Death To The Storm

Joe Henry

There's a song we used to know
A kind of weary blues
Some broken tune from long ago
Some of us still like to useIt hangs up high in the rafters
Like smoke it has no form
Keep it all hid like laughter
And sing out death, death to the stormDeath to the storm
Death to the storm
Death to the storm
Death to the stormWe keep it all hid like laughter
And sing out death, death to the stormI've caught my rage in the making
Alive here in my hand
But it bent the rod to breaking
And still I'm a hungry, hungry manThe trouble is so underrated
I've been battered, rusted, whored
Calling all the great ill fated
Who bring death, death to the stormDeath to the storm
Death to the storm
Death to the storm
Death to the stormWe call upon the great ill fated
Who bring death, death to the stormA line of cars is rolling westbound
A dark river just begun
The tramps are huddled in their best now
Like a funeral in the sunA man waits on orange crates
His meager eyes go soft and warm
As women wade the deep parade
Cheering death, death to the stormDeath to the storm
Death to the storm
Death to the storm
Death to the stormAs women wade the deep parade
Cheering death, death to the storm

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