

## Patrick Watson

### "The Storm"

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found himself out into the road  
the dust up to his nose  
put that anchor down  
to find a place where he could go  
'cause he was looking for the shelter  
from the storm

you were looking for a place that you could call your  
own... you...

kept on, now walking past the signs you used to see  
kept on getting used to dropping-anchor in the sea  
'cause you're looking for a shelter of the storm  
looks like news that storm is coming closer every day  
now

drove himself into a town  
the roads were paved with gold  
(all the roads were paved with gold)  
eyes wide open, shutters closed  
(eyes wide open, shutters closed)  
just waiting for my time... no  
(quarter to twelve it's time to go)

the sorrow's hiding underground  
the rain is falling upside down  
(and the clouds are turning red like flames)

oh 'cause i'm looking for a shelter from the storm  
cause she's getting closer every day

the storm is getting closer every day  
the storm is getting closer every day  
the storm is getting closer every day

every day

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