G	С	
Storms never l	ast do they baby	
D	G	
Bad times will	pass with the winds	
	С	
Your hand in m	nine stills the thunder	
D	G	
You make the	sun want to shine	
G	С	
Oh, I followed	you down so many roadsbaby	
D	G	
I picked wild fl	owers and sung you soft sweet songs	
	С	
And every road	d we took God knows our search was fo	r the truth
D	G	
And the storm	brewin' now won't be the last	