

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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