

Gary Moore, Running From The Storm

The wind is up
And the sky is falling.
The thunder cracks
And the sea is rolling.

Wonder if we'll ever see tomorrow.
Ride with our backs to the wind,
Don't know if I'll make home again.

Running from the storm.
Running from the storm.
Running from the storm.
Running from the storm.

The sky is black
And the wind is howling.
The lightning strikes
And the sea is raging.

Wonder if we'll ever see tomorrow.
Turning our ships to the sun.
This time there was no place to run.

Running from the storm.
Running from the storm.
Running from the storm.
Running from the storm.

Running from the storm.
etc.