

# Death to the Storm

Joe Henry

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 use It 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 storm Death to the storm  
Death to the storm  
Death to the storm  
Death to the storm We keep it all hid like laughter  
And sing out death, death to the storm I'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 man The trouble is so underrated  
I've been battered, rusted, whored  
Calling all the great ill fated  
Who bring death, death to the storm Death to the storm  
Death to the storm  
Death to the storm  
Death to the storm We call upon the great ill fated  
Who bring death, death to the storm A line of cars is rolling westbound  
A dark river just begun  
The tramps are huddled in their best now  
Like a funeral in the sun A man waits on orange crates  
His meager eyes go soft and warm  
As women wade the deep parade  
Cheering death, death to the storm Death to the storm  
Death to the storm  
Death to the storm  
Death to the storm As women wade the deep parade  
Cheering death, death to the storm

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