And the Thunder Rolls – Garth Brooks

Three thirty in the morning   
Not a soul in sight   
The city's lookin' like a ghost town   
On a moonless summer night   
Raindrops on the windshield   
There's a storm moving in   
He's headin' back from somewhere   
That he never should have been   
And the thunder rolls   
And the thunder rolls   
  
Every light is burnin'   
In a house across town   
She's pacin' by the telephone   
In her faded flannel gown   
Askin' for miracle   
Hopin' she's not right   
Prayin' it's the weather   
That's kept him out all night   
And the thunder rolls   
And the thunder rolls   
  
The thunder rolls   
And the lightnin' strikes   
Another love grows cold   
On a sleepless night   
As the storm blows on   
Out of control   
Deep in her heart   
The thunder rolls   
  
She's waitin' by the window   
When he pulls into the drive   
She rushes out to hold him   
Thankful he's alive   
But on the wind and rain   
A strange new perfume blows   
And the lightnin' flashes in her eyes   
And he knows that she knows   
And the thunder rolls   
And the thunder rolls   
  
The thunder rolls   
  
And the lightnin' strikes   
Another love grows cold   
On a sleepless night   
As the storm blows on   
Out of control   
Deep in her heart   
The thunder rolls   
  
She runs back down the hallway   
To the bedroom door   
She reaches for the pistol   
Kept in the dresser drawer   
Tells the lady in the mirror   
He won't do this again   
Cause tonight will be the last time   
She'll wonder where he's been