

Running from the Storm

Gary Moore

The wind is up,
And the sky is falling.
The thunder cracks,
And the sea is rolling.

Wonder if we'll ever see tomorrow.
Ride with our backs to the wind,
Don't know if I'll make home again.

Running from the storm.
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The sky is black,
And the wind is howling.
The lightning strikes,
And the sea is raging.

Wonder if we'll ever see tomorrow.
Turning our ships to the sun,
This time there is no place to run.

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