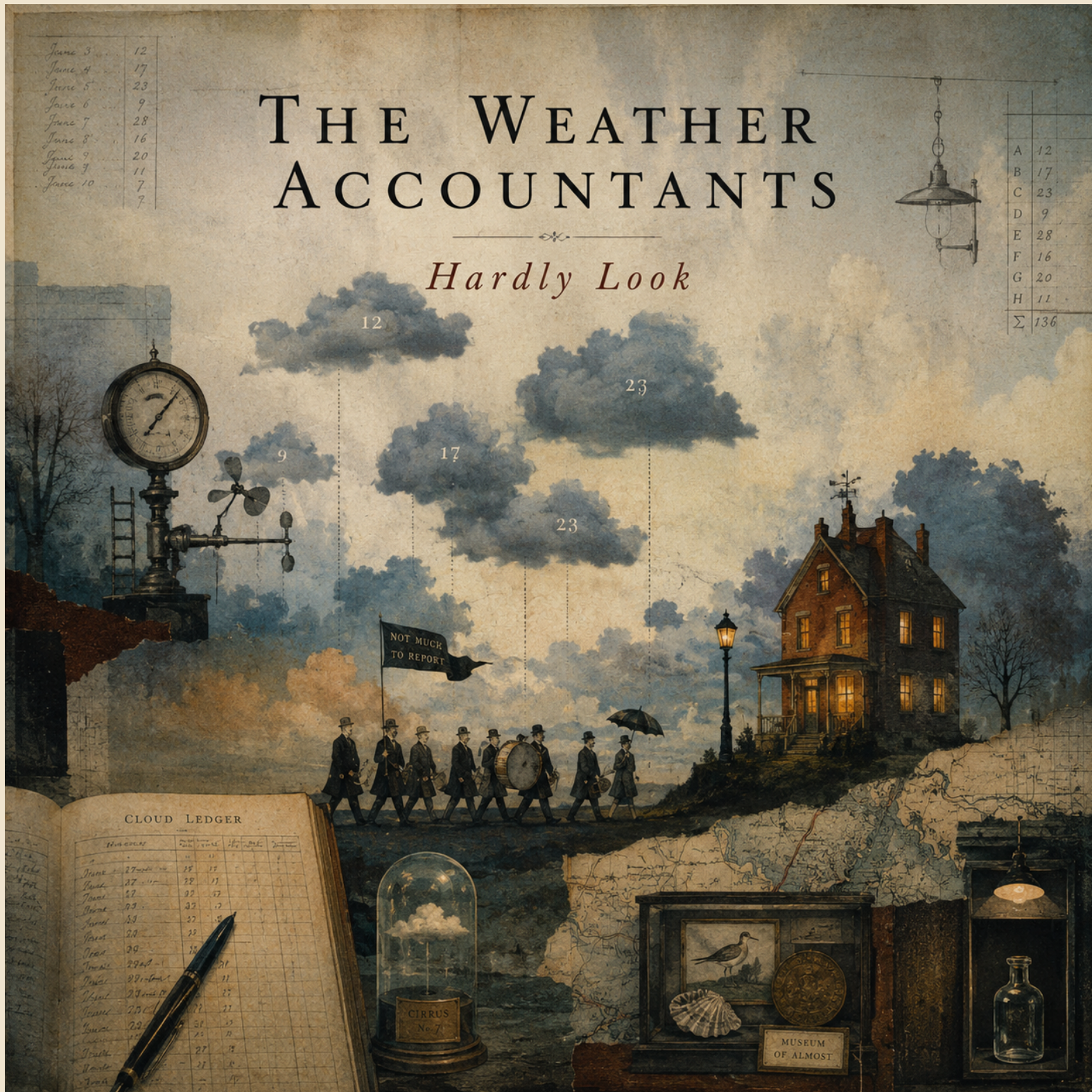


June 3	12
June 4	17
June 5	23
June 6	9
June 7	28
June 8	16
June 9	20
June 9	11
June 10	7
June 10	7

# THE WEATHER ACCOUNTANTS

*Hardly Look*

A	12
B	17
C	23
D	9
E	28
F	16
G	20
H	11
Σ	136



## CLOUD LEDGER

Name	12	17	23	9	28	16	20	11	7
June 3	12	17	23	9	28	16	20	11	7
June 4	17	23	9	28	16	20	11	7	7
June 5	23	9	28	16	20	11	7	7	7
June 6	9	28	16	20	11	7	7	7	7
June 7	28	16	20	11	7	7	7	7	7
June 8	16	20	11	7	7	7	7	7	7
June 9	20	11	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
June 9	11	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
June 10	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
June 10	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7

