

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

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