

## The Storm

Garth Brooks

She sits among the pieces  
Of broken glass and photographs  
Reluctantly releases the  
Last of what was her past  
It struck without a warning or  
Did she just ignore the signs  
In those dark clouds forming  
Behind her silver lines?

The door  
It slammed like thunder  
And the tears  
They fell like rain  
And the warnings  
From her family  
Whirl like a hurricane  
She's drowning in emotions  
And she cannot  
Reach the shore  
She's alive but  
Can she survive the storm?

A broken jewel box dancer  
Lies in pieces down the hall  
She's finding out the answers  
Don't change nothing at all  
It's time that  
She stopped searching  
For who's to blame or  
What went wrong  
The only thing  
For certain is he's gone  
She's got to move on

Someday days just roll on by  
Without a grey cloud in the sky  
She keeps telling herself  
"I will make it on my own"  
And her friends they've all  
Gone back to their lives  
Thinking she will be all right  
As she races through  
The night to make it home