

Thunder

Brooke Fraser

I appear in the wild
Hologram in the distance
I'm lighting up the bayou
We speak in storms
We're all electric, we're all electric
You're a fiend for a fight
You tend to misfire
Scorched earth, burnt skin
We speak storms
We're all electric, we're all electric

Thunder, thunder
Thunder, thunder

We are down to the wire
We're misconnecting
Combustible, explosive
Untamed
We're pyrotechnic, we're all electric
So we roll and we rage
Small scale destruction
Scorched earth, burnt skin
We're speaking storms
We're all electric
We're all electric

Thunder, thunder
Thunder, thunder

Air it bends (air it bends)
Then it breaks (then it breaks)
But we're holding our ground (hold our ground)
First the light (First the light)
First the light (First the light)
Then the sound

Thunder, thunder
Thunder, thunder