

# The Next Storm

Frank Turner

We had a difficult winter  
We had a rough few months  
When the storms came in off the coast  
If felt like they broke everything on us at once  
It's easy enough to talk about blitz spirit  
When your not holding the roof up or knee deep in it  
And the pictures and the papers got ruined by the rain  
And we wondered if they'd ever get dry again  
But I don't wanna spend the whole of my life indoors  
Lay low, I'm waiting on the next storm  
I don't wanna spend the whole of my life inside  
I wanna step out and face the sunshine  
We lost faith in the omens  
We lost faith in the Gods  
We just ended up clutching at the empty rituals  
Like gamblers clutching on hearts  
And I don't care what the weatherman is saying  
Because the last time that I saw him, he was on his knees, he was praying  
The preachers and the sign just got soaked just the same  
And we wondered if they'd ever get dry again  
But I don't wanna spend the whole of my life indoors  
Lay low, I'm waiting on the next storm  
I don't wanna spend the whole of my life inside  
I wanna step out and face the sunshine  
So open the shutters  
Raise up the masts  
Rejoice! Rebel! The storm has passed!  
Cast up the crutches  
Or go with the cast  
Rejoice! Rebel! The storm has passed!  
Rejoice! Rebel! The storm has passed!  
But I don't wanna spend the whole  
of my life indoors (Rejoice! Rejoice! )  
Lay low, I'm waiting on the next storm  
(Rejoice! Rebel! The storm has passed! )  
I don't wanna spend the whole of my life inside  
(Rejoice! Rejoice! )  
I wanna step out and face the sunshine  
(Rejoice! Rebel! The storm has passed! )  
I'm not gonna live the whole of my life indoors  
I'm gonna step out and face the next storm

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