

TORNADO WARNING

By Lorenzo Caricchio

There's nothing to do but sit and steer, nothing to do but swallow the fear.
And try to keep the boat on course. While the wind keeps blowing past gale force.

The sky is getting darker. I can't see the channel marker
Wind and rain slashing at the sails, Thor's hammer pounding lightning bolt nails.
The sky's getting even darker yet. The buoy's over there I bet.
But the rain's so heavy I can't make it out. The wind so strong I don't dare come about.

There's nothing to do but sit and steer, nothing to do but swallow the fear.
And try to keep the boat on course. While the wind keeps blowing past gale force.

Now the Jib is fouled 'round the Head-stay. I can't control it. No how! No way!
The crew's willing to go on deck to set it free, but the decision to risk it is up to me.
There's finally a break in the storm, a chance to run for port where it's safe and warm.
The crew goes on deck and douses the sails. I start the engine and rev it up till it wails

Back in dock, Bourbon in hand, we heard about the devastation on land.
Homes shattered, trees down, two tornadoes had ripped through the town.
North and South, a twister on each side, we'd sailed between 'em, a hell of a ride.
Yet it's unbelievable. How could it be? As bad as it was, we were safer at sea.

Where there was nothing to do but sit and steer, nothing to do but swallow the fear.
And try to keep the boat on course. While the wind kept blowing past gale force.