Try For Thunder

Chamberlain

I haven't smiled in a long time but I've learned how to look impressed, learned to lose the dreams I had when I was at my best.
When I was a boy on the back lawn, faith, like a gun, I'd find and be it loaded or not I'd keep it at my side.
This voice inside keeps saying: "congratulations on what you've done, on all you are and all that you won't become.
" But even when it's hard I guess I'm never where I don't belong and I'll get there by knowning I'd get there all along. This life to me it's like a try for thunder.
This sky that I'm under it's the best sky for me.
I've learned less from daylight than from night threatening to leave.
All along my voice goes after what my hands cannot reach.
I ran through the fog without you, through the low hard language of rain, afraid that if I caught what I came for I'd never want it again.
This life to me it's like a try for thunder.
This sky that I'm under it says God's been good to me.
One night in the rain you set me straight.
You said I have everything I need, and for every slow day in the sun there's two storms in between. Where I am is where you'll find me at the edge of many things, hands outstretched, doing circles in the rain, grinning like a thief.
This life to me it's like a try for thunder this sky that I'm under it says God's been good to me.

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