

Black Tornado

Chris Staples

You do what ever you want to
When ever you come to town
You got me shaking in my boots
Before you even touch down
You know you got my respect I know you don't need it
Your picture's in the paper I didn't read it

Black tornado roll up the sky like oriental rugs
Black tornado hit hard and fast like the expensive drugs
Black tornado roll up the sky like oriental rugs
Black tornado hit hard and fast

Now I'm making drinks on the patio
Hall & Oates playing on the stereo
Clear blue sky's and no chance of rain
No dark thoughts haunting my brain
Not a single reason to complain, no

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