

# Cyclone Season

Words and Music: Graeme Connors

The mangroves are quiet  
There's no sound of living and no sign of life  
Dark clouds are forming  
Turning the morning back into the night  
Huddled in fear our prayers reassure us  
Nature is no match for man in his wisdom but

This is a dangerous time  
This is a time without rhyme without reason  
This is a time when the outcome can never be known  
Cyclone Season

The streets are all empty  
The smell of expectancy hangs in the air  
A baby is crying  
A hammer is beating a final repair  
Straining our ears 'til finally we hear it  
The high lonesome moaning of anger and fury and

This is a dangerous time etc.

And down at the dockside old Captain McDaniel cries out  
"Who's coming with me?  
Like Captain Ahab we'll go out and face it  
Throwing our faith on the sea"

This is a dangerous time etc.

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