

Thunder

Pink Martini

My steps are soft and slow
Yet also they are strong
They leave the past behind
They right where they've been wrong

My hands are stained
Yet they will learn to break these chains
Heal the heart that bleeds
Fight until they're free

Even the mountains crumble
Even the seas will dry

Can you hear the thunder in the valley
Can you hear the whisper in the leaves
Sounds like fate, a daring doom on us holds
Sounds like wishful warnings of old souls
Sounds like wishful warnings of old souls

I'm nearly breaking
From this dream in which I range
I have got a chance
I have got to change

My hope in reality
Comes flowing from my dreams
Those who can't chase clay
You'll know what I mean

Listen the wheels are turning
Where are these rockets burning

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