NOT MUCH  
TO REPORT

CIRRUS  
No. 7

MUSEUM  
OF ALMOST



# THE WEATHER ACCOUNTANTS

## Hardly Look

Lead vocal: Eldon Vane

Genre: Deadpan Alternative Folk-Rock

Year: 2026

*Hardly Look* is the debut album by The Weather Accountants: a dry, deadpan collection of early-90s alternative folk-rock songs about clouds, regret, domestic hauntings, impossible municipal events, and the strange dignity of people trying to keep small things from disappearing.

- 01 - The Man Who Counted Clouds
- 02 - The Committee for Small Regrets
- 03 - Harold and the Weather Machine
- 04 - A Very Small Parade
- 05 - The House That Forgot Us
- 06 - Everybody Bring a Chair
- 07 - The Woman Who Watered the Lamps
- 08 - The Museum of Almost
- 09 - Hardly Look

## 01 - The Man Who Counted Clouds

There was a man who counted clouds  
From a bench outside the bank  
He said he kept a ledger  
Of the shapes before they sank //

He had a hat for every Tuesday  
And a pocket full of string  
He said the sky was mostly water  
Trying not to be a thing //

And everybody laughed  
Because everybody knew  
The proper way to see the world  
Is hardly look at you //

So he counted one for sorrow  
He counted two for rain  
He counted three for something  
That he couldn't quite explain //

And when the clouds were over  
And the blue came falling through  
He said, "Funny how the empty  
Has a way of counting you" //

There was a girl who swallowed pennies  
Just to keep her wishes near  
She said she hated fountains  
Because they made the wanting clear //

Her mother called it foolish  
Her father called it rude  
But she jingled when she laughed  
And bought herself a better mood //

And everybody nodded  
Because everybody knows  
The heart is just a market  
Where the cheaper sadness goes //

So she counted one for sorrow  
She counted two for rain  
She counted three for something  
That she couldn't quite explain //

And when the night was over  
And the light came falling through  
She said, "Funny how the empty  
Has a way of counting you" //

A doctor made a chart  
A priest produced a bell  
A dog beneath the table  
Seemed to understand them well //

The mayor gave a speech  
About the value of the sane  
Then forgot why he was standing  
In the middle of the rain //

Now the man still counts the weather  
And the girl still keeps her change  
They meet on every Thursday  
When the pigeons rearrange //

They do not speak of meaning  
They do not speak of fate  
They just sit there very quietly  
And let the clouds get late //

And they count one for sorrow  
They count two for rain  
They count three for something  
That they cannot quite explain //

And when the world is over  
And the blue comes falling through  
They'll say, "Funny how the empty  
Has a way of counting you" //

WEATHER NOTES

high clouds  
moving east  
chance of rain  
by afternoon





## 02 - The Committee for Small Regrets

There's a committee for small regrets  
That meets beneath the stairs  
They keep minutes in a shoebox  
And they vote on what was fair

The chairman is a dentist  
With a pocket full of string  
He says every little failure  
Has a bell it likes to ring

And I was only passing through  
With a hat I didn't need  
When someone took attendance  
And they wrote me down as 'me'

So I'm sorry for the window  
I'm sorry for the rain  
I'm sorry for the afternoon  
That learned to say your name

I'm sorry for the doorbell  
I'm sorry for the moon  
I'm sorry that I noticed  
I was leaving much too soon

There's a woman by the radiator  
Who apologizes twice  
Once for being lonely  
Once for seeming nice

She keeps a jar of buttons  
From the coats of former men  
She says, 'Every time I lose one  
I become myself again'

And everybody nodded  
Like a very tired court  
Where the evidence was missing  
But the trial had been short

So I'm sorry for the window  
I'm sorry for the rain  
I'm sorry for the afternoon  
That learned to say your name

I'm sorry for the doorbell  
I'm sorry for the moon  
I'm sorry that I noticed  
I was leaving much too soon

The treasurer read the balance  
Of the things we nearly said  
There were seven acts of kindness  
And a sandwich full of dread

The secretary whispered  
As she straightened up her chair  
"The trouble with forgiveness  
Is it leaves you standing there"

