

# Who Names The Hurricanes

The Tubes

All along the lighthouse reef  
the turmoil sweeps in the soil and weeps its beef  
with a lack of warning--Hey you  
Can't you read the signs  
Cartwheeling reams of trees  
They sound their dreams as they whistle by

This weather uncaged--destroy  
Mother of Troy an ancient god  
descends upon the land  
and backhands the once serene

Sound their dreams as they whistle by

She's all the rage  
Who names the hurricanes

Who mops up the sea and rings out  
the devil in a torn dress  
What will they name her  
What will she call him  
Whirlwind of a woman--this defiant one  
who knows no sympathy for the weak  
She turns her other cheek

To my feeble plea  
and my destiny

She's all the rage  
Who names the hurricanes

Call it Catherine  
Dash with a flash in the pan  
Or Constance  
with hell bent fury on man  
Try David  
He's a classic machismo

Gail suits a catastrophic swipe of a steel brush  
Hush--hush  
She writes history and leaves no mystery  
As the wane moon unfolds and spills the hearts of a  
thousand beaus on ones who came before

Who comes from a dead hot fog  
straight outta Hermuda  
Like a colossal electric shaver  
clipping a billion trees  
transporting exotic birds to unfamiliar surrounds  
You resign to read the signs  
Up go the dread red flags  
Who's to blame  
What's in a name

She's all the rage  
Who names the hurricanes

What's in a name and who's to blame  
You can't resist these winds of fame  
Dub it Diana--eye at the quiet core and more  
Jeannie--a soft warm breeze 'til she sneeze  
Unearthing Eva--you musta believe  
Hunkraven Hannah--has spumed yo face  
Alexandria--black browed savage grace  
Shirley burley bannana fanna fo fury  
Roxanne--the gusty tramp turns the sun into a sickly orb  
I'm amped!  
Madeline's the name they call the torrents of rain  
that maul my brain--she's insane!  
Cyclone Gladys--the goddess oh so maddess  
Typhoon June's the tag they put on a force  
such as this  
Who would name a storm Bruce  
Only one whose ass is lose  
Calling Camille--her howling hazards of late ravage  
the ground like an atom bomb  
Hugo--you go boy!  
Hurricane Roy-oy oy!  
Big Bertha--have mertha