Cyclone

Bruce Hornsby

Most of our years have flown away with nothing much decided
Except the board we're playing on, how it's to be divided
Will more years yet die alone? The question's many sided
Got no answers of my own and none have been provided

When I was young there was nothing to know
And the wind followed me wherever I'd go
Rain came down where I made my stand
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand

There is a game that's only played in a darkened room with stra
ngers
Dealt down and dirty with unmarked cards eyes closed to dangers
Jealousy folds without playing its hold card, romance raises gr
inning
I spent several lifetimes there when I could not lose for winni
ng

When I was young there was love for free
Glad to be given and received by me
Rain came down where I made my stand
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand
With a wave of my hand

I believe I can still make the cyclone rise
Just can't see it so well with my fading eyes

A mystery to myself, not everything now I was born to be
All I know is when I wanted it so the wind itself rose for me
You know if it wasn't for love I might just be a wandering man
But I believe I've made the better choice to sing about it with
 this band

When I was a boy I could summon the moon
With a crook of the finger and a home made tune
I could ride the clouds when they sailed on by
And sing all the words to a wildcat's cry

When I was young there was nothing to know
And the wind followed me wherever I'd go
Rain came down where I made my stand
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand

I believe I can still make the cyclone rise
And the cyclone rose, wave of my hand
Rain came down where I made my stand

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