

Underground

Pokey LaFarge

A hurricane is brewing in the East
While forest fires rage in the West
But when the New Madrid Line, breaks our poor spine
Thatâ€™s it, there isnâ€™t anymore

Tornadoes twisting in the South
While a blizzard blows down from the North
When them old tectonic plates, set off that big earthquake
Cities will crumble from shore to shore

So get ready, get ready
Listen everybody, canâ€™t you hear that sound?
From the underground, canâ€™t you hear that sound
From the underground, canâ€™t you hear that sound

The end wonâ€™t come from disease
And it wonâ€™t be from any nuclear bomb
The ground beneath our feet, will rise up to meet
The fire in the sky, becoming one

If there is a God, heâ€™s of the land
And he does not favor any man
Father Time has the final say, but it doesnâ€™t matter anyway
Mother Nature has made a deal and now itâ€™s done

From the underground, canâ€™t you hear that sound, canâ€™t you hear that sound
From the underground, canâ€™t you hear that sound, cominâ€™ up from the underground

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