

Storm Cellar

Elysian Fields

There's a storm heading east
I don't need to hear the forecast
But it's coming for me
There's a chance that it might outlast
Life above ground
So we've got to head down
Blow this little ghost town
Batten down the hatches so to speak
Seal it up tight
Here's a chance to live by candlelight
As we head down below
To my secret grotto
Climb down
Climb down
My storm cellar
As the thunder swells
Make like
Make like we're cave dwellers
As the whole world melts
Got this funny old cot
Working on this magnum opus
It squeaks a lot
Pretty soon you'll hardly notice
Where it's damp and divine
I got roots, I got wine
A dirty sheepskin rug
Lay you down and keep you snug

Climb down
Climb down
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As the thunder swells
Make like
Make like we're cave dwellers
As the whole world melts
Put the genny on low
Move the dial real slow
Get your belly on the floor
Gonna bear that load
Shake a moon below
Where the mushrooms grow
Let the airwaves flow
On the crank radio
When the seven-horn blow
Then it's time to go
And you can't say no
With your belly on the floor
Climb down
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