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 groundWell, the river she'll rise before you know it
She's gonna tear those bevies down
She'll come knockin' on your front door
So move your feet to the top of the mountainWhen 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 mountainAt 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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