

THE WEATHER ACCOUNTANTS

Hardly Look

- 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

Lead vocal: Eldon Vane

Genre: Deadpan Alternative Folk-Rock

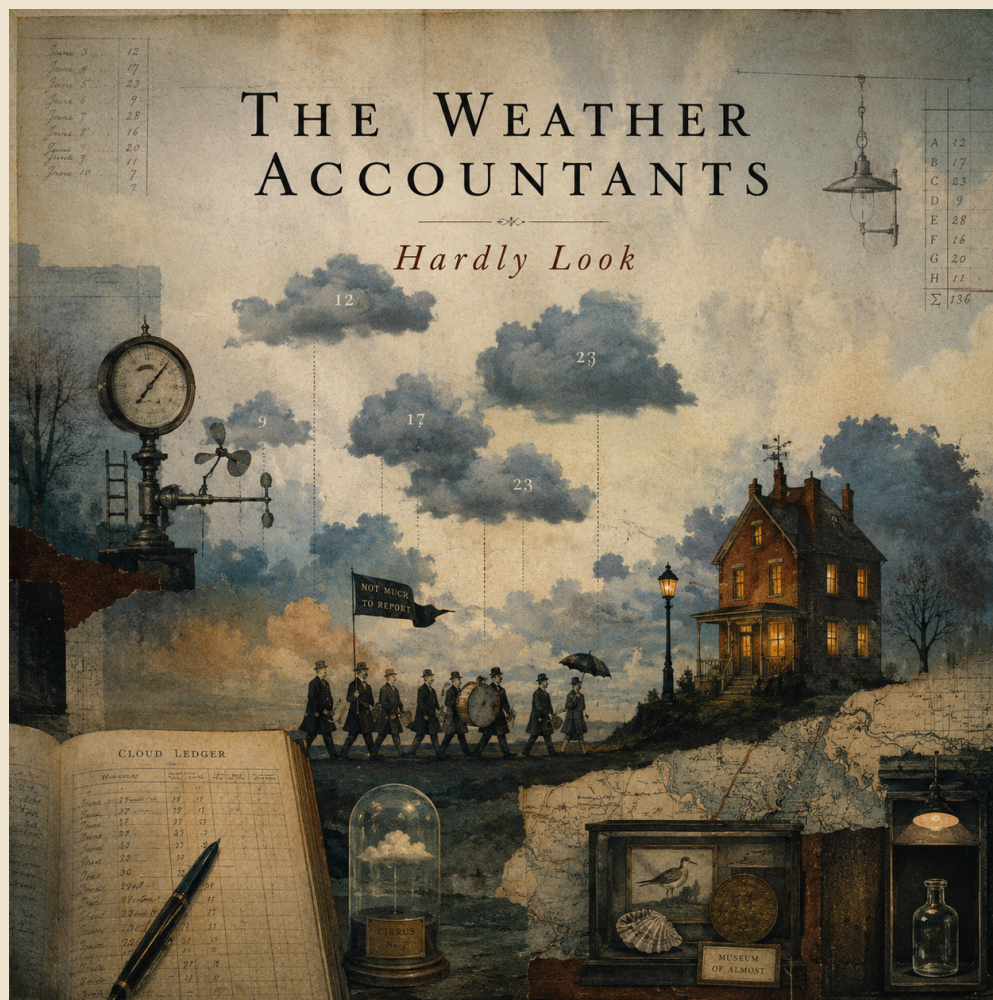
2026

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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CLOUD LEDGER			
Date	Time	Wind	Temp
June 3	12	17	23
June 4	17	22	17
June 5	23	12	10
June 6	23	9	12
June 7	28	19	18
June 8	16	26	16
June 9	20	11	16
June 10	7	7	16
June 10	7	7	16



