

Black 47

"Orphan Of The Storm"

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Get off the plane at Kennedy
Got a dream in your heart
Though it's down in your boots
Got a hundred quid in your pocket
And a couple of addresses
In Woodside and the Bronx
And you fit in like a fist in a glove
With the other hard chaws on the gang
Some are runnin' from themselves
Some are runnin' from God and man
And you drink to dull the memory
Of why you strayed from home
To the concrete fields of New York City
An orphan of the storm
The gangerman looks at you
Respect in his eyes
He knows you'll work until you drop
'Cause there's a black rage eatin' away inside you
You'd walk through walls, son
Before you'd ever give up
And at night you're like a phantom
Nailin' every you one you can
It's better than lyin' awake in the dark
Thinkin' of her with another man
But she'll never take your dreams away
That's not why you've come
To the canyoned streets of New York City
An orphan of the storm
You only went back once
You just had to be sure
Kindness in her eyes
You saw only pity there
So drink up your Jamesons whiskey
Wash it down with pints
Obliteration on the rocks
Then out of here in the dawn's hungover light
So you put her far behind you
You hardly think of her anymore
Well, maybe on a rainy Sunday night
You're the gangerman yourself now
Got a new job down the Trades
And every little thing's gonna be alright

Then they blew you to sweet Jesus
On that grand September day
Not a cloud on your horizon
Your heart finally okay
But they couldn't take your dreams away
They were not for sale or loan
On the shattered streets of New York City
This orphan has finally come home

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