Hurricane Party

Coppice Halifax

The hurricane party's windin' down
And we're all waitin' for the end
And I don't want another drink
I only want that last one againHe gave me such a fine glow, smokin' slow
Now I should probably be homeward bound
There's just no one to talk to when the lines go downI guess that in the morning I'll go
Lookin' for my gray-striped cat
My old house can take the weather
So I'm not too concerned about thatIt was built to take the wind back in nineteen-and-ten
When this was one damned fine town
But now there's no one to talk to when the lines go downCandles flickered on the back bar
And the building was shakin' with the wind
I bought a whiskey for the gypsy
And she turned my leather back into skinJust a fleeting sense of that rare suspense
I once thought made the world go round
But now there's no one to talk to when the lines go downOpen up your back screen door
Let me see your face once more
My hands are cold and my feet so sore
And I can't go on this wayAnd the thoughts come too fast
And too many to keep count
Best just to let 'em on through
Now I'm breaking those glass insulators with my old 22Off the telephone polls as a half dollar rolls
Across the knuckles of a rodeo clown
There's just no one to talk to when the lines go downMy one great love, my God, I can feel her still
She ran off to California and now she's living
In those Hollywood hills
With some bullfrog prince
I've not seen her sinceThough she calls when he's out of town
And there's no one to talk to when the lines go downOpen up your back screen door
Let me in your space once more
I was looking for an easy score
But it just don't work that waySome insurance man-biker
Is yellin' out for one more beer
But a part-time pirate just can't get
Much respect around hereWe got our problems too
man we'll get to you
In just a minute, sit your drunk ass down
Yeah, there's no one to talk to when the lines go downNow there's water up past the wheel wells of my Ford
And I don't guess that it'll run

But I left a pack of Winston's on the dash
Could you fetch 'em for me son?The morning's first cigarette, that's as good as it gets
All day I should know by now
But there's no one to talk to when the lines go down

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