

# Cursive, Dorothy Dreams Of Tornadoes

You said we'd leave next year  
Each year for thirteen years  
Each year, it gets harder to hear  
It's getting harder now just to stay in love

And now our roots grow deep  
Beneath these barren streets  
I have the darkest dreams  
The city's pipes and wires  
Went through our nerves and veins

And those nights, after a double shift, I feel it  
The dashed plans you never dared to live  
They used to light up your eyes  
Those bulbs have long burned out

Let a tornado tear through  
Let it tear straight through our roof  
And let the rain pour in  
I'll scream, "Babe, this is it!"  
We'll leave the house in ruins  
If we escape right now, we just might make it out

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