

Storms Never Last

David Allan Coe

Storms never last, do they, baby?
Bad times, all pass with the wind
Your hand in mine, steal the thunder
You make the sun wanna shine

I followed you down each and every road, babe
I picked wild flower, sung you soft, sad song
And every road we took, I know, your search was for the truth
And this storm that's brewin' now won't last long

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You said you make the sun wanna shine