Now I don't attend the meetings  
But they send me little notes  
Written on the backs of receipts  
And the collars of old coats

They say the world is mostly weather  
They say guilt is mostly glue  
They say if you keep counting  
It starts counting you

So I'm sorry for the window  
I'm sorry for the rain  
I'm sorry for the afternoon  
That learned to say your name

I'm sorry for the doorbell  
I'm sorry for the moon  
I'm sorry that I noticed  
I was leaving much too soon

## 03 - Harold and the Weather Machine

Harold built a weather machine  
From a toaster and a rake  
He said the clouds were badly managed  
And the rain deserved a break

He kept it in the garden shed  
Beside the winter tires  
With a map of local thunder  
And a box of tangled wires

The neighbors called it foolish  
The children called it art  
His wife just called him Harold  
Which was harder on the heart

Turn it on, Harold  
Let the little motor run  
Make a storm for everybody  
Make a shadow for the sun

Turn it on, Harold  
If it knows what weather means  
Maybe it can tell us  
What became of all our dreams

He tested it on Tuesday  
With the mayor looking on  
The pigeons flew in circles  
And the church bell rang at dawn

A woman dropped her groceries  
A dog recited facts  
The sky made one apology  
Then quietly took it back

The paper called it progress  
The priest called it a sign  
Harold called it 'mostly smoke'  
And went inside to dine

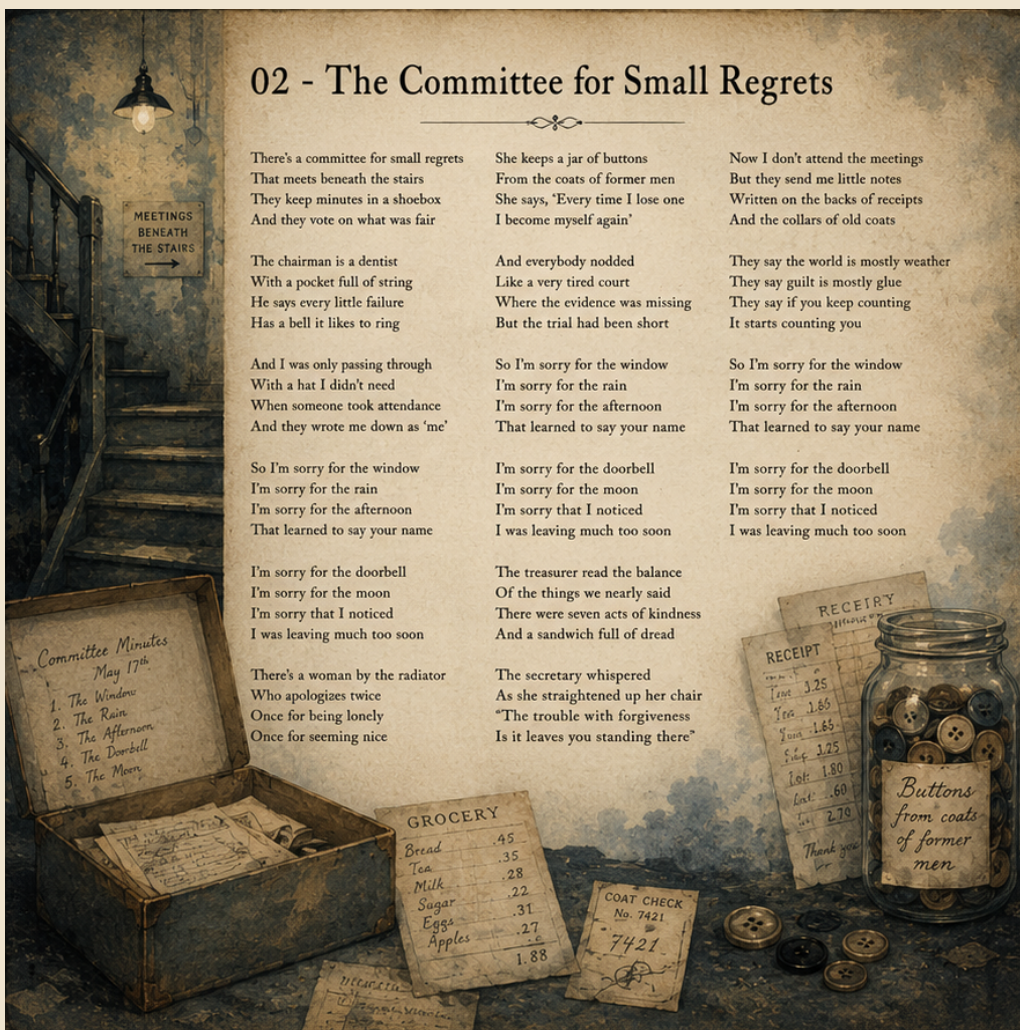
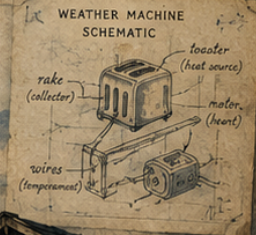
Turn it on, Harold  
Let the little motor run  
Make a storm for everybody  
Make a shadow for the sun

