

Tom Russell, Hurricane Season

Hurricane season on the home front
All the weak of heart are leaving town
Well baby and me ain't up to goin' just yet
Maybe we'll just drink until we drown
Me, I freshen up a pot of coffee
Baby puts the chain across the door
And pretty soon she's seein' things that I don't see
Like alligators on the bathroom floor

Hurricane season in the kitchen
Baby throws the eggs against the wall
She says, "Don't think I don't know what you been up to, Jack...
With that Puerto Rican slut lives down the hall...
She told me all about it in the laundry room....
She's foldin' her goddamn see-through underwear...
She probably gave you some kind of rare tropical disease
Now I got it and you don't even care"

Like a Hurricane, heh what's your name?
Are you Donna or Marie? Are you Margaret or Elaine?
Do you paint your toe nails in the mornin'...
Yeh, Fire Engine Red or baby blue?
Then you roll downtown in a whirlwind
Yeh, they ought to name a hurricane for you

We saw our bedroom set floating down Piedmont street
Palm trees broken by the wind
So Baby starts packing the essential things
Diet pills, potato chips and gin
Next thing I know we're in a row boat
We're watching our apartment house go down
And Baby's got a jar of gin and tonics
She says, "Christ, I hope the next door neighbors drown."

Last time I saw Baby's in the Red Cross store
She was trying to find a dress she could wear
She said, "God protects the drunks and the adulterers...
The He drowns everyone who says their prayers..."
Now every time I drink a gin and tonic
I order up an extra slice of lime
Cause that's the way my baby used to drink 'em
Back when she was wild and in her prime.

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