

Patrick Watson

"Hurricane"

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Caught inside a hurricane
Countin' my days
Waiting for the lonely wind
To keep me off the ground
Caught inside a hurricane
Caught in every way
Waiting for the morning when I'll wash these winds
away
Wait for me
Wait for me
Wait for me
Wait for me

Life is wonderful
The clouds have turned to gold
The way life has gone, the sun has broke free again
has broke free again
Has broke free again
Has broke free again
Has broke free again...

Caught inside the eye of a storm
In these old ruins
... Meaning to me...
... The stars of the sky...
Why can't I rule the field?
[mumbling]
Has gone...
Nothing now

Inside the eye of a storm
Waiting for the wind to go
[mumbling]
... Knocking at the door...
[mumbling]
... Take me from the ground!

Caught inside a hurricane
Twisting through the rain
Waiting for the morning rain
To sweep me from the ground

Caught inside a hurricane
Blown in every way
Waiting for the morning
To take this rain away
Wait for me...
Wait for me...
Wait for me...

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