Turn it on, Harold  
If it knows what weather means  
Maybe it can tell us  
What became of all our dreams

But late at night the shed would glow  
A pale uncertain blue  
And Harold heard the thunder ask  
What he was trying to prove

He said, 'I only wanted rain  
To fall where it was missed'  
The thunder said, 'That's touching,  
But I wasn't built for this'

They found him in September  
With a screwdriver and tea  
The machine was softly humming  
In the key of 'let it be'





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	7

## 04 - A Very Small Parade

There was a very small parade  
That came through town at noon  
With seven men, a paper flag  
And one confused bassoon

They marched beside the pharmacy  
Then turned around the square  
The mayor waved politely  
At almost no one there

Oh, carry on  
Carry on  
Even if the band is gone

Raise your little paper sign  
Try to keep a crooked line  
Carry on  
Carry on

A woman from the bakery  
Threw crumbs into the street  
She said all public sadness  
Should have something small to eat

A dog saluted badly  
A child dropped his shoe  
The clouds came down to watch it  
But they had other things to do

Oh, carry on  
Carry on  
Even if the band is gone

Raise your little paper sign  
Try to keep a crooked line  
Carry on  
Carry on

No one knew the reason  
No one knew the route  
But everyone felt better  
For having been left out

Oh, carry on  
Carry on  
Even if the band is gone

Raise your little paper sign  
Try to keep a crooked line  
Carry on  
Carry on

## 05 - The House That Forgot Us

The house began forgetting us  
In little ways at first  
It misplaced all the photographs  
Then alphabetized the dust

It left the kettle empty  
It let the hallway lean  
It hummed a song from childhood  
That neither of us had seen

Oh, the house that forgot us  
Still knows how to stand  
With its windows full of weather  
And its doorknobs full of hands

If you listen after midnight  
You can hear the floorboards say  
There were people here once  
But they moved away

The bedroom kept your perfume  
Till the winter made it thin  
The mirror turned its face around  
And would not let me in

The kitchen table bowed its head  
The chairs all looked ashamed  
The clock went on rehearsing  
How to mispronounce your name

Oh, the house that forgot us  
Still knows how to stand  
With its windows full of weather  
And its doorknobs full of hands

