

# The Mighty Storm

**Peter Bradley Adams**

Here comes the mighty storm  
The white lightnin' will shoot you down  
You can't fight the will of the Lord  
Everybody stand ready on higher ground Well, the river she'll rise before you know it  
She's gonna tear those beves down  
She'll come knockin' on your front door  
So move your feet to the top of the mountain When the wind when she blows it'll burn your eyes  
The hot rain's gonna knock you down  
So don't wait 'til the waters rise  
Move your feet to the top of the mountain At the moment you hear the thunder roar  
Don't wait for the rain to fall  
Don't pack your bags  
Don't lock the door  
Save yourself on the top of the mountain

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