

The Thunder Rolls

All That Remains

Three thirty in the morning
Not a soul in sight
The city's looking like a ghost town
On a moonless summer night
Raindrops on the windshield
There's a storm moving in
He's heading back from somewhere
That he never should have been And the thunder rolls
And the thunder rolls
Every light is burning
In a house across town
She's pacing by the telephone
In her faded flannel gown
Asking for miracle
Hoping she's not right
Praying it's the weather
That's kept him out all night And the thunder rolls
And the thunder rolls The thunder rolls
And the lightning strikes
Another love grows cold
On a sleepless night
As the storm blows on
Out of control
Deep in her heart
The thunder rolls
She's waiting by the window
When he pulls into the drive
She rushes out to hold him
Thankful he's alive
But on the wind and rain
A strange new perfume blows
And the lightning flashes in her eyes
And he knows that she knows And the thunder rolls
And the thunder rolls
And the thunder rolls! The thunder rolls
And the lightning strikes
Another love grows cold
On a sleepless night
As the storm blows on
Out of control
Deep in her heart
The thunder rolls Deep in her heart

Deep in her heart
The thunder rolls
The thunder rolls
The thunder rolls on
And the thunder rolls

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