

Hurricane Stomp

Buddy Brown

Hurricane's landing gather up your men
185 mph wind
Board up your windows, board up your house
If it goes dark we ain't ever getting out
And the weatherman says that it looks bad
And he's telling us mother nature's mad

And the only thing left we can do
Is get everybody on the roof
Hold hands in a circle and pray the boards don't rot
And do the hurricane...

Stomp, stomp, wind go away
Nobody wants you hurricane
Stomp, stomp, turn back around
Take your vengeance out of town

Old timers told me
About a category 5
You gotta climb to the rooftops
When it floods inside
And we brought the whiskey
Ain't gonna face it sober
I need a helicopter
Come and get this nightmare over

And I got a pair of pistols
And my old buckshot
But you can't kill a thunderstorm
You gotta do the hurricane stomp, and it goes like...

Stomp, stomp, wind go away
Nobody wants you hurricane
Stomp, stomp, turn back around
Take your vengeance out of town

I know we got off lucky
We're still alive
That night we found some driftwood
And we held on to the side
Little bit after 2 a.m.
Old man threw us a rope
And he pulled us up to a tower
And gave us each a smoke

To this day we reminisce
Bout the reason we're alive
'Cause we know our hurricane stomp
Made that ol' monster pass us by, and we go like...

Stomp, stomp, wind go away
Nobody wants you hurricane
Stomp, stomp, turn back around
Take your vengeance out of town
Stomp, stomp, wind go away
Nobody wants you hurricane
Stomp, stomp, turn back around

Take your vengeance out of town

And the only thing left we can do
Is get everybody on the roof
Hold hands in a circle and pray the boards don't rot
And do the hurricane stomp
C'mon, stomp

Stomp, stomp, wind go away
Nobody wants you hurricane
Stomp, stomp, turn back around
Take your vengeance out of town