

Busdriver "Hurricane"

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Skies ripped open by the sun
Daylight comes but not soon enough
Speed down your track in search of you
Strapped to the back of what we do

[?!?]
Over to you to make it work

Ages have changed [?]
I'd rather starve than fake alive
Lost to the cities of the night
Lost in the world to make it right

[chorus]
Heart
Break
Hreat-break and novocain
Whoa help the pain
I'm out of control
I'm a hurricane
Hitting it hard, i'm broken down
I'm out of control, i'm in a hurricane

Win some ground but lose you
It's never explained how to make it through
No rope, no cash no serpentine
Our love, building on a bonfire

[chorus]

Good to see you follow
Good to see you come again

[chorus]

(all these miles of water)

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