

The Storm

Patrick Watson

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... yo
u...

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...

uuu...

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 is 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 sh
e's getting closer every daaaaaaayyyyyyyeyeyeyehey!

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

every day