

Storm

Pink Martini

I, I want to be one of those storms falling over the sea
I want to rely, stars fiercer than Mars smile back at me
Even as I speak, I hear the wind over those peaks
And picture the timbers as they creak out in the storm

Oh when the clouds swirl and all the world is waking with the wind
And when the waves hurl themselves against the shore to win
Oh how the heart leaps with the lightning and the drum
Oh how the soul aches when the wind through green fields runs

Half of me answers the storm in its wild sing-song
The other says here by the fire is where I belong
Eyes wide may see so, much that they know where the winds flow
Yet they know that they are a leaf blown, and fall where they're sown

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