

# Hurricane

Jamie Lidell

Well I was walking down... before I got into the station  
Hoping my private life is getting the slang translation  
Receiving these mixed messages now  
From a mixed messenger  
I was talking so loud that you know I don't even care  
But if you do,  
You guess you know what I'm about to say

Straight outta nothing  
Into a hurricane  
And now we're back to nothing  
Some of the things don't seem the same  
Some of the things don't seem the same  
Some of the things don't seem the same

I was trapped in the darkness of a subway train  
Hoping you shoot me down,  
Before I talk myself insane  
Model I overdosed on you,  
On the monorail  
I was grabbing the wheel,  
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Because it must be an afro male  
Hi  
Now I don't really a little know  
If you believe me to let me be  
But if you do,  
You guess you know what I'm about to say

Straight outta nothing  
Into a hurricane  
And now we're back to nothing  
Some of the things don't seem the same  
Some of the things don't seem the same  
Some of the things don't seem the same

Aaaah Aaah Aaah  
Oh oh Oohh

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