

Sound of Thunder

Model Style

Been in this grass here for the last ten hours
My clothes are dirty but my mouth isn't dry
How does it happen, does it fly through the air?

Oh, I gave up asking days away, I gave up asking days away
And now I'm lying here waiting for the sound of thunder

Waiting for the sound of thunder
Here I am, I'm the dotted line
Cut the corners stick me to your door

I'm the man who stepped off the path
And I just lie here it's what I was made for
And now my eyes are closing
but I still feel the land

Leaning out for the touch of my hand
The world spins so fast that I might fly off
The world spins so fast that I might fly off

The world spins so fast that I might fly off
I'm waiting for the sound of thunder
I'm waiting for the sound of thunder

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