

Running from the Storm

Hilltop Hoods

It's the calm before the storm that sends that feeling to my frontal lobe
As thunder roams the sky at night I see shelter yet run alone
The rain soaks me to the bone assisted by the winter wind
The chill is blisterin', my patience for this world begins to thin
Handed in my heavy clothes, the hail rains heavy blows
Heavens chose to endeavour the weather, my very foe
Can barely close, my frozen hand around my own fucking dream
With each breath, puff and seam, the night air cools my blood stream
The freeze gripping my chest, my knees strip into flesh
My screams echo through the night but no-one's listening unless
They see it eye to eye, but it's like the fog slowly buries me
They light their lights as sky my vision shows me momentarily
The edge of the roadside, thanks to cars I'm covered in spray
Then I try and hitch a ride, the traffic moves the other way
Then I ain't seen the suff for days, just like my life's energy
I stagger on relentlessly and see something ahead of me
I cramp by shelter, I'd take a life for some space
And knowin' lightning never strikes twice in one place
I fight for a taste of the dry life, better know as the high life
But I'm expelled into the winds and that's herald, the story of my life
I keep on through the raging storm and all these distorted sounds
Thoughts of how I'm getting mine no matter how watered down
I'm quarter drowned, quarter frozen, quarter lost, quarter fucked!
Man it's been raining for days and I think I'm wet enough
Enough, treading water just to be the next man's shelter
Enough, drowning victims even though you know I felt ya
I've got enough problems on my own, find a sanctuary
Within the eye of the storm, I feel the calm agony.

I walk through life like a drunk in a bar
I no longer see the light that comes from the stars
Cause clouds hang overhead like paintings in the gallery
And rain pats on my head, voices in my head sing "Battle me"
I challenge the sky, and the sky spits and runs
So the moistures at my heals and I run quicker, fast
From the mystic dancer, that is the weather pattern
Either clapping, attacking, a peaceful night can never happen
When it rains for days and leaves you soaked to the bone
I exhale steam like I was smoking a bone
I try coping alone but the rain goes through the night
And it opens my dome like raining blows in a fire
I've been inside for days, I've been trapped in the south side
Cause, hip hop's a haze and the sky's a blaze outside
I put in my headphones and listen to some Daddy O
To try escape the drone of rain hissing on my patio
But the rain always comes back, never stops, never fades
Banging on my window like cops, in a raid man
What, would I trade, for sunlight I feel like ground beneath
And knock myself out, relieving Suffa from this cabin fever, ah
The wilds are wailing, diva howling at my shutters, gutters
Overflowing, blowing the wind, it whispers suffa.
I wish another day would come and bring the sun in tow
Cause this storm's a raging ocean and I'm sucked in by the undertow
The thunder throws a frightening blow, the lighting glows and disappears
It appears, that it'll be days before the fog and mist will clear
Streams and logs and missiles here, watch that they don't take a
Eye out, cry out and get drowned out by mother nature, nature un