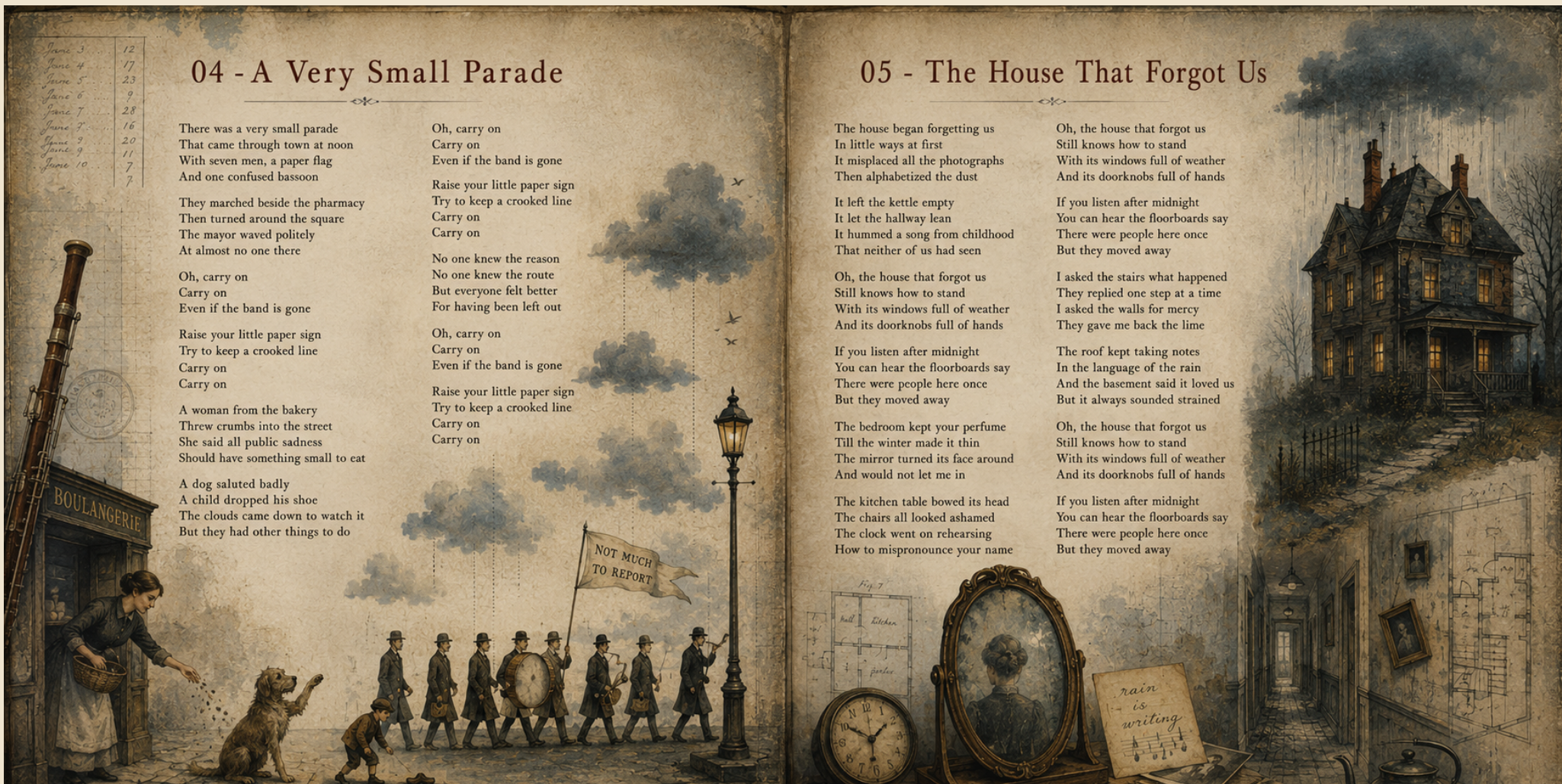
If you listen after midnight  
You can hear the floorboards say  
There were people here once  
But they moved away

I asked the stairs what happened  
They replied one step at a time  
I asked the walls for mercy  
They gave me back the lime

The roof kept taking notes  
In the language of the rain  
And the basement said it loved us  
But it always sounded strained

Oh, the house that forgot us  
Still knows how to stand  
With its windows full of weather  
And its doorknobs full of hands

If you listen after midnight  
You can hear the floorboards say  
There were people here once  
But they moved away





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## 06 - Everybody Bring a Chair

There's a meeting in the meadow  
By the very nervous tree  
Everybody bring a chair  
And something small to eat

Mrs. Bell will bring the minutes  
Mr. Crane will bring the rain  
I will bring a folded map  
Of places with no name

And if nobody knows why we came  
Well, that's a kind of plan  
Sometimes standing in a field  
Is how a field becomes a man

Everybody bring a chair  
Everybody bring your weather  
We can sit here looking worried  
At the sky until it's better

Everybody bring a spoon  
Everybody bring a string  
If the world is coming loose  
We'll tie it to something

There's a rumor from the postman  
That the moon has filed a claim  
On a quarter of the river  
And a half-forgotten name

The librarian says nonsense  
The barber says it's true  
The children drew a diagram  
And accidentally proved it too

And if the clouds refuse to answer  
We'll applaud them when they pass  
There's a dignity in drifting  
If you drift with enough class

Everybody bring a chair  
Everybody bring your weather  
We can sit here looking worried  
At the sky until it's better

Everybody bring a spoon  
Everybody bring a string  
If the world is coming loose  
We'll tie it to something

The mayor gave a lantern  
To a man who wasn't there  
The choir hummed politely  
At the quality of air

