

Ken Stringfellow

"Cyclone Graves"

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You can't run away
You were born it's all the same game
Tear off the roof of your life
And start your searching again
You come on the day the clouds went away
To their cyclone graves
Where they stay-os sure as I say, that
I hope you never go blind
I hope that you're more than just kind
Oh, to yourself You talk to the wind
And you hope that it will listen in
Blow you back where you can begin
To resemble your weakest sin
You come on the day the winds blew away
To their cyclone graves
Where they stay-as sure as I say, that
I hope you never go blind
I hope that you're more than just kind
Better find it, never fight it, never regret your loves
Your love makes you less than useless, oh to yourself
There's something about the way you hide

The strength to engage an alibi
Under the scrutiny of love
What will it take to raise you above yourself?
Divine or profane?
Drink the wine or linger in the rain?
Maybe you don't have to choose
And fortune's smiling on everyone
And I think it's smiling on you
You come on the day the clouds blew away
To their cyclone graves
Where they stay-as sure as I say, that
I hope you never go blind
I hope that you're more than just kind
Better find it, never fight it, never regret your love
Your love makes you less than useless
Love— Makes you humble
Pulls you forward — Never fight it, never fight it,
Never regret your love
Your love makes you less than useless

Oh to yourself

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