

# 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 fo  
r  
And you're scared and you're thinking that maybe we're not that young anymor  
e  
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 Chev  
rolets  
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