Someone said, "Be patient"  
Someone said, "Begin"  
Someone dropped a sandwich  
And the ants came filing in

Everybody bring a chair  
Everybody bring your weather  
We can sit here looking worried  
At the sky until it's better

Everybody bring a spoon  
Everybody bring a string  
If the world is coming loose  
We'll tie it to something

## 07 - The Woman Who Watered the Lamps

There was a woman on Linden Street  
Who watered all her lamps  
She said the light was living  
And the living needed hands

She kept a little silver can  
Beside the kitchen door  
And every night at half-past nine  
She gave each bulb a pour

And the house stayed warm  
And the windows glowed  
And the shadows learned  
Where not to go

She did not ask  
For much in return  
Just something small  
That still could burn

Her husband was a photograph  
In a navy frame of blue  
Her children called on Sundays  
When they remembered to

She never said she missed them  
She never said she cried  
She just watered all the lamps  
And kept the evening bright

And the house stayed warm  
And the windows glowed  
And the shadows learned  
Where not to go

She did not ask  
For much in return  
Just something small  
That still could burn

The neighbors said it wasn't right  
The doctor said, "perhaps"  
The priest said light was metaphor  
And she said, "not in lamps"

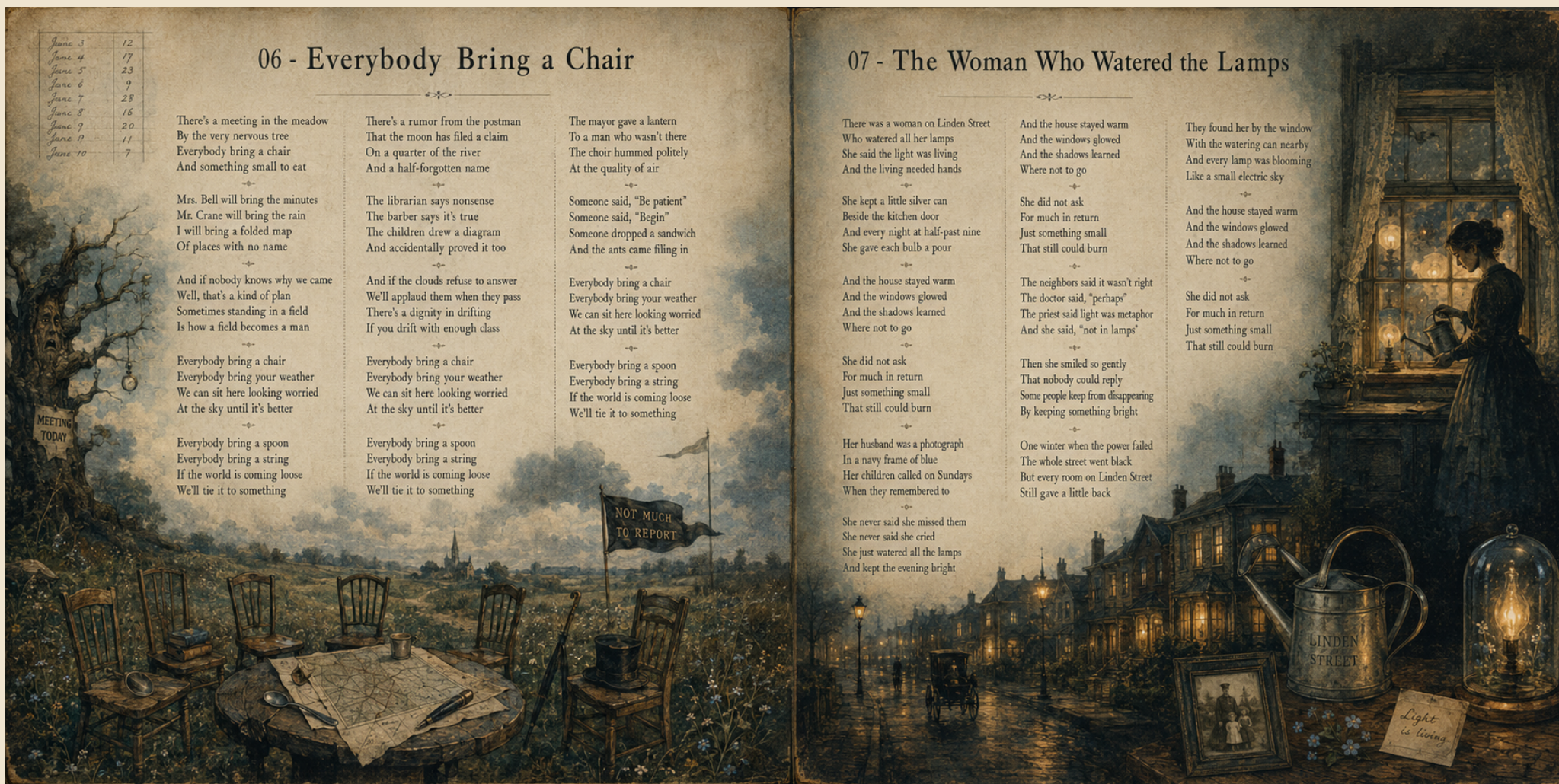
Then she smiled so gently  
That nobody could reply  
Some people keep from disappearing  
By keeping something bright

