

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
I'm waiting for the sound of thunder
I'm waiting for the sound of thunder I'm waiting for the sound of thunder
I'm waiting for the sound of thunder
I'm waiting for the sound of thunder
I'm waiting for the sound of thunder

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