

# The Gathering Storm

## A protest song by Peter Brunette

1. Listen up, you advertisers,  
As you trade in dreams and fears,  
All you president's advisors,  
You who trade in blood and tears.  
Listen up, you lords of commerce  
With your husky bodyguards.  
All your submarines and bombers  
Can't defend your house of cards.

CHORUS 1: 'Cause there's a wind a-blowing  
From the South country.  
There's a storm a-gathering  
On the sea.

2. Listen up, you planet spoilers,  
As you squander Nature's gift.  
When you launched a thousand oilers,  
Whose boat did you set adrift?  
Listen up, you Wall Street bankers,  
As you blithely rig your sails.  
There will be no more safe anchors  
When the southern tempest wails.

CHORUS 2: And there's a wind a-blowing  
From the South country.  
There's a storm a-gathering  
On the sea.

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

CHORUS 2