

Roger Daltrey, When The Thunder Comes

By Chas Sanford and Damon Metrebian
1986 Fallwater Music, ASCAP.

I've been thinking about the time that we're spending here
Refuges in a world gone cold
The voice of reason can't seem to find a listening ear
The vote is out, the bell still tolls
I can't shake this feeling
We're crawling closer to the edge

Yet we still go out, walk about, chit and chatter
Let the problems of the world go by
I don't really want to wake up to the pitter patter
Of little bombs falling from the sky

Tell me that we're really all strangers
Tell me I'm not right
Tell me that there isn't any danger
Tell me in the dark of the night

When the thunder comes
From distant drums
The winds will blow
The dreams of man into the indigo

There's got to be a way to stop it! Stop it!
Cause there's no turning back once we cross that line
And all your money in the right pocket
Can't buy you any time
A chilling wind feels so near
Will I live to meet my darkest fears

When the thunder comes
From distant drums
The winds will blow
The dreams of man into the indigo

We'll see the shifting of sands
And the fall of mighty lands
Great peace will finally dawn
As we meet our maker
When the thunder comes

When the thunder comes
From distant drums
We'll all be one When the thunder comes
The winds will blow
The dreams of man into the indigo

When the thunder comes, thunder comes, thunder comes