

# Thunder Road

Robert Mitchum

And the screen door slams, Mary's dress sways  
Like a vision she dances, across the porch  
As the radio plays, Roy Orbison singing for the lonely  
Hey that's me and I want you only  
Don't turn me home again  
I just can't face myself alone again  
Well, don't you run back inside, darling  
You know just what I'm here for  
So you're scared and you're thinking  
That maybe, we ain't that young anymore  
Show a little faith, there's magic in the night  
Ain't a beauty, but hey you're alright  
Oh yeah, and that's alright with me  
You can hide 'neath your covers  
And study your pain  
Make crosses from your lovers  
Throw roses in the rain  
Waste your summer praying in vain  
For a savior to rise from these streets  
Well, I'm no hero, that's understood  
All the redemption I can offer, girl, is beneath this dirty hood  
With a chance to make it good somehow  
Hey, what else can we do now?  
Except roll down the window  
And let the wind blow back your hair  
Well, the night's busted open  
These two lanes will take us anywhere  
We got one last chance to make it real  
To trade in these wings on some wheels

Climb in back, Heaven's waiting down on the tracks  
Well, oh oh, come take my hand  
We're riding out tonight to case the promised land  
Oh oh, thunder road, oh thunder road, oh thunder road  
Lying out there, like a killer in the sun  
Hey I know it's late, but we can make it if we run  
Oh oh, thunder road, sit tight take hold, thunder road  
Well, I got this guitar, and I learned how to make it talk  
And my car's out back, if you're ready to take that long walk

From your front porch to my front seat  
The door's open but the ride, it ain't free  
And I know you're lonely  
For words that I ain't spoken  
But tonight we'll be free  
All the promises'll be broken  
There were ghosts in the eyes  
Of all the boys you sent away  
They haunt this dusty beach road  
In the skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolets  
They scream your name at night in the street  
Your graduation gown lies in rags at their feet  
And in the lonely cool before dawn  
You hear their engines roaring on  
But when you get to the porch, they're gone  
On the wind, so Mary climb in  
It's a town full of losers  
Then we're pulling out of here to win

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