

# 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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