

Clandestine, Tornado Song

(J. Hamel)

I will gladly go where I have never travelled,
I will gladly go where I have never been.
And he rumbles and he purrs,
And his eyes are large and slow,
And she tosses in his arms,
And she tries to keep control
The tornado inside her refuses to slow,
And he pinions the bird and says, "I will not let go."
And the lovely shall be choosers, shall they?
Voices thunder from the sky
And it all becomes too much
when the lovely make the quiet cry.
I will gladly go where I have never travelled,
I will gladly go where I have never been.