

# Hurricane

Kim Carnes

Warning there's a storm approaching  
I see it is moving our way  
I can't reach you  
The wind hurts my eyes  
And we've got to hide

We have got to run  
Away from the hurricane  
We have go to run  
From the island  
We have got to run  
Away from the hurricane  
Hold out your hand  
I cannot see you

Warning there's a storm approaching  
You, like a bolt of lightning  
We were strangers on a train  
Thinking that we'd never meet again

We have got to run  
Away from the hurricane  
We have go to run  
From the island  
We have got to run  
Away from the hurricane  
Hold out your hand  
I cannot see you

Screaming, is a silent whisper  
Find me, I won't let you go now  
I can't reach you  
The wind hurts my eyes  
And we've got to hide

We have got to run  
Away from the hurricane  
We have go to run  
From the island  
We have got to run  
Away from the hurricane  
Hold out your hand  
I cannot see you