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Hardly Look

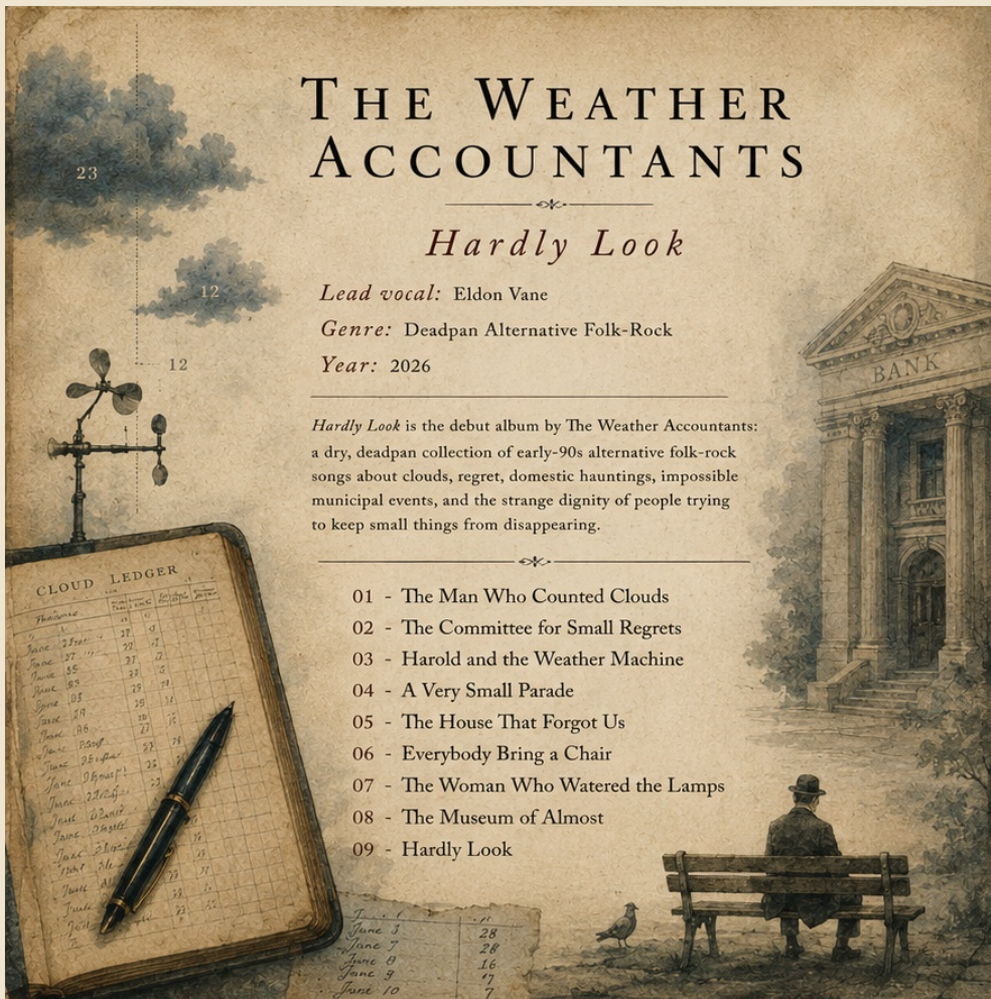
Lead vocal: Eldon Vane

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.

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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 //

