

## **GATHERING STORM** (Alan Reid)

Fisher boats rock in the harbour  
Blow, hear the winds blow  
Cloud are hovering low in the sky  
The weather is turning this morning  
Blow, hear the winds blow

Birds no longer are singing  
Blow, hear the winds blow  
Out at sea there's a darkening swell  
The weather is turning this morning  
Blow, hear the winds blow

Hear the winds blow,  
There's a gathering storm  
Shaking the leaves off the trees,  
Comin' on strong,  
Turn off the lights, hurry on home,  
Nobody knows just how long it will go on

The air waves are filled with foreboding  
Blow, hear the winds blow  
Telling us all to be on our guard  
The weather is turning this morning  
Blow, hear the winds blow

Hear the winds blow,  
There's a gathering storm  
Shaking the leaves off the trees,  
Comin' on strong,  
Turn off the light, hurry on home,  
Nobody know just how long it will go on

They say that trouble is brewing  
Blow, hear the winds blow  
We look at each other with questioning eyes  
Where do we turn to this morning  
Blow, hear the winds blow  
Hear the winds blow