

Dorothy Dreams of Tornadoes

Cursive

You said we'd leave next year
Each year for thirteen years
Each year, it gets harder to hear
It's getting hard enough just to stay in love

And now our roots grow deep
Beneath these barren streets
I've had the darkest dreams
The city's pipes and wires
Run through our nerves and veins

And those nights, after a double shift, I feel it
The dashed plans you never dared to live
They used to light up your eyes
Those bulbs have long burned out

Let a tornado tear through
Let it tear straight through our roof
And let the rain pour in
I'll scream, "Babe, this is it!
We'll leave the house in ruins
If we escape right now, we just might make it out"

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