

# Hurricane

## The Hush Sound

Send out the morning birds  
To sing of the damage  
Now that the calm's returned  
I know I can't manage You're standing in my doorway  
Though he's asleep in my bed  
The steady murmur  
Always in my head You're the finest thing that I've done  
The hurricane I'll never outrun  
I could wait around for the dust to still  
But I don't believe that it ever will And since the roof fell in  
I'll lean on what matters  
Caught in the slightest wind  
Everything else unravels You're standing in my doorway  
Seven cities ago  
The days are racing  
But you come back too slow You're the finest thing that I've done  
The hurricane I'll never outrun  
I could wait around for the dust to still  
But I don't believe that it ever will You're the finest thing that I've done  
The hurricane I'll never outrun  
I could wait around for the dust to still  
But I don't believe that it ever will  
But I don't believe that it ever will

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