

The Hush Sound, Hurricane

Send out the morning birds to sing of the damage
Now that the calm's returned, I know I can't manage
You're standing in my doorway, though he's asleep in my bed
The steady murmur, always in my head..
You're the finest thing that I've done, the hurricane I'll never outrun
I could wait around for the dust to still, but I don't believe that it ever will.
And since the roof fell in, I'll lean on what matters
Caught in the slightest wind, everything else unravels
You're standing in my doorway seven cities ago
The days are racing, but you come back too slow..
You're the finest thing that I've done, the hurricane I'll never outrun
I could wait around for the dust to still, but I don't believe that it ever will.
[x2]