Hell-bent for love again
Forget the wind that howls in
And turns the weather vane

Everybody leaves their mark
Some profound and some
profane
And everybody falls in love
And falls back out again
And everyone can recognize
And call that love by name
Forget the wind that howls in
And turns the weather vane

Everyone meets someone
They'd like to meet again
And everybody knows someone
Who likely feels the same
And everybody's in the dark
And it draws us like a flame
Forget the wind that howls in
And turns the weather vane

Every day we find a way
To make it right as rain
And every day's another way
We try and try again
When we succeed, we fill the
need
And sanctify the pain
Forget the wind that howls in
And turns the weather vane

Words and music: David Francey
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