Thunder Without the Storm

Whitaker

When, I look to the horizon
I can see water
but I know, it's an illusion
and though I know the truth here
I'm holding to hope
and I won't let goIf I knew where I was going
it would be showing
yeah you would know
but the haze shuts the light out as we go deeper
and now you can't see me through it alloh and I'm sorry
baby, believe me
I'm sorry
oh hold on please
baby ohSo what if I'm a desert island
and you washed up, on my shore
or maybe you'd be rescued
and tell stories of survival
a momentary refuge
but now a holeWhat do you call a last call
when should you let go
baby when you feel it will it tell me
cause i'll never know
i'll never know x3oh and i'm sorry
baby, believe me
I'm sorry
oh hold on please
baby ohSo what am I without you
am I roses without the thorns
or am I a thunder, without the storm

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