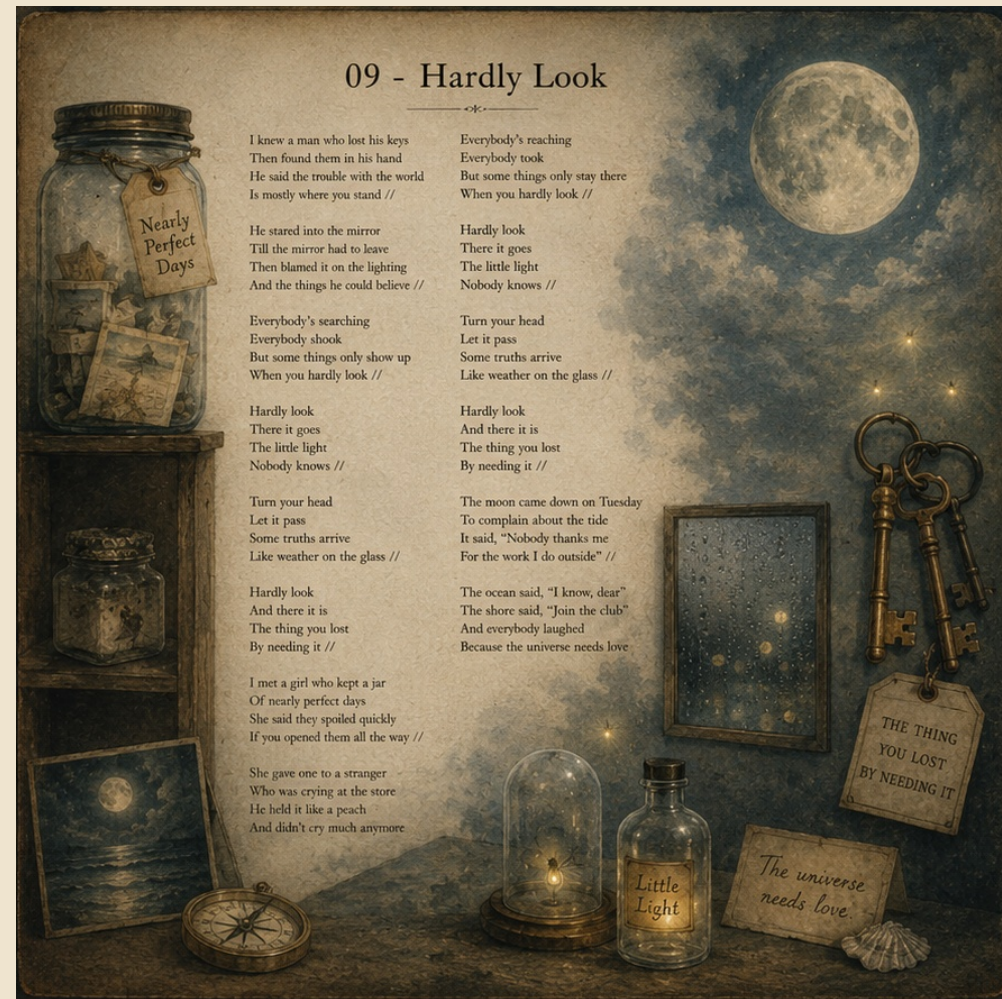
Hardly look
There it goes
The little light
Nobody knows //

