

Perfect Storm

Jay Webb

You said your daddy wasn't home, so I
Pulled in the drive, saw them tear trails
Falling from your bloodshot eyes
I was hell bent on saving you that night

We were 16, flying down an old dirt road
With some floorboard bottles blowing nicotine smoke
You were hell bent on saving me, I know

Well, Mama knows best I know that's right
And Mama told me that you'd be mine
The sinners need saints to hold them on this ride

When it's raining on the window
We're loving in the back seat
Every time it gets cold
You're the one that keeps me warm
You and me, we make the perfect storm

We'll go down together out there where the wind blows
You and me forever, a bandit and a wild, wild horse
You and me, we make the perfect storm

When we couldn't buy smokes and the money was tight
We were living on hope like Bonnie and Clyde
You were hanging on like a six-shooter by my side

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Pedal down, we don't live slow
Back and forth with that whiskey
You and me, we've been real close
On the run since 15 Lord
I ain't never gonna let you go

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(We'll go down together out there where the wind blows
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