

Chasing Tornadoes

MacKenzie Porter

There's something about the fast life
We all want a shot of that adrenaline high
You're a hundred-mile-an-hour slow ride
Cutting through the clouds of the Po-dunk sky

Anybody in their right mind would get the hell out of here
Yeah, go and get gone
But I'm staring in the eye of it
Even though every damn siren's on

'Cause baby, I'm a sidewinder, storm rider
I'm going down like a telephone wire
You're a Mustang runaway, two-lane drifter
I must have a thing for twisters

Hot as Arizona, cold as Colorado
Trying to catch that feeling like lightning in a bottle
I'm gonna go where the wild wind blows
Tearing up the road, chasing tornadoes

Baby, when the dust clears
I'll be hungover, just sifting through the rubble
Like a hot mess red lipstick smear
Put my heels back on, run back to the trouble

Maybe it's time I should lock it inside
Board up all the windows and doors
But I'll ignore all the warnings
At least 'til the morning
'Cause boy when you rain, you pour

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I feel the calm before the storm
Stirring up inside my soul
Waiting on the clouds to come rolling in
Here you come and there I go

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Chasing tornadoes

Got me chasing tornadoes