

## Storms Never Last

Allison Moorer

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.

You followed me 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 clouds brewing now won't be the last.

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