

# 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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