

Thunderbird

Josh Ritter

I won't worry 'bout the things that I can't change
The yonder roving doom or the trouble train
Just give me that dusty-throated singing in that western strain
My love for you might be young, it's wide as the plains

You shoulda seen him coming, you shoulda seen him go
And Alexander curls atop a calico
Now we haven't heard a single word nor bugle-blow
My love for you might be young, it won't be laid low

Thunderbird
Who is it shakes your blood?
Who is it swims the water of your blue lakes?
Oh, Thunderbird
Is it me you're thinking of?
If you gotta take somebody, I hope it's me that you take

The wine, the Winnemucca, and the Mardi Gras
Those old melodious fishes the piano caught
All those things that ring so ancient, though their bells are not
My love for you might be young, you're the one that it wants

Thunderbird
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Who is it swims the water of your blue lakes?
Thunderbird
Is it me you're thinking of?
If you gotta take somebody, I hope it's me that you take

Over and over, I have prayed your name
Over and over and over again
Run between the railings, honey, slip between the seams
I'm seeing you in dreams

I loved you then, I love you now, I'll love you into the gloom
I've never been the type to leave the party over-soon
Throw a rope around the sun, I'll throw a rope around the moon
My love for you might be young
It'll take all afternoon

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