

Kim Carnes, Hurricane

(Kim Carnes/Bill Cuomo)

Warning there's a storm approaching
I see it is moving our way
I can't reach you
The wind hurts my eyes
And we've got to hide

We have got to run
Away from the hurricane
We have go to run
From the island
We have got to run
Away from the hurricane
Hold out your hand
I cannot see you

Warning there's a storm approaching
You, like a bolt of lightning
We were strangers on a train
Thinking that we'd never meet again

We have got to run
Away from the hurricane
We have go to run
From the island
We have got to run
Away from the hurricane
Hold out your hand
I cannot see you

Screaming, is a silent whisper
Find me, I won't let you go now
I can't reach you
The wind hurts my eyes
And we've got to hide

We have got to run
Away from the hurricane
We have go to run
From the island
We have got to run
Away from the hurricane
Hold out your hand
I cannot see you