

Karl Jürgensen Mohr	Artist	<input type="text"/>	BPM	C major	Key
Blown	Title	<input type="text"/>	:	<input type="text"/>	Duration
© 1997 Karl Mohr / (Mohr)	© / Publishing Info	<input type="text"/>	2006/10/26	Modified	

The wind blows through, like a curled tongue.  
And we are safe for now, but the wind is coming.

**CHORUS**

I, I am blown away.  
I, I am blown away.

Father, the clouds are rising and God is... in front of me.  
Mother, a storm is brewing and it scares the shit... right out of me.

(Guitar solo, singing melody)

CHORUS x2 (I's on end)

This summer runs with these old water guns.  
And the rain will pound us and the sun will keep us dry.

Father, the clouds are rising and God is... in front of me.  
Mother, a storm is brewing and it scares the shit... right out of me.

CHORUS x2

**BRIDGE**

This wicked heat and these flies, the desolate tend to multiply.  
Stagnant never stays too long, cuz the wind is coming.

Same as verse.

Father, the clouds are rising and God is... in front of me.  
Mother, a storm is brewing and it scares the shit... right out of me.

CHORUS x2

Notes arpeggio:  
C F G C E x2  
A F G C E  
G F G C E

A E G D G  
B D G D G