

Tornado Ripe

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Well, my mama used to tell me
She said flies was the devil's ears and eyes
Oh, my mama used to tell me
Said flies was the devil's ears and eyes

And if you was to see a crow on a chimney
Meant someody's fixin' to die

I looked up on our shack late one day
I saw a crow on a stove pipe
I looked up on our shack late one day
I saw a crow perched on a stove pipe

Daddy come runnin' in, said
"Gather everybody up them clouds outside's tornado ripe"

We was runnin' to the cellar
When it began to rain and hail
We was runnin' to the cellar
When it began to rain and hail

The sky was black and jade now
And them clouds had grown a tail

We was hunkered down in the darkness
And outside was a fitful sound
We was hunkered down in the darkness
And outside was a fitful sound

It was if God himself was belchin' and growlin'
And spittin' on the ground

Now mama was cryin', daddy was cussin'
Little sister, she just snifflin'
Oh, mama was cryin', daddy was cussin'
Little sister, she just snifflin'

We come out that hole in the ground
And all directions of the compass was death and kindlin'
Oh, we come out that hole in the ground
And all directions of the compass was death and kindlin'