**Thunder Road**

*Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band*

The screen door slams, Mary's dress waves

Like a vision she dances across the porch as the radio plays

Roy Orbison singing for the lonely

Hey, that's me and I want you only

Don't turn me home again, I just can't face myself alone again

Don't run back inside, darling, you know just what I'm here for

So you're scared and you're thinking that maybe we ain't that young anymore

Show a little faith, there's magic in the night

You ain't a beauty but, hey, you're alright

Oh, and that's alright with me

You can hide 'neath your covers and study your pain

Make crosses from your lovers, throw roses in the rain

Waste your summer praying in vain

For a savior to rise from these streets

Well now, I ain't no hero, that's understood

All the redemption I can offer, girl, is beneath this dirty hood

With a chance to make it good somehow

Hey, what else can we do now?

Except roll down the window and let the wind blow back your hair

Well, the night's busting open, these two lanes will take us anywhere

We got one last chance to make it real

To trade in these wings on some wheels

Climb in back, heaven's waiting on down the tracks

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

Lying out there like a killer in the sun

Hey, I know it's late, 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 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 words that I ain't spoken

But tonight we'll be free, all the promises'll be broken

There were ghosts in the eyes of all the boys you sent away

They haunt this dusty beach road in the skeleton frames of burned-out Chevrolets

They scream your name at night in the street

Your graduation gown lies in rags at their feet

And in the lonely cool before dawn

You hear their engines rolling on

But when you get to the porch, they're gone on the wind

So Mary, climb in

It's a town full of losers, I'm pulling out of here to win

*Songwriters: Don Raye / Robert Mitchum*

*Thunder Road lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group*