

Gathering Storm

Paul Kelly

I had a dream
I saw you walking down the road
In a gathering storm

Wind on the rise
A black crow was flying
You alone in a gathering storm

I wake up alone in my bed
There's nothing before my eyes
And outside the door
Only the sighing
And you out there in a gathering storm

So cover your head
Keep your eyes open
Make speed in the gathering storm

I rise up and turn on the light
Now it's shining in my window
My walls are strong
My chimney's smoking
God speed you
In the gathering storm