

Dillon Price

"Stormy Season"

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It's a stormy season
The clouds and the rain
So give us a reason
The hours just keep moving faster day by day
Bright lights and traffic
A city with no name
The beggars are asking
The money is getting harder to come by these days
Seasons are churning the tide is still turning
I know, I know
Pressures are yearning the buildings are burning
I know, I know
Dim lights and steeples
The story's been told
Ten thousand people
But will God ever hear the cries of the young and old
Money and possessions
And lonely castaways
No time for love and peace
Because love is becoming harder to come by these days
Seasons are turning the tide is still turning
I know, I know
Pressures are yearning the building are burning
I know, I know

But when will we ever see the lighting of the end
And when will the sunshine come down on us again
When will the trumpets sound
When will the angels sing
When will the sky open up
What will the sunshine bring
But when will we ever see the lighting of the end
And when will the sunshine come down on us again
When will the trumpets sound
When will the angels sing
When will the sky open up
What will the sunshine bring
But when will we ever see the lighting of the end
And when will the sunshine come down on us again
When will the trumpets sound
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When will the sky open up
What will the sunshine bring

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