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



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 //

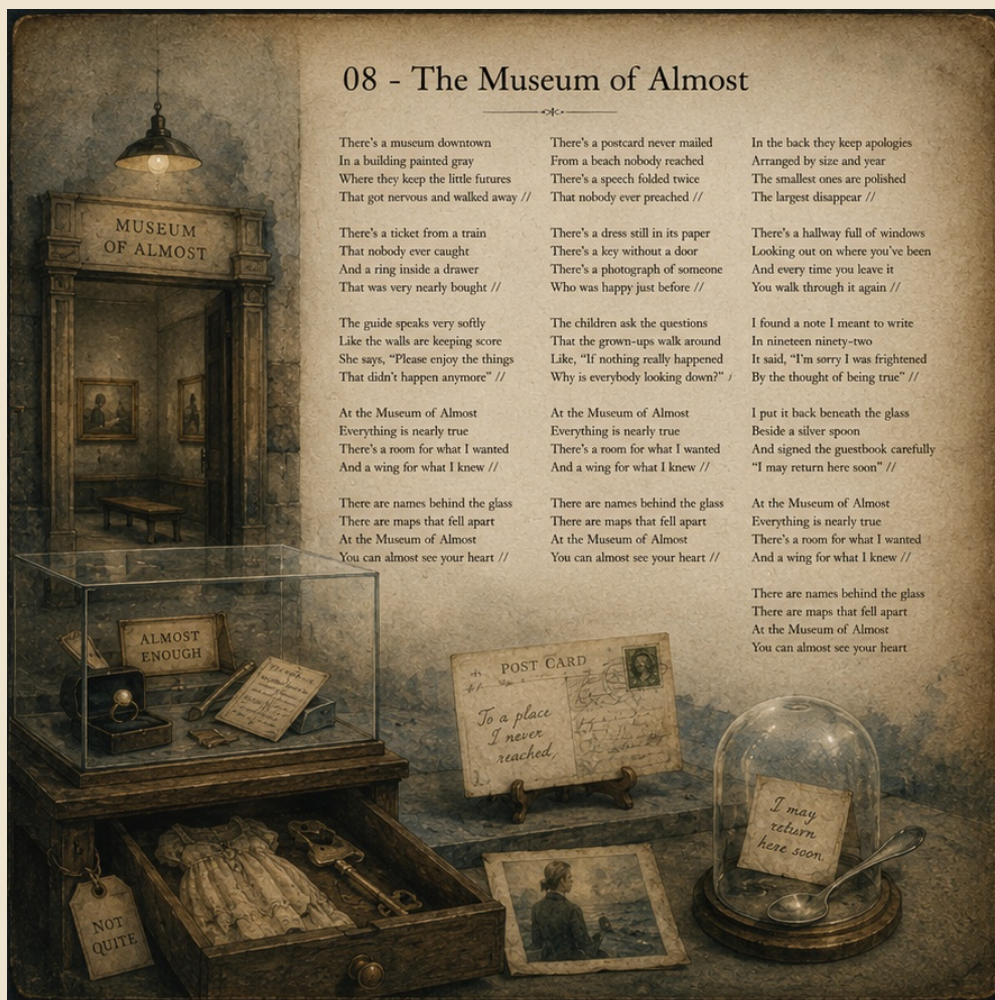
There's a hallway full of windows
Looking out on where you've been
And every time you leave it
You walk through it again //

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 //



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 //

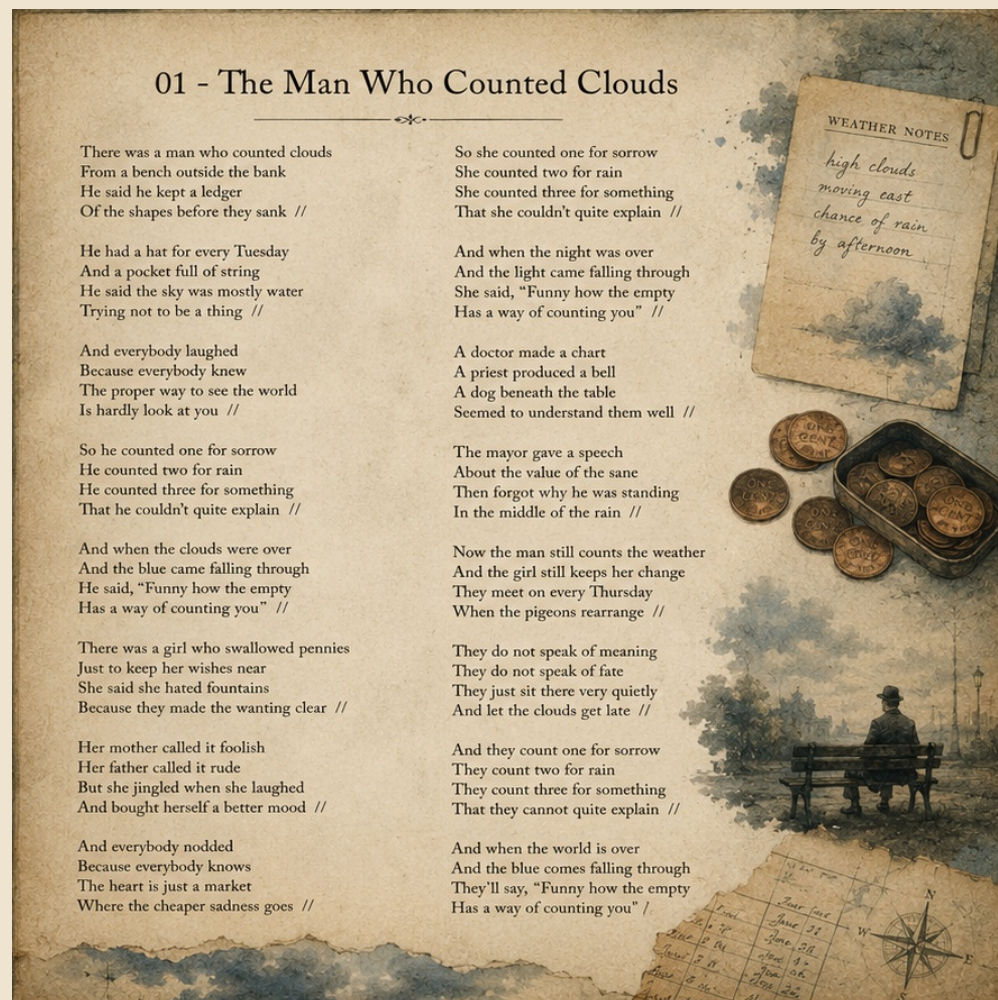
The mayor gave a speech
About the value of the sane
Then forgot why he was standing
In the middle of the rain //

