

# Hurricane Season

Kula Shaker

He was an outcast from the island sailing across the sea  
Bending the horizon bearing with the breeze  
Searching for a treasure buried long ago  
'Cos nothing lasts forever except what you don't know

But he weren't afraid of dying or stepping through that door  
The compass started reeling and he stared into the storm

Soon everything was rolling and rolling like a hound  
And an angry ton of water knocked him to the ground

And it kinda stands to reason  
It was hurricance season  
Hey-ey-ey-ey

He was hanging in the darkness holding to the land  
Faces in the water of folks he'd left behind  
Saying 'boy you must be crazy should have stayed at home  
Stuck with what you'd started, stuck with what you know'

And the sea had come to take him and snuff him like a light  
In the black and heavy water in the black and heavy sight

And it kinda stands to reason  
It was hurricance season  
Hey-ey-ey-ey

Hey-ey-ey-ey

He called up to the angels he called into the deep  
Said 'God if you can hear me give me some relief'  
And He didn't ask for favours didn't want to ask for gold  
Only one posession possession of a soul

'I'm begging for your mercy I'm begging to you please  
I'm just a simple traveller lost upon the sea'

And it kinda stands to reason  
It was hurricance season  
Hey-hey-hey-hey