

# Joel Plaskett, Natural Disaster

The air was getting heavy, I knew that it was coming  
So I started up the Chevy and kept the motor running  
A storm cam down upon and flooded all the rivers  
Surrounded by piranhas and the doctors who deliver  
Anything that you require  
Now the fields are all on fire  
And Im calling down the wire

La de da de da de die  
Batten down the hatches, Becky  
Open up the earth and sky  
Waiting on a natural disaster  
Sitting out on my front porch  
Watching storm clouds moving faster  
Like a natural disaster

A hurricane between us, I saw it on the TV  
I went down to Phoenix to make my last CD  
And nobody got paid  
Just like the good ole days  
You can waste your life away

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I left Nova Scotia and headed down the coast  
Tore a strip off Memphis before I leveled Roanoke  
I punished Pecos County and headed for Las Cruces  
Anyone around me will be covered in my bruises  
You want something to remember me by  
You can write my name in the sky  
Sing la de die