

Robin Holcomb

"Electrical Storm"

Visit "[Electrical Storm](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Woman with
A child's dress on
Long hair
Drapes the arm
That cradles a daughter
Who would sleep
Blacks eyes open
And beating
But is afraid

Little cat
His hair set on end
Bolts from a sleeping coil
At a sound that you know
You have heard in your dreams
O, come
To the window my darling
Your heart repeats my own

These long rooms are dark
The night not much brighter
From here we can watch the road
A small man is catching
The hot knife that flies
O, hush little baby, you're crying
And your tears taste like the rain

Woman with
A child's dress on
Long hair
Drapes the arm
That cradles a daughter
Who would sleep
Blacks eyes open
And beating
But is afraid

Visit [Robin Holcomb](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

