Thunder Road

The Popettes

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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