

## Name Storms After

Nate Smith

Ain't a cloud up in the sky  
Ain't no warning or a sign  
But all of a sudden, I'm  
Lost in the blue eyes of a hurricane  
The way you're rolling in right now  
I should be standing on some higher ground

Ooh, you're a lightning strike  
To hell with whoever said it never hits twice  
Ooh, you're a hundred-year flood  
Sweeping me away in a tidal wave rush  
They never saw you coming, beautiful disaster  
You're the kind of woman that they name storms after

Now I'm caught up in your wreckage  
Your perfume, your kiss, your dresses  
I'm at the mercy of your touch, and I can't run for cover  
I feel your love like thunder in my chest

Ooh, you're a lightning strike  
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