Thunder Island (Re-Recorded)

Jay Ferguson

Sha-la-la-la-la-la my lady
In the sun with your hair undone
Can you hear me now calling your name
From across the bay
A summer's day laughing and a-hidin'
Chasing love out on Thunder IslandShe was the color of the Indian summer
And we shared the hours without number
Until one day when the sky turned dark
And the winds grew wild
Caught by the rain and blinded by the lightnin'
We rode the storm out there on Thunder IslandI held her close
Until the storm passed
And we fell down laughing in the wet grass
Both our bodies drying in the sunshine, sweet sunshine
So, sha-la-la-la-la-la my lady
In the sun with your dress undone
Now, ev'ry mile away and ev'ry day
Cuts a little deeper
I'll remember the nights in the cool sand
Making love out on Thunder Island

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