

The Gathering Storm

Words and music by Peter Brunette

1.

E F#m B7 E
Listen up, you advertisers,
F#m B7 E
As you trade in dreams and fears,
F#m B7 E
All you president's advisers,
C#m A F#m B7
You who trade in blood and tears.
E F#m B7 E
Listen up, you lords of commerce
F#m B7 E
With your husky bodyguards.
F#m B7 E
All your submarines and bombers
C#m F#m B7 E E7
Can't defend your house of cards.

CHORUS 1:

A G#m C#m
'Cause there's a wind a-blowing
B7 E
From the South country.
C#m F#m
There's a storm a-gath'ring
B7
On the sea.

2.

E F#m B7 E
Listen up, you planet spoilers,
F#m B7 E
As you squander Nature's gift.
F#m B7 E
When you launched a thousand oilers,
C#m A F#m B7
Whose boat did you set adrift?
E F#m B7 E
Listen up, you Wall Street bankers,
F#m B7 E
As you blithely rig your sails,

F#m B7 E
There will be no more safe anchors
C#m F#m B7 E E7
When the southern tempest wails.

CHORUS 2:

A G#m C#m
And there's a wind a-blowing
B7 E
From the South country.
C#m F#m
There's a storm a-gath'ring
B7
On the sea.

3.

E F#m B7 E
Listen up, you men of power,
F#m B7 E
As you tread your halls of fame.
F#m B7 E
There will come that final hour
C#m A F#m B7
When you hang your heads in shame.
E F#m B7 E
You will moan and you will holler,
F#m B7 E
But no saints will comfort you,
F#m B7 E
'Cause the mighty greenback dollar
C#m F#m B7 E E7
Was the only god you knew.

CHORUS 2:

A G#m C#m
And there's a wind a-blowing
B7 E
From the South country.
C#m F#m
There's a storm a-gath'ring
B7
On the sea.