

Feather in a Hurricane

[Michelle Malone](#)

I feel like a feather blowing in a hurricane
I've lost sight of the point, It all feels like a charade
I'm running a race like a horse whose leg is lame
And I feel like a feather blowing in a hurricane I went for a walk in the woods to get away from it all
I was trailed by a woman who was jogging and making a phone call
She was loud and talking ninety miles an hour like she was on cocaine
And I feel like a feather blowing in a hurricane There was a man in a yellow hummer was honking at me
I recognized him as a minister from the tv
He was smoking a Cuban cigar and eating Shepard's pie
There was a sticker on his bumper that read
What would Jesus drive? I drove to the gas station, and I put one hundred into my tank
I stood there crying as the numbers flipped out of my bank
Does anybody else feel the need for some jacket restraint?
Do you feel like a feather blowing in a hurricane? Cover me, Bree, 'cause I'm taking on fire and brimstone
Tether me, please, 'cause I feel like I'm about to explode
I won't light the firecracker now the place is about to blow
Everybody into the space shuttle, we got no place left to go Well it's barely February and it's eighty degrees in
the shade
All the politicians wanna do is talk and talk and debate
Does it matter who wins the election?
Their hands are tied and blood-stained Don't you feel like a feather blowing in a hurricane
I feel like a feather in a hurricane,
I feel like a feather in a hurricane
I feel like a feather in a hurricane
I feel like a feather in a hurricane
In a hurricane, in a hurricane

Songwriters

Michelle Malone Published by

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