One winter when the power failed  
The whole street went black  
But every room on Linden Street  
Still gave a little back

They found her by the window  
With the watering can nearby  
And every lamp was blooming  
Like a small electric sky

And the house stayed warm  
And the windows glowed  
And the shadows learned  
Where not to go

She did not ask  
For much in return  
Just something small  
That still could burn





## 08 - The Museum of Almost

There's a museum downtown  
In a building painted gray  
Where they keep the little futures  
That got nervous and walked away //

There's a ticket from a train  
That nobody ever caught  
And a ring inside a drawer  
That was very nearly bought //

The guide speaks very softly  
Like the walls are keeping score  
She says, "Please enjoy the things  
That didn't happen anymore" //

At the Museum of Almost  
Everything is nearly true  
There's a room for what I wanted  
And a wing for what I knew //

There are names behind the glass  
There are maps that fell apart  
At the Museum of Almost  
You can almost see your heart //

There's a postcard never mailed  
From a beach nobody reached  
There's a speech folded twice  
That nobody ever preached //

There's a dress still in its paper  
There's a key without a door  
There's a photograph of someone  
Who was happy just before //

The children ask the questions  
That the grown-ups walk around  
Like, "If nothing really happened  
Why is everybody looking down?" //

At the Museum of Almost  
Everything is nearly true  
There's a room for what I wanted  
And a wing for what I knew //

There are names behind the glass  
There are maps that fell apart  
At the Museum of Almost  
You can almost see your heart //

In the back they keep apologies  
Arranged by size and year  
The smallest ones are polished  
The largest disappear //

There's a hallway full of windows  
Looking out on where you've been  
And every time you leave it  
You walk through it again //

I found a note I meant to write  
In nineteen ninety-two  
It said, "I'm sorry I was frightened  
By the thought of being true" //

I put it back beneath the glass  
Beside a silver spoon  
And signed the guestbook carefully  
"I may return here soon" //

At the Museum of Almost  
Everything is nearly true  
There's a room for what I wanted  
And a wing for what I knew //

There are names behind the glass  
There are maps that fell apart  
At the Museum of Almost  
You can almost see your heart //

## 09 - Hardly Look

I knew a man who lost his keys  
Then found them in his hand  
He said the trouble with the world  
Is mostly where you stand //

He stared into the mirror  
Till the mirror had to leave  
Then blamed it on the lighting  
And the things he could believe //

Everybody's searching  
Everybody shook  
But some things only show up  
When you hardly look //

Hardly look  
There it goes  
The little light  
Nobody knows //

Turn your head  
Let it pass  
Some truths arrive  
Like weather on the glass //

Hardly look  
And there it is  
The thing you lost  
By needing it //

I met a girl who kept a jar  
Of nearly perfect days  
She said they spoiled quickly  
If you opened them all the way //

She gave one to a stranger  
Who was crying at the store  
He held it like a peach  
And didn't cry much anymore //

Everybody's reaching  
Everybody took  
But some things only stay there  
When you hardly look //