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" //



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

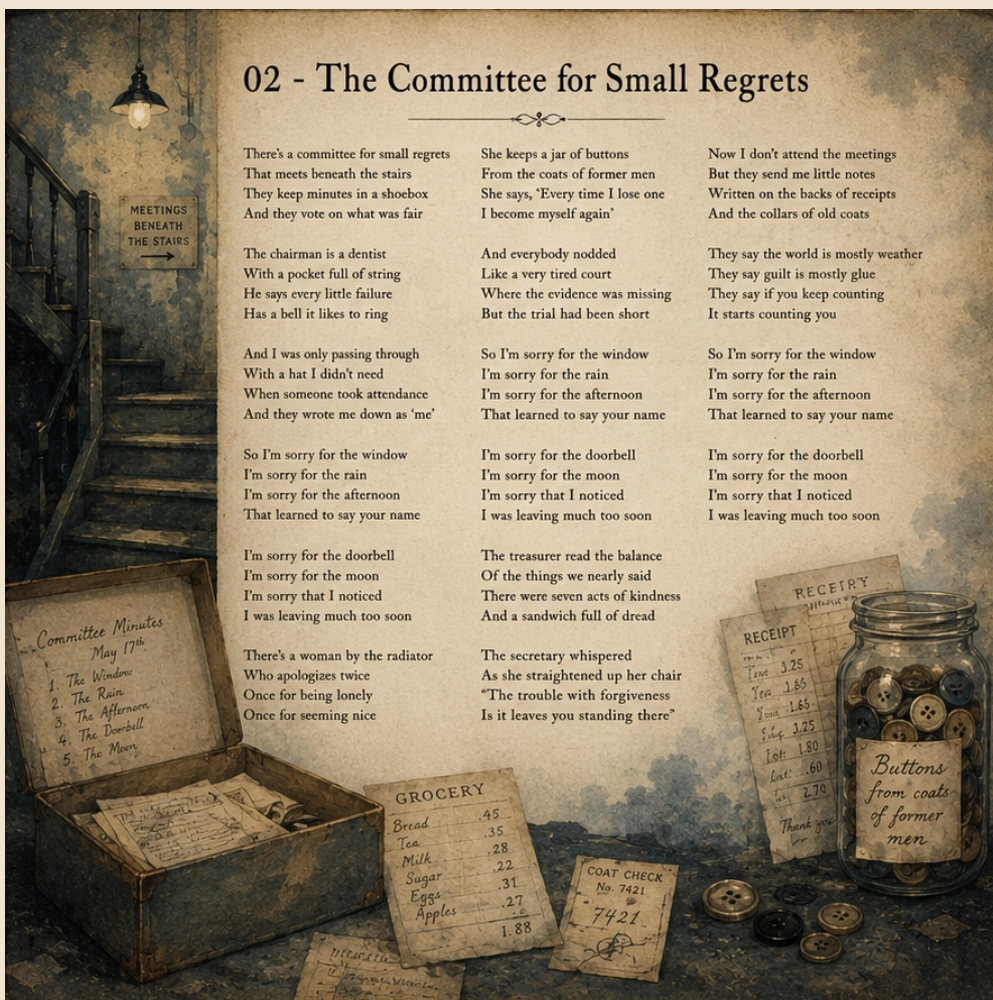
The secretary whispered
As she straightened up her chair
"The trouble with forgiveness
Is it leaves you standing there"

