



Hurricane

(J. Alves, D. Meniketti, P. Kennemore, L. Haze)

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Cold chill down your back
You feel the power about to attack
The wicked sky, it screams with pain
You hear it's warning and it drives you insane
Gonna drive you insane

CHORUS:

Well, it's a hurricane, yeah
And it's coming down on you
Well, it's a hurricane, yeah
And it's coming down on you, you, you, you

Fear strikes deep inside
You're on your own with no place to hide
Much too late, you hear that sound
You're in it's grasp never to be found

CHORUS

Cold chill down your back
You feel the power about to attack

CHORUS