Garth Brooks, The Thunder Rolls (Long Version)

Three thirty in the morning Not a soul in sight The city's lookin' like a ghost town On a moonless summer night Raindrops on the windshield There's a storm moving in He's headin' back from somewhere That he never should have been The thunder rolls And the thunder rolls Every light is burnin' In a house across town She's pacin' by the telephone In her faded flannel gown Askin' for miracle Hopin' she's not right Prayin' it's the weather That's kept him out all night The thunder rolls And the thunder rolls The thunder rolls And the lightnin' 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 The thunder rolls And the thunder rolls The thunder rolls And the lightnin' 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 runs back down the hallway And through the bedroom door She reaches for the pistol Kept in the dresser drawer Tells the lady in mirror He won't do this again 'Cause tonight will be the last time She'll wonder where he's been The thunder rolls And the lightnin' strikes Another love grows cold, darlin' On a sleepless night As the storm blows on Out of control Deep in her heart The thunder rolls