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



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"

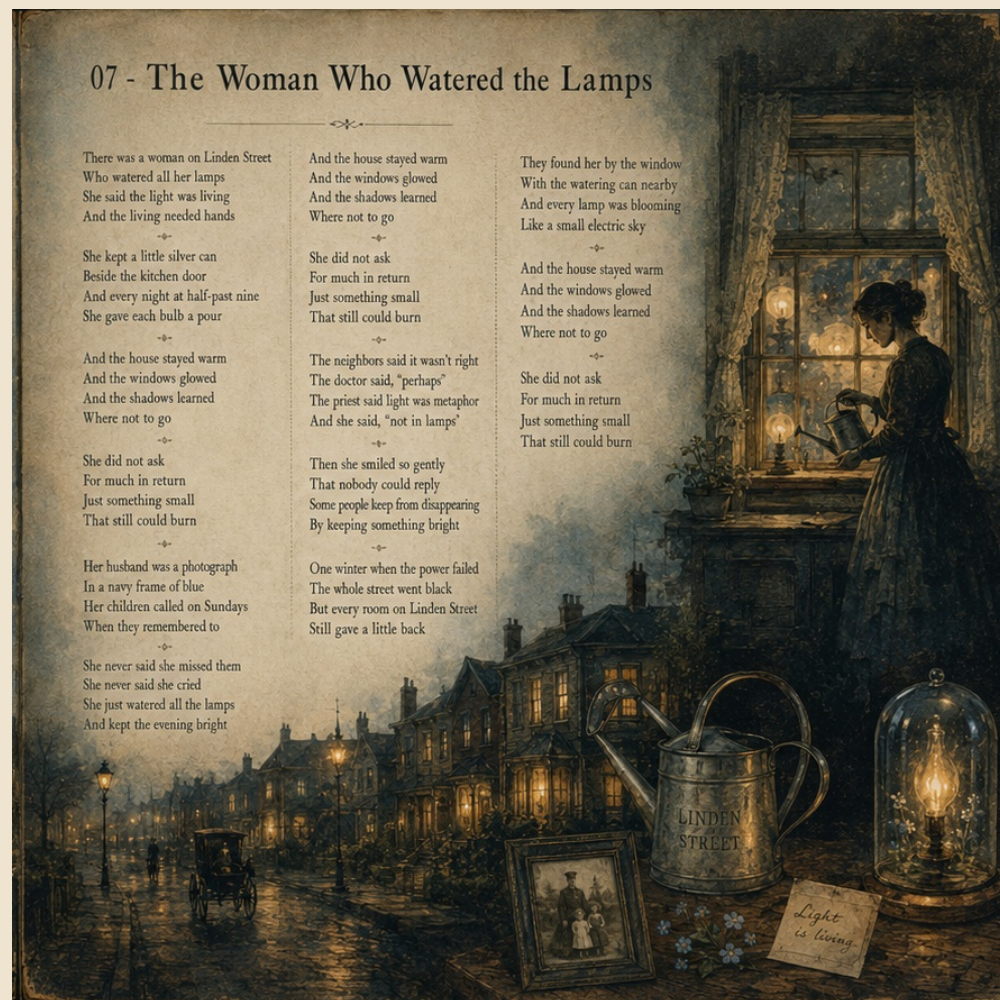
Then she smiled so gently
That nobody could reply
Some people keep from disappearing
By keeping something bright

