

A Perfect Day to Chase TORNADOS

Jim White

Way down south I know a girl who is blind.
She walks alone along a lonely highway each day.
She dreams that one day a man will pull up in a car.
He'll open up the door, she'll climb in and he will say:
"Hey babe, whatcha know? Hope you're ready to go,
'Cause today's a perfect day to chase tornados."
Yeah when the wild wind whips around your head you know, that you have found a perfect day to chase tornados.

And what about that preacher man on the run from the law?
He killed a girl in Memphis and ran 'till the dogs tracked him down.
They shot him by the river and as he lay dying in the mud,
Well someone asked him, hey Preacher, where's your soul going now?
And Preacher said, "Well, I do not know, but wherever it is I'll gladly go...
'Cause today's a perfect day to chase tornados."
Yeah when the wild wind kicks around your head you know, that you have found a perfect day to chase tornados.

Sometimes I think that the sky is a prison and the earth is a grave.
And sometimes I feel like Jesus, in some Chinese opera.
And sometimes I'm glad I built my mansion from crazy little stones.
But sometimes I feel so goddamned trapped by everything that I know.
And I wish it wasn't so, cause the only thing that anyone should ever know
Is that today's a perfect day to chase tornados.
Yeah, when the wild wind whips around your head you know,
That you have found a perfect day to chase tornados.