

Dogs Damour, Hurricane

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Oh, theres this guy I know
Hes an actor, he may be let go
He just sits in a bar
His beautiful wife she loves him so
And he loves her
I hope he never lets her go
He spills out stories to me
As easy as I spill my drink
Hes an undiscovered saint
Just hides behind his war paint
Sleeps through a hurricane, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Hurricane
Sleeps through a hurricane, wow, wow
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Solo:
She whispers to him silently
That hes drank too much again
And it would be, oh, so silly
To end it this way
He spills out stories to me
As easy as I spill my drinks
Oh, hes an undiscovered saint
Just hides behind
Sleeps through a hurricane
Hurricane, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sleeps through a hurricane
Hurricane, yeah, yeah, yeah
Solo:
Oh
Of all the stories ever told
Of all the cats that have slept in all the beds theyve got (???)
Of all the bottles of gin, mothers ruins on him
Bourbon, oh
Im gonna make you a star someday
And then Ill let you burn the wire
Bette Davis
Just like Marilyn Monroe
Aaah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sleeps through a hurricane, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oooh, hurricane, hurricane, hurricane, hurricane
Sleeps through a hurricane, yeah, yeah
Aaaaaah
Oooh, hurricane
Hey, hey, hey
(Sleeps through a hurricane)