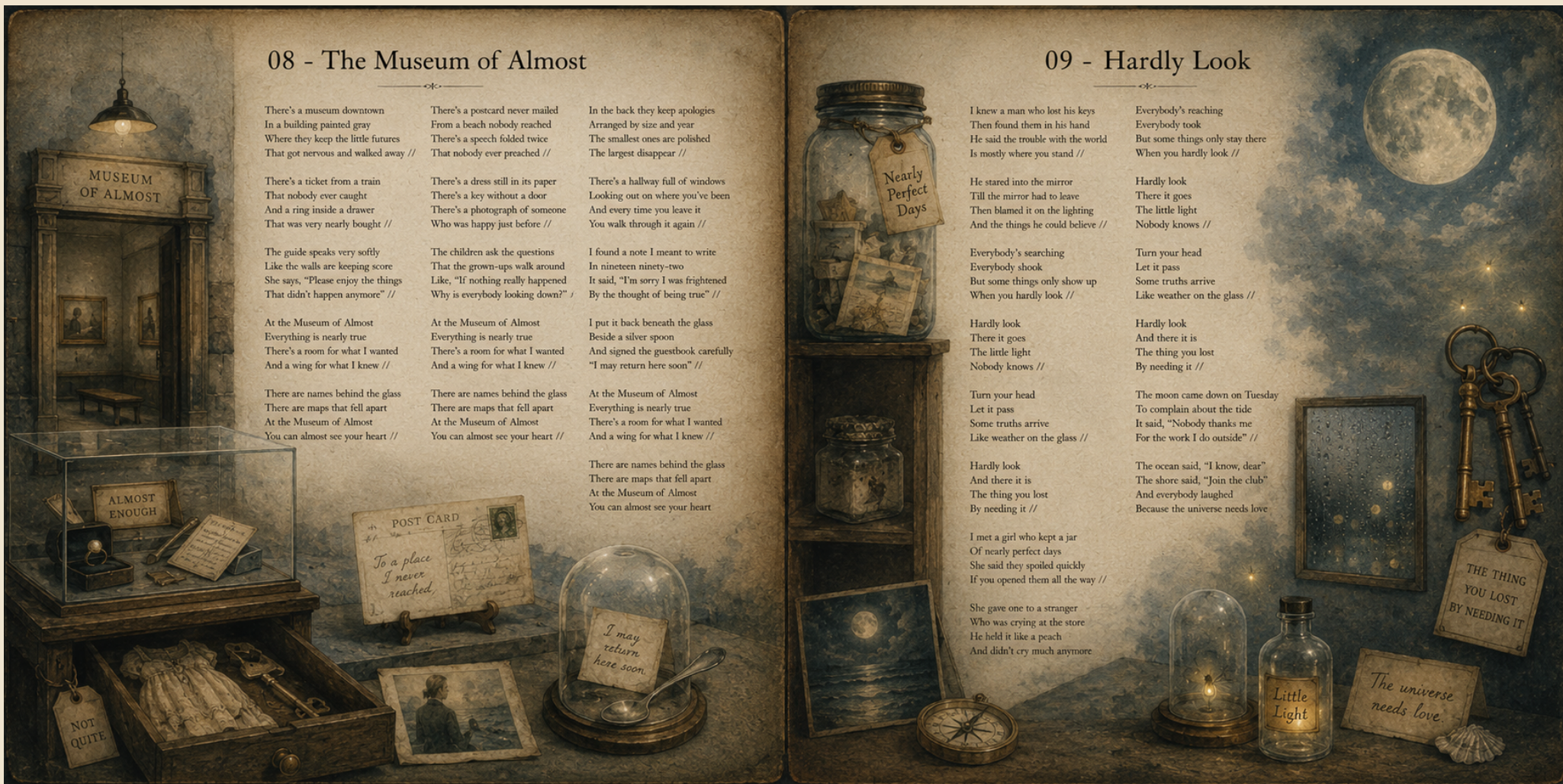
Hardly look  
There it goes  
The little light  
Nobody knows //

Turn your head  
Let it pass  
Some truths arrive  
Like weather on the glass //

Hardly look  
And there it is  
The thing you lost  
By needing it //

The moon came down on Tuesday  
To complain about the tide  
It said, "Nobody thanks me  
For the work I do outside" //

The ocean said, "I know, dear"  
The shore said, "Join the club"  
And everybody laughed  
Because the universe needs love //





# THE WEATHER ACCOUNTANTS

## *Hardly Look*

- 01 The Man Who Counted Clouds
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*Lead vocal:* Eldon Vane

*Genre:* Deadpan Alternative Folk-Rock

2026

*All songs written and arranged by The Weather Accountants  
Recorded in imaginary rooms and honest weather  
Thanks to those who still take records home*

The Weather Accountants  
*Hardly Look*

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