

# Thunder Island

Jay Ferguson

Sha la la la la la my lady  
In the sun with your hair undone  
Can you hear me now calling  
Your name from across the bay  
A summer's day laughing and a-hiding  
Chasing love out on Thunder Island

She was the color of the Indian summer  
And we shared the hours without number  
Until one day when the sky turned dark  
And the winds grew wild  
Caught by the rain and blinded by the lightning  
We rode the storm out there on Thunder Island

I held her close until the storm passed  
And we fell down laughing in the wet grass  
Both our bodies drying in the sunshine, sweet sunshine  
So sha la la la la la my land  
In the sun with your dress undone  
Now every mile away and every day  
Cuts a little deeper  
I'll remember the nights in the cool grass  
Making love out on Thunder Island