

# Storms Never Last

John Prine

Storms never last do they baby  
Bad times all pass with the wind  
Your hand in mine stills the thunder  
And you make the sun want to shine

I followed you down so many roads baby  
I've picked wild flowers and sung you soft sad songs  
And every road we took God knows  
Our search was for the truth  
And the storm brewing now won't be the last

Storms never last do they baby  
Bad times all pass with the wind  
Your hand in mine stills the thunder  
And you make the sun want to shine

Storms never last do they Jessi  
Bad times all pass with the wind  
Your hand in mine stills the thunder  
And you make the sun want to shine