

"Thunder"

The picture tells the story
Of a thousand rainy days
When baseball wasn't played
And the sun was for trade
For Thunder

Through fogged window pain
I see you again
Running from here to there
Trying not to fear
The Thunder

We talked over hot tea
Listened to old Presley
To get dry you tried
We laughed and we cried
Through Thunder

And oh, how I miss
That thing you liked the best
Lasting through the night
Trying to get it right
With Thunder