

The Fray, Hurricane

She's so fierce and fuelled like fire,
What's the boy to do?
She doesn't like pressure,
She's got the power,
She's barely five foot two,
She's a hurricane

I see the waves crashing in the harbour just the other break,
I should run and hide with the others
But I can't look away,
Cause she's a hurricane

Yeah, I wanna run