

Chris Cummings

"Waiting For The Hurricane"

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Standing in the foyer of the grand hotel,
Suitcase in his hand looking for a bill,
There's a hurricane coming and everyone's trying to
get away;

Time of the season, time of the year,
The weather reporter from miami is clear,
"find a save place to hide," there's no place here;

And then the lights go down,
In that caribbean town,
And the fishing boats that go out from the coast,
Are tied up and dry, yeah yeah yeah,

Suddenly there's a movement to the telephone,
But nobody's calling home tonight,
They've taken out the very last flight,
And they close down the borderline,

'cos there ain't nowhere to hide,
Waiting for the hurricane,
There is nowhere here to hide,
Waiting for the hurricane,
Oh there is nowhere you can hide,
Waiting for the hurricane, no no no no...

Staring out the window of the grand hotel,
The sea was roaring, I remember well,
And then the honeymoon bride began to cry,

But as the band played on,
Some old love song,
Well he held her hand,
Gave her to understand,
It'll be alright, yeah yeah yeah,

Suddenly there's a movement to the radio,
But nobody's getting home tonight,
They've taken out the very last flight,
And they closed down the borderline,

'cos there ain't nowhere to hide,
Waiting for the hurricane,
There is nowhere here to hide,
Waiting for the hurricane,
Oh there is nowhere you can hide,
Waiting for the hurricane,
Oh there is nowhere you can hide,
Waiting for the hurricane,
Oh oh, waiting for the hurricane,
Oh oh, waiting for the hurricane,
No no no no...

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