

# Whirlwind In D Minor

Ed Harcourt

The whole town nearly died  
When rocks flew from the sky  
The stray dogs whined and howled  
At dark foreboding cloudsThe mayor screamed and fled  
The priest hid under his bed  
Uprooted trees did spin  
To the sound of a merciless windWill you love me when I'm old?  
I'm still hoping I can get that far  
No one escaped the whirlwind's hold  
Except the jailer and his pack of cards  
And I sit outside watching falling stars  
Playing D minor chords on a Spanish guitarWell, clothes blew through the streets  
And so did cinema seats  
Their souls could not be saved  
I dug a thousand graves

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