

Sparks, The Calm Before The Storm

The dogs are letting postmen come and go
The muscle cars are driving way too slow
And everybody's walking on tip-toe
For every yes, a hundred no's

The kind of day when nothing hits the fan
The kind of day when nothing's in demand
The kind of day when music means Chopin
And love is shown by holding hands
It's the calm before the storm

Something big is coming soon, something that will change your tune
It's the calm before the storm

False sense of security, shown to be a forgery
And everybody's talk is monotone
And everybody's look is monochrome
And everybody's flight has been postponed
The loudest sound's a dial tone.

It's the calm before the storm
Something big is coming soon, something that will change your tune

It's the calm before the storm
False sense of security, shown to be a forgery

Something's about to break, but is isn't clear (Not enough was going on, oh no)
Is it something we should cheer (Not enough was going on, oh yeah)
Is is something we should fear (No enough was going on, oh yeah)
The ocean doesn't feel like making waves

There's no one that the lifeguard needs to save|
And on one's in the mood for feeling brave
We're well behaved, so well behaved

It's the calm before the storm
Something big is coming soon, something that will change your tune

It's the calm before the storm
False sense of security, shown to be a forgery