

# Cyclone

Bruce Hornsby

Most of our years have flown away with nothing much decided  
Except the board we're playing on, how it's to be divided  
Will more years yet die alone? The question's many sided  
Got no answers of my own and none have been provided  
When I was young there was nothing  
to know  
And the wind followed me wherever I'd go  
Rain came down where I made my stand  
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand  
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand  
There is a game that's only played in a darkened  
room with strangers  
Dealt down and dirty with unmarked cards eyes closed to dangers  
Jealousy folds without playing its hold card, romance raises grinning  
I spent several lifetimes there when I could not lose for winning  
When I was young there was love for free  
Glad to be given and received by me  
Rain came down where I made my stand  
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand  
With a wave of my hand I believe I can still make the cyclone rise  
Just can't see it so well with my fading eyes  
A mystery to myself, not everything now I was born  
to be  
All I know is when I wanted it so the wind itself rose for me  
You know if it wasn't for love I might just be a wandering man  
But I believe I've made the better choice to sing about it with this band  
When I was a boy I  
could summon the moon  
With a crook of the finger and a home made tune  
I could ride the clouds when they sailed on by  
And sing all the words to a wildcat's cry  
When I was young there was nothing to know  
And the wind followed me wherever I'd go  
Rain came down where I made my stand  
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand  
And the cyclone rose with a wave of my hand  
I believe I can still make the cyclone rise  
And the cyclone rose, wave of my hand  
Rain came down where I made my stand

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