

## **James McMurtry** **"Hurricane Party"**

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The hurricane party's windin' down  
And we're all waitin' for the end  
And I don't want another drink  
I only want that last one again

He gave me such a fine glow, smokin' slow  
Now I should probably be homeward bound  
There's just no one to talk to when the lines go down

I guess that in the morning I'll go  
Lookin' for my gray-striped cat  
My old house can take the weather  
So I'm not too concerned about that

It was built to take the wind back in nineteen-and-ten  
When this was one damned fine town  
But now there's no one to talk to when the lines go  
down

Candles flickered on the back bar  
And the building was shakin' with the wind  
I bought a whiskey for the gypsy  
And she turned my leather back into skin

Just a fleeting sense of that rare suspense  
I once thought made the world go round  
But now there's no one to talk to when the lines go  
down

Open up your back screen door  
Let me see your face once more  
My hands are cold and my feet so sore  
And I can't go on this way

And the thoughts come too fast  
And too many to keep count  
Best just to let 'em on through  
Now I'm breaking those glass insulators with my old 22

Off the telephone polls as a half dollar rolls  
Across the knuckles of a rodeo clown  
There's just no one to talk to when the lines go down

My one great love, my God, I can feel her still  
She ran off to California and now she's living  
In those Hollywood hills  
With some bullfrog prince  
I've not seen her since

Though she calls when he's out of town  
And there's no one to talk to when the lines go down

Open up your back screen door  
Let me in your space once more  
I was looking for an easy score  
But it just don't work that way

Some insurance man-biker  
Is yellin' out for one more beer  
But a part-time pirate just can't get  
Much respect around here

We got our problems too  
man we'll get to you  
In just a minute, sit your drunk ass down  
Yeah, there's no one to talk to when the lines go down

Now there's water up past the wheel wells of my Ford  
And I don't guess that it'll run  
But I left a pack of Winston's on the dash  
Could you fetch 'em for me son?

The morning's first cigarette, that's as good as it gets  
All day I should know by now  
But there's no one to talk to when the lines go down

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