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



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

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



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

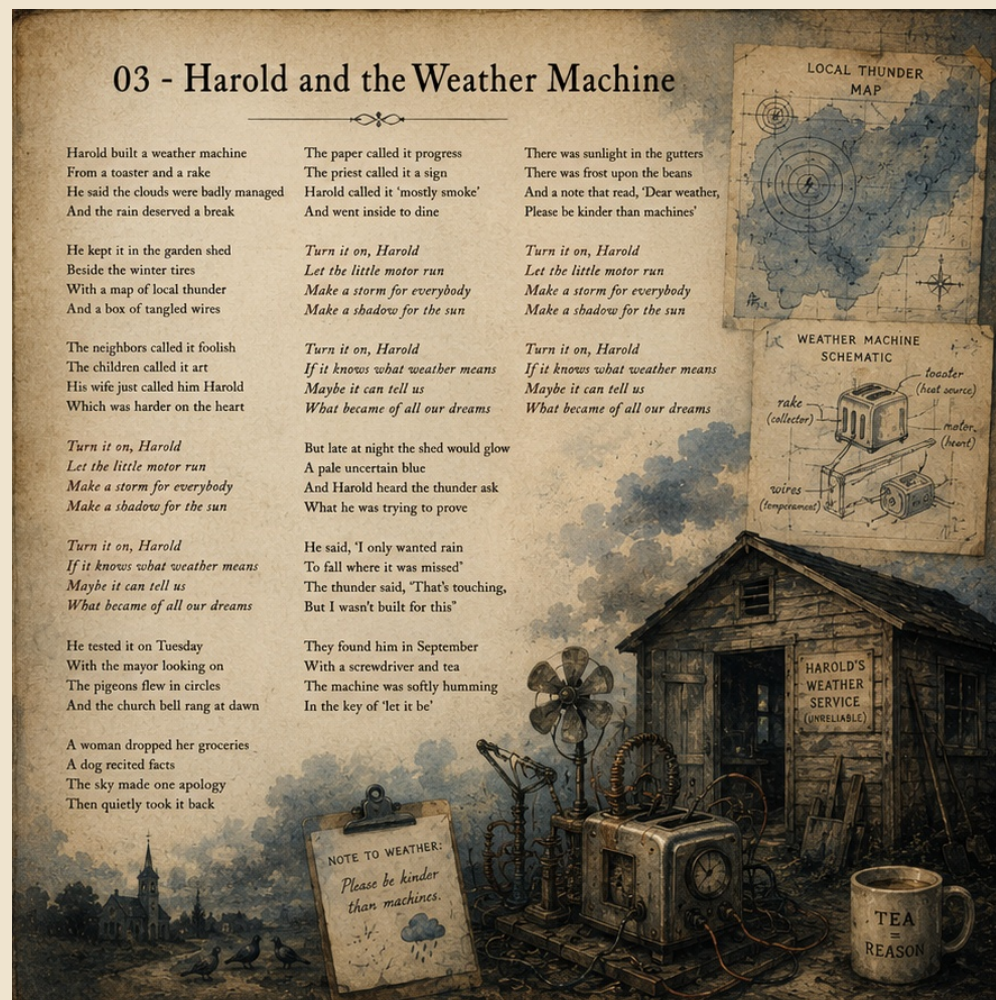
Turn it on, Harold
Let the little motor run
Make a storm for everybody
Make a shadow for the sun

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

