

Sweet Tornado

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Out from East Texas
Somewhere to go
Like a 4:00 A.M. whistling blowing train

To where wild things are

From the rusting city
To the rotten cider
Fallen angel
Tread a little higher
Just a little higher

Chorus

*She's a Texas tornado
You're a darling she's a friend
Such a sweet tornado
An heiress to the wind*

Smokey summers in Tennessee
Glassy cages through what they see
Write your name in the sky
For all the world to see
A practical dreamer
Flashing personality

Chorus

Why wait until tomorrow to inherit the wind?