

# 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

