The Storm, It's Coming

Glen Hansard

Naked from the fee From the decade of the bees On a new road With no true know that see it There's doubt in every face And there's a liar on the stage And what good is it If you don't hear him say of believing Every clap brings out a warning Get ready for the storm, it's comingFor a city county race And the coin drops in the box Don't change the meter There's a storm and it's a raging In the belly of the slaving It's coming, it's coming It's coming, it's coming And when the wind howls at your gate Already it is too late It's coming, it's coming

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