

## Transatlantic "The Whirlwind"

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(Radio) Of no tomorrow...  
No tomorrow...  
No tomorrow...

...

Catch your breath as you watch your step  
Head spinning round as you hit the ground  
Present tense time is of essence  
Hold the second hand going round the dial

And we got caught in the whirlwind  
Torn by the storms of our lives  
We counted - counted on something  
That never could hold up our lives

By chance to see an inner light  
Your wildest dreams bring a certain fright  
Doubt arising from the shock  
It's your head that's back on the block

And we got caught in the whirlwind  
Torn by the storms of our lives  
And just when we thought we had something  
It turned into dust in our eyes

Out on the sea on a winter's day  
Looking north over skies are gray  
There I can see as the winds blow high  
Do the storms still rage or maybe it's my eyes

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