

It Doesn't Rain That Much

Lyrics and Music by Mark Osier

It goes like clockwork every fall - the geese in chevron fly
Heading south for warmer climes - we're not sure how or why
The lemmings tend to gather and in mighty hordes march on
And every year in August fannish folk all head to worldcon

It's been fifty years since we did one and Seacon was its name
Our hangover is finally gone - it's time to go again
We're sure that we could give you your own little slice of heaven
If you'll come to the great northwest in two thousand eleven

Though other cities want to host we know we'll do it better
But despite all we can offer people grumble 'bout our weather
But I know you're too smart to believe such idle prattle
So everybody come out to the worldcon in Seattle

CHORUS

It doesn't rain that much - I tell you it's no lie
Besides it's worldcon - just when did you plan to go outside?
The mountains they are beautiful - the Sound is blue and clear
So in twenty eleven let's all have the worldcon here

BRIDGE

We've got wild Orcas in the Sound - gourmet coffee all around
And a Needle that points right to outer space
So many sights - you've gotta see 'em
We've got a sci-fi museum
I can't imagine a more perfect place

So return to the Emerald City - yes that really is our name
For if you miss it you will only have yourself to blame
Seattle - twenty eleven - time to bring worldcon back here
'Cuz we may not do another bid for another fifty years!