

Waylon Jennings "Storms Never Last"

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Storms never last do they, baby
Bad times all pass with the winds
Your hand in mine steals the thunder
You make the sun want to shine

Oh, I followed you down so many roads, baby
I picked wild flowers and sung you soft sad songs
And every road we took, God knows, our search was
for the truth
And the storm brewin' now won't be the last

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