

Billy Pilgrim

"Hurricane Season"

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The quarter moon like chalk on a slate
Board the windows up before it's too late
The weather man and my horoscope both agree
It's not in the stars tonight for folks like me
I chase the minute hand around my watch
and smell the rain blowing in
A flashlight for my soul and a blanket for the cold
I guess we'll sit this one through
Ah it's hurricane season
Batten down the hatches boys
It's hurricane season
Rain blurred on a night like this
You'd think there's nothing left on earth
The wind measures out the size of my bones

and tries to tell me what they're worth
Then it all starts up, gets out of control
And your life blows up like a great big balloon
It gets sucked up by the swirling wind
and you know another hurricane is coming through
again
At the edge of the mariner's map it's written
"Beyond this place lie monsters"
Chorus
At the edge of the mariner's map it's written
Things like this can't be forgiven
At the edge of the mariner's map it's written
Beyond this place, beyond this place

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