

# The Thunder Rolls

Garth Brooks

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 movin' in  
He's headin' back from somewhere  
That he never should have been  
And 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  
And 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 waitin' 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 lightnin' flashes in her eyes  
And he knows that she knows  
And the thunder rolls  
And the thunder rolls

Songwriters

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