

The Met Song

Some folks study neurology
Technical ethics or Spanish mythology
Me, I'm an expert in meteorology
Just 'cos I'm learning to fly

Chorus

Warm fronts and cold fronts, depressions, occlusions
I'm perfectly sure met men suffer delusions
For they always draw the wrong conclusions
They haven't a clue, how or why

You may think the met man's a bit of a clot
But I am informed that he knows quite a lot
Though all I can say is "God only knows what"
For it hasn't yet reached you or I

They look down with scorn on the old Shepherd's warning
And say that it's bound to be fine in the morning
And then when it's raining like hell with the dawning
They say the humidity's high

Dunstable said that the cu-nimbs would grow
So Lorne declared Strasbourg and started to go
But he landed at Farnham in three feet of snow
And he dented his wonderful Sky

Met men pronounced it would be a dull day
So we sent off a pupil to try for his 'A'
He made a spot landing in Botany Bay
We retrieved him by way of Shanghai

They're quite sure there's fog on the Cornish Riviera
A heatwave in Lapland and snow in Madeira
But when you enquire what it's going to do here
"Err It may rain - it may remain dry"

Fur cones and seaweed are no good at all
So throw them away and give Larkhill a call
For though all their forecasts may mean b----r all
Well, at least you'll admit that they try.