

Allison Moorer

"Storms Never Last"

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Storms never last do they, baby?
Bad times will pass with the winds.
Your hand in mine steals the thunder.
You make the sun want to shine.

Oh, I followed you down so many roads, baby;
I picked wild flowers and sung you soft sweet songs.
And every road we took, God knows, our search was
for the truth.
And the storm brewin' now won't be the last.

Storms never last do they, Jessie?
Bad times will pass with the winds.
Your hand in mine steals the thunder.
You make the sun want to shine.

Storms never last do they, Jessie?
Bad times will pass with the winds.
Your hand in mine steals the thunder.
You make the sun want to shine.

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