

A Tornado Warning

Turnpike Troubadours

We were sitting on the front porch
With the weather rolling in
Laughing louder than the big south wind
You ran out to roll your window
Light rain falling on your hair
Your tan legs checkered from a folding chair

There's country music in the kitchen
I hear it singing through the screen
Weather warnings in between
Glad you got out of the city
There's no telling what's in store
Along the 35 Corridor

Kerosene to feed the flame
Your effect is quite the same
Shadows dancing on the wall and
Waiting for the sky to fall

Couldn't ask for better weather
You were saying with a grin
Until the sound of hailstone hitting tin
It's loud enough you gotta yell now
The whole thing hits me like a song
A pretty one that won't last long

Kerosene to feed the flame
Your effect is quite the same
Shadows dancing on the wall and
Waiting for the sky to fall and
Waiting for the sky to fall

In the broken the morning light
That simple shade of blue
The kind that always follow you

Kerosene to feed the flame
Your effect is quite the same
Shadows dancing on the wall and
Waiting for the sky to fall and
Waiting for the sky to fall