

Oora "Hurricane Man"

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(RE Broughton)

The broken hearted pilot lost in wheeling wings.
Gone forever brothers.Smashed to smithereens.
The little cap, green and black the doctor said
was soft.
You wonder how many you might need to really
get you off.
Thirty years have passed you by while you've

been selling beer.
Now you say you want to die.You don't know
what that means.
Hurricane Man,hurry back here the wine is in
the sun.
Hurricane Man,hurry back here there's so
much to be done.

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