

# Hurricane

## Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories

Skeleton boy by the side of the road.  
he warned me, he told me;  
he said, "there's this woman, she's a hurricane,  
she will heal your heart up, she is hurrying." he said, "don't look for holidays.  
don't look, just run away.  
go suffocate, and choke your own cry.  
go where the water,  
where the water, seeps from the pink sky.  
but behead this woman, she's a hurricane,  
she will heal your heart up, and she is hurrying. remember your reflection in a pool, in a puddle -  
"

and the leaves sped top-speed towards me,  
and my image was muddled. "i'm a lightheaded wonder," she said,  
"don't you see my mind slow down?  
i'm a lightheaded wonder  
don't you see my mind slow down?  
slow down i've compassion for strangers,  
an affinity for danger -  
won't you be my sacrifice? i'm a lightheaded wonder  
don't you see my mind slow down for you?  
for you?"  
no -  
you're a headless woman, you're a hurricane.  
you will heal my heart up?  
no, i will heal my own heart up, because you are hurting.  
cause i'm a sunburn slap upon your arm,  
i'll twist you til you break,  
and you're a hurricane.

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