

## Piledriver

### "Hurricane Season"

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The quarter moon like chalk on a slate  
Board the windows up before it's too late  
The weather man and my horoscope both agree  
It's not in the stars tonight for folks like me  
I chase the minute hand around my watch  
And smell the rain blowing in  
A flashlight for my soul and a blanket for the cold  
I guess we'll sit this one through  
Ah it's hurricane season  
Batten down the hatches boys  
It's hurricane season  
Rain blurred on a night like this  
You'd think there's nothing left on earth  
The wind measures out the size of my bones  
And tries to tell me what they're worth  
Then it all starts up, gets out of control  
And your life blows up like a great big balloon  
It gets sucked up by the swirling wind  
And you know another hurricane is coming through  
again  
At the edge of the mariner's map it's written  
"Beyond this place lie monsters"  
Chorus  
At the edge of the mariner's map it's written  
Things like this can't be forgiven  
At the edge of the mariner's map it's written  
Beyond this place, beyond this place

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