

# Melissa Etheridge, Thunder Road

The screen door slams and Mary's dress waves  
Like a vision she dances across the porch as the radio plays  
Roy Orbison singing for the lonely, hey that's me and I want you only  
Don't send me home again, I just can't face myself alone again  
Well don't you run back inside darling, you know just what I'm here for  
So you're scared and you're thinking that maybe we ain't that young anymore  
Well show a little faith there's magic in the night  
You ain't a beauty but hey you're alright  
Oh and that's alright with me

You can hide 'neath your covers and study your pain  
Make crosses from your lovers; throw roses in the rain  
Waste your summer praying in vain  
For a savior to rise from these streets  
Well now I'm no hero it's understood  
All the redemption I've got to offer girl  
Is beneath this dirty hood  
With a chance to make it real somehow  
Tell me what else can we do now

Except roll down the window and let the wind blow back your hair  
Well the night's busting open these two lanes will take us anywhere  
We got one last chance to make it real  
To trade in these wings on some wheels  
Climb in back heaven's waiting down on the tracks  
Oh come take my hand, we're ridin out tonight to case the promised land  
Oh Thunder Road, oh Thunder Road, oh Thunder Road  
Lyin' out there like a killer in the sun  
I know it's late but we can make it if we run  
Oh Thunder Road, sit tight, take hold, Thunder Road

Oh well I got this guitar and I learned, I learned how to make it talk  
And my car's out back if you're ready to take that long walk  
From your front porch to my front seat  
The door is open but the ride ain't free  
I know you're lonely for words that I ain't spoken  
Well tonight we'll be free all the promises will be broken

There were ghosts in the eyes of all the boys you sent away  
They haunt this dusty beach road in the skeleton frames of burned-out  
Chevrolets  
They scream your name at night in the street  
Your graduation gown lies in rags at their feet  
And in the lonely cool before dawn you hear their engines roaring on  
When you get to the porch they're gone on the wind  
So Mary climb in  
It's a town full of losers and we're pulling out of here to win