

## **Jon Peterson & Donna Dennihy** **"Hurricane Eyes"**

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I have a current running through me,  
You have the sun swept sand and leaves.  
Occasionally, I break free of my waves,  
And send a torrent of hope,  
Wishing to wash you free, you free.

And you're so afraid of flying free.  
And you're so afraid of the storm love brings.  
So you run and hide for cover,  
Yet you long to be swept away.  
By a love so strong as a hurricane, Then drift into the  
calm of the eye, Drift into these hurricane eyes.

Birds have no chains and have left you dry,  
Flying off to call you can't understand.  
And the fire mountain which created you,  
Gently gives up her grip and dies...  
And you drift into these hurricane eyes.  
And your safe within these hurricane eyes.

And you're filled with joy as you're flying free.  
And you never knew how happy you could be.  
And I think you've found the answer,  
Love is a storm in disguise.  
And if you can keep on floating,  
A You'll drift through to clearer skies. And you'll find  
you've found a place to call home... Come drift into  
these hurricane eyes... (repeat & fade) Come drift...

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