

Storm Blowing Slowly
Woodbox Gang

Band: Woodbox Gang
Album: Trashcan Americana

Storm Blowing Slowly

VERSE 1

G

It s nightttime now and my eyes are all water
My friends have all moved to where the sun s always shining
I m watching the weather with the Doppler Radar
There s a storm busting out of every silver lining
By day I work the correction center
Where the men are corrected with poison gas
And by night I clock in on a bender
To forgive myself and forget the past

Chorus

G D G

The strings of my heart are so tight

G D G

They ll spare me no suffering tonight

G D G D

There s a storm blowing slowly come hell or come holy

Em D G

Just blow me to the morning light

VERSE 2

A killer winks behind the eyes of a warden
The chaplain s ace is in the dead man s sleeve
There s a serpent hiding in every saint s garden
Quoting the scriptures behind laurel leaves

VERSE 3

Every bad man has friends in low places
Who shroud themselves in a darkness to hide
But some of these dearly departed hard cases
Venge me with friends of the holiest kind
And I m constantly looking over my shoulder
At well dressed fellows with hidden agendas
I m the mouse in the meadow rolling the boulders
And crushing the homes of the newly forgiven

VERSE 4

Now the sun s rising up and the storm is a passing
A little rain and a little lightning
Outside the window where the thunder was a crashing

In their Sunday best little boys are fighting
Innocence today guilty verdict tomorrow
A civilized world has civilized ways
And every civilized world has a civilized fellow
To keep it all civilized with a lever to raise