

# The Storm

Boy & Bear

'Cause, my friend, how do you roll?  
Where do you come from and where do you go?  
'Cause I can see it in your hands  
That you're not a fighter, but you've had your dance before.

So you'll keep the world at bay,  
You keep your secrets and your scars.  
But you've been weathering the storm  
And it's been blowing hard.

'Cause it won't wait for you, because it waits for no one.

'Cause we are the fugitives,  
And we'll keep running for our lives.  
'Cause 1 nor 100 men,  
Could keep us from clinging to our pride

'Cause it's been blowing hard, and it'll wait for no one.

Oh and I'm not leaving nothing to the grave.  
We'll keep running with the masses, just to show them the way.