

Thunderstorms

Cal Smith

A thunderstorm, a screen door, and a little boy
A lightning flash brings teardrops to his eyes
But then he hears his father's voice so soft and low
Telling him it's just God's lullaby

And Jesus is smiling, see him light up the sky
He's trying to tell us not to tremble and cry
The rain is his teardrops and thunder is the sound
Of his magnificent chariot that rides on the wind

But lullabies get pushed aside by grown-up things
Ain't it sad the way the mind gets so confused
And as I try to find the meaning to this life I lead
Father sometimes I envy you

He was staring from your death bed at the winter skies
Cold and blue and not a trace of rain
When suddenly you shivered and you try to reach the man
And as you slowly close your eyes I thought I heard you say

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