

Kris Delmhorst, Hurricane

Babe, you always were a hurricane,
The way that first you'd rage and then you'd rain.
And all the calm there in your eye, just felt like a lie, it always changed.

You could see it coming on for miles,
Ripping up the trees and fencepost stiles,
The wind turns warm, the sky goes green, that's the wildest world I've ever seen.

So blow me down, blow me down and leave me lying in your wake.
Lay me low, lay me low in your old way.
Let it rain, let it fall, shake the pictures off the wall and roar away, roar away,
hurricane.

I've always kept the company of clouds.
I like my lightning bright, my thunder loud.
I was never one for bluer skies, all that bright sun droning in my eyes.

So blow me down, blow me down and leave me lying in your wake
Lay me low, lay me low one more time
Let it rain, let it pour, spin me round a little more and roar away, roar away,
hurricane.

The sensible people run, but I'm holding out my tongue,
For just a taste of rain, electricity, I want to feel that change washing over me,

So blow me down, blow me down and leave me lying in your wake,
Lay me low, lay me low just one more time.
Let it rain, let it pour, blow the hinges off the door and roar away, roar away,
hurricane.