

Pat Alger·Tony Arata



This is the second song I wrote with Garth Brooks. He liked a song of mine written with Mark D. Sanders called "Like a Hurricane" and thought it would be interesting to write a song about an unfaithful husband and have the thunder rolling represent the bad deed itself. Things became more complicated when Tanya Tucker heard the song and wanted to record it. Her producer asked us to write a final verse where he gets what's coming to him in the end – hence the missing verse that the video was based on. Life sure gets interesting sometimes!

THE THUNDER ROLLS

(Pat Alger, Garth Brooks)

3:30 in the morning not a soul in sight
The city's looking like a ghost town
on a moonless summer night
Raindrops on the windshield
There's a storm moving in
He's headed back from someplace
He never should have been...
And the thunder rolls...and the thunder rolls...

Every light is burning in a house across town
She's pacing by the telephone in a faded flannel gown
Asking for a miracle — hoping she's not right
Praying it's the weather that's kept him out all night
And the thunder rolls...and the thunder rolls...

*The thunder rolls and the lightning strikes
Another love grows cold on a sleepless night
The storm blows on out of control
Deep in her heart the thunder rolls*

She's waiting at the window when he pulls into the drive
She runs out to hold him thankful he's alive
But on the wind and rain a strange new perfume blows
Lightning flashes in her eyes
And he knows that she knows
And the thunder rolls...and the thunder rolls...

*The thunder rolls and the lightning strikes
Another love grows cold on a sleepless night
The storm blows on out of control
Deep in her heart the thunder rolls*

She runs back down the hallway through the bedroom door
Reaches for the pistol in the dresser drawer
She tells the lady in the mirror: "He won't do this again,
This will be the last night I'll wonder where he's been."
And the thunder rolls...and the thunder rolls...