

The Storm, It's Coming

[Glen Hansard](#)

Naked from the fee
From the decade of the bees
On a new road
With no true know that see it
There's doubt in every face
And there's a liar on the stage
And what good is it
If you don't hear him say of believing
Every clap brings out a warning
Get ready for the storm, it's coming

For a city county race
And the coin drops in the box
Don't change the meter
There's a storm and it's a raging
In the belly of the slaving
It's coming, it's coming
It's coming, it's coming
And when the wind howls at your gate
Already it is too late
It's coming, it's coming

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