

Howlin' A Gale

Howe Gelb

Well the soul rides
somewhere inside
cause the body is a boat
and maybe mistakes
were only made to make
but you better make a note
land ho, land ho,
land ho, land ho
now you're filling up
filling up with foam
and no way to bail
yeah you're filling up
no way to find yourself back home
and there's a hole in your pail
and the wind kicks in
the way she loves to wail
and it's howling a gale
it's howling a gale
water's getting higher
up to the brim
and you're turning pale
water's getting higher
and it's all coming in
and the wind begins to wail

alone she stands on a pier
waiting for her love to appear

well the soul rides
deep inside
cause the body, she's a boat
mistakes were made to make
but you better take note
better keep a float