

In The Eye Of The Storm

Michael Franks

You kill me with kindness.
You call me "Your Highness."
But When I get Blue
I can never find you.
The circle keeps turning
The sky is still burning.
I hear from my ex-
On the back of my checks.

But hold me awhile
And I'll hang up my guns, mama
I know I've been flyin'
Too near the sun.
We'll move to the mountains
And make love to keep warm, mama
Like two little birds
In the eye of the storm.

This cloverleaf madness
Just fills me with sadness.
We glide on these streams
Just postponing our dreams.
The love that's inside us
How come it divides us?
It just ain't like Cole Porter
It's just all too short order.

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