Running From the Storm

Gary Moore

The wind is up
And the sky is falling
The thunder cracks
And the sea is rollingWonder if we'll ever see tomorrow
Ride with our backs to the wind
Don't know if I'll make home againRunning from the storm
Running from the storm
Running from the storm
Running from the stormThe sky is black
And the wind is howling
The lightning strikes
And the sea is ragingWonder if we'll ever see tomorrow
Turning our ships to the sun
This time there was no place to runRunning from the storm
Running from the storm
Running from the storm
Running from the stormRunning from the storm
Running from the storm
Running from the storm
Running from the stormRunning from the storm
Running from the storm
Running from the storm
Running from the storm