

# Walkabouts, Ahead Of The Storm

Gotta trust my name  
No fork in my tongue  
Gotta trust my name

Never saw it blow  
Never saw it blow  
The clouds rained money  
Never saw it blow  
The clouds rained money  
Never saw it blow

Shoulda locked my jaw  
The words are devils  
Shoulda locked my jaw

It wasn't what I saw  
It wasn't what I saw  
Their barrels pointing  
Wasn't what I saw  
Their barrels pointing  
Wasn't what I saw

Ahead of the storm  
Is where I belong  
Ahead of the storm  
With thunder laughing

Gotta trust my name  
But it can't be done  
Gotta trust my name  
But it can't be done

The clouds rained money  
Never saw it blow  
The clouds rained money  
Never saw it blow

Ahead of the storm  
Is where I belong  
Ahead of the storm  
With thunder laughing  
On and on and on...