**Weather Obsession**

What is this British obsession,

With talking about the weather?

Conversations that go round in a loop,

It seems to take forever.

It’s not a massive surprise,

There’s quite a simple reason,

The weather changes through the year,

On account of the sodding seasons!

Spring will follow winter,

Summer follows Spring,

Autumn follows Summer,

It’s a cyclical kind of thing.

‘Isn’t it hot, I just can’t bear it!’

‘You’re really not going to die,’

Just chuck some more ice in your gin,

And simply enjoy the ride!

The people who moan about summer,

Are the same ones who every year,

Will get on a plane to fly to Spain,

For sunshine and cheap Spanish beer.

Don’t worry this is British summer,

We’ll only get three days of sun,

We’ll soon be back to drizzle and gloom,

Oh won’t it be such fun!

And when the winter finally comes,

The moaning will start anew,

‘I’m freezing my tits off out here,

My heating bill’s gone through the roof!

The sun’s too hot, the rain’s too wet,

The snow’s too fucking snowy,

This fog is just too foggy,

The wind is too frigging blowy!

You may not love the heat,

It may turn you into a grump,

But if the rain pisses on your BBQ,

You’ll soon have the fucking hump!

You can’t sunbathe in winter,

You can’t wear jumpers in June,

Just try to enjoy the summer,

It’ll all be over soon!