

# Storms Never Last

Rosemary Clooney

Storms never last do they, baby?  
Bad times will pass with the winds  
Your hand in mine steals the thunder  
And you make the sun want to shine

I followed you down so many roads, baby  
I picked wild flowers and sung you soft sweet songs  
And every road you took, I know your search was for the truth  
And the cloud, it's brewin' now, won't be the last

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