

The Storm

Garth Brooks

She sits among the pieces
Of broken glass and photographs
Reluctantly releases the
Last of what was her past
It struck without a warning or
Did she just ignore the signs
In those dark clouds forming
Behind her silver lines?

The door
It slammed like thunder
And the tears
They fell like rain
And the warnings
From her family
Whirl like a hurricane
She's drowning in emotions
And she cannot
Reach the shore
She's alive but
Can she survive the storm?

A broken jewel box dancer
Lies in pieces down the hall
She's finding out the answers
Don't change nothing at all
It's time that
She stopped searching
For who's to blame or
What went wrong
The only thing
For certain is he's gone
She's got to move on

Someday days just roll on by
Without a grey cloud in the sky
She keeps telling herself
"I will make it on my own"
And her friends they've all
Gone back to their lives
Thinking she will be all right
As she races through
The night to make it home