

Perfect Storm

Pink Is Punk

Baby, why don't you hit me with lightning,
So I can bottle it up and save it for a rainy day,
Baby, you know this loving is frightening,
But it's only calm before the tempest gets on it's way. We could be the perfect storm,
I feel it coming and it won't be long,
We could be the perfect storm,
So let it rain. Baby, why don't you show me your thunder,
So I can put it on the shelf and dust it when the sky goes black,
Baby, your loving makes me wonder,
If I step outside will I ever feel the need to turn back.

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