

Days Of Thunder

The Midnight

Love is a setting sun
Is a smoking gun
Is a 4 letter word
I hope it hurts
Love is a fatal flaw
Is a broken jaw
Is a burning bridge
Move your hips

And the ghost of the boulevard
Littered with lonely hearts
The city like a graveyard
Once was a postcard
When you lose your wonder
And you can't remember
When we were living
In the days of thunder
Living in the days of thunder
Living in the days of thunder
Living in the days of thunder
Living in the days of...

Love was a dream to have
Was a king-size bed
Was an escape plan
Was an open hand
Now it's a dog from hell
It's a dream you sell
It's an epitaph
It's photograph

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(Days of thunder)
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