The Whirlwind

Transatlantic

(Radio) Of no tomorrow...
No tomorrow...
No tomorrow.....Catch your breath as you watch your step
Head spinning round as you hit the ground
Present tense time is of essence
Hold the second hand going round the dialAnd we got caught in the whirlwind
Torn by the storms of our lives
We counted - counted on something
That never could hold up our livesBy chance to see an inner light
Your wildest dreams bring a certain fright
Doubt arising from the shock
It's your head that's back on the blockAnd we got caught in the whirlwind
Torn by the storms of our lives
And just when we thought we had something
It turned into dust in our eyesOut on the sea on a winter's day
Looking north over skies are gray
There I can see as the winds blow high
Do the storms still rage or maybe it's my eyes

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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