



STORMY NIGHTS

MUSIC: E.J.M. BORGERS / D. HOLLESTELLE • WORDS: E.J.M. BORGERS © BOGEY MUSIC 1989

Hear the wind howling round the cornerstones.
The underdogs are digging for their secret bones.

Pineapple trees are moving shades on the window.
I'm caught up in this place, nowhere to go.
Take a seat at the bar
call a drink, ask a light.
The first thing the man says "You look like you need it.
Better take it easy cause it's gonna be a stormy night".

The Lockheads stay aground and the pilots wait.
For the messages are coming in and it's getting late.
Even the manager is helping out
to look up everything outside.
Holding on for a memory
of you and me, how it used to be.

Stormy nights were always bringing out the best of you.
We drank the wine, playing on till the light came through.
But not tonight, there is no-one here to talk to.
I've gotta fight my own way through,
through this stormy night.

Always bringing out the best of you.
Playing on till the light came through
Always bringing out the best of you.
Playing on till the light came through