

Storms Of Life
Randy Travis

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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#

Date: Fri, 19 May 1995 15:11 -0400 (EDT)
From: BOYD0009@mc.duke.edu
Subject: Re[3]: Legal stuff...
To: G.Vaughn@ttacs.ttu.edu
MIME-version: 1.0

Song: The Storms of Life
Artist: Randy Travis

Eb

There s a dirty piece of cardboard

G#

that reads Montgomery Ward

Bb

Eb

taped across the window of my old Ford.

G#

A six-pack on the front seat and a box of chicken wings,

Bb

Eb

Eb7

I m dialin cross the radio for a song that I can sing

G#

I d better change my wandrin ways,

Eb

I know I ve seen my better days,

Bb

Eb

Eb7

always gettin high when I get low.

G#

Well, I left my soul out in the rain,

Eb

Lord, what a price I ve had to pay.

Bb

Eb

The storms of life are washin me away.

An old mail pouch, tobacco sign

fadin on the barn,

bringin back sweet memories of Mama s farm/

When love was just a country girl that lived on down the road.

Spoken: you know, she almost had me turned around,

but that was years ago.

I d better change my wandrin ways,
I know I ve seen my better days,
always gettin high when I get low.
Well, I left my soul out in the rain,
Lord, what a price I ve had to pay.
The storms of life are washin me away.
Yeah, the storms of life are washin me away.

Howard