

Thunder Road

Frank Turner

Well, the screen door slams, Mary's dress waves
Like a vision she dances across the porch as the radio plays
Roy Orbison is singing for the lonely
Hey, that's me, I want you only
Don't turn me home again, I just can't face myself alone again

So don't you run back inside, darling, 'cause you know just what I'm here for
And you're scared and you're thinking that maybe we're not that young anymore
Well, show a little faith, 'cause there's magic in the night
You ain't a beauty, hey, alright
Oh, and that's alright with me

Now you can hide underneath the covers and study your pain
Make crosses from your lovers and throw roses in the rain
You can waste your summers praying in vain
For a savior to rise from these streets

Oh, I'm no hero, and that's understood
All the redemption I can offer, girl, is beneath this dirty hood
We got a chance to make it good somehow
Well, what else can we do now?

Except roll down the window and let the wind blow back our hair
This night's busted open, and these two lanes can take us anywhere
We got one last chance to make it real
To trade in these wings on some wheels
Climb in back, darling, now heaven is waiting down on the tracks

So, oh-oh, come take my hand
We're riding out tonight to case the promised land
Oh-oh-oh-oh, Thunder Road, oh, Thunder Road
Oh, Thunder Road

Well it's lying out there like a killer in the sun
And I know that it's late, but we can make it if we run
Oh-oh-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, long walk
From your front porch to my front seat
The door's open but the ride ain't free
And I know you're lonely for things that I haven't spoken
But tonight we'll be free, all the promises will be broken

There were ghosts in the eyes of all the boys that you sent away
They haunt these dusty beach roads in the skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolet
And they scream your name at night in the street
The graduation gown lies in rags at their feet

And in the lonely cold before dawn
You hear the engines roaring on
But when you get to the porch they're gone
On the wind

So Mary climb in
This is a town full of losers, I'm-a pulling out of here to win