

Dogs Damour "Hurricane"

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Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Oh, there's this guy I know
He's an actor, he may be let go
He just sits in a bar
His beautiful wife she loves him so
And he loves her
I hope he never lets her go
He spills out stories to me
As easy as I spill my drink
He's an undiscovered saint
Just hides behind his war paint
Sleeps through a hurricane, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Hurricane
Sleeps through a hurricane, wow, wow
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Solo:
She whispers to him silently
That he's drank too much again
And it would be, oh, so silly
To end it this way
He spills out stories to me
As easy as I spill my drinks
Oh, he's an undiscovered saint
Just hides behind
Sleeps through a hurricane
Hurricane, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sleeps through a hurricane
Hurricane, yeah, yeah, yeah
Solo:
Oh
Of all the stories ever told
Of all the cats that have slept in all the beds they've
got (???)
Of all the bottles of gin, mother's ruins on him
Bourbon, oh
I'm gonna make you a star someday
And then I'll let you burn the wire
Bette Davis
Just like Marilyn Monroe
Aah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sleeps through a hurricane, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Oooh, hurricane, hurricane, hurricane, hurricane
Sleeps through a hurricane, yeah, yeah
Aaaaaah
Oooh, hurricane
Hey, hey, hey
(Sleeps through a hurricane)

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