

Storm Comin'

Tony Joe White

The storms kept on coming, tracking us down
There won't be no sleep tonight, lightning on
The ground
There are families who are lost, homes are
Being torn
Mother Nature keeps on making room for
Others to be born

Momma said "kids, get up, get your clothes on"
"Kids, get up, get your clothes on, Storm Comin'"

Prayers by the window all through the night
Keepin the vigil till the morning light
Walk out in the sunshine, glad to be alive
Hugging each other with our eyes on the sky

Momma said "kids, get up, get your clothes on"
"Kids, get up, get your clothes on, Storm Comin'"

Never was a troublemaker, didn't mean no harm
Just a wasp-nest shaker and a watcher of the storm

Momma said, "Kids, get up, get your clothes on"
"Y'all, get up, get your clothes on, Storm Comin'"

Kids, get up, get your clothes on
Kids, get up, get your clothes on
There's a storm comin'
Get up, get up, get your clothes on
Get up, get up

Storm Comin'