

Bob Dylan

"Thunder On The Mountain"

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Thunder on the mountain, and there's fires on the
moon

A ruckus in the alley and the sun will be here soon
Today's the day, where I'm gonna grab my trombone
and blow

Well, there's hot stuff here and it's everywhere I go

I was thinking about Alicia Keys, couldn't keep from
crying

When she was born in Hell's Kitchen, I was living down
the line

I'm wondering where in the world Alicia Keys could be
I been looking for her even clear through Tennessee

Feel like my soul is beginning to expand

Look into my heart and you will sort of understand
You brought me here, now you're trying to turn me
away

The writing on the wall, come read it, come see what it
does say

Thunder on the mountain, rolling like a drum

Going to sleep over there, that's where the music is
coming from

I don't need any guide, I already know the way

Remember this, I'm your servant both night and day

The pistols are popping and the power is down

I'd like to try something but I'm so far from town

The sun keeps shining and the North Wind keeps
picking up speed

Gonna forget about myself for a while, gonna go out
and see what others need

I've been sitting down studying the art of love

I think it will fit me like a glove

I want some real good woman to do just what I say

Everybody got to wonder what's the matter with this
cruel world today

Thunder on the mountain rolling to the ground

Gonna get up in the morning walk the hard road down

Some sweet day I'll stand beside my King

I wouldn't betray your love or any other thing

Gonna raise me an army, some tough sons of bitches
I'll recruit my army from the orphanages
I been to St. Herman's church, said my religious vows
As I've sucked the milk out of a thousand cows

I've got the pork chops, she's got the pie
She ain't no angel and neither am I
Shame on your greed, shame on your wicked schemes
I'll say this, I don't give a damn about your dreams

Thunder on the mountain heavy as can be
Mean old twister bearing down on me
All the ladies in Washington scrambling to get out of
town
Looks like something bad is going to happen, better
roll your airplane down

Everybody going and I want to go too
Don't wanna take a chance with somebody new
I did all I could, I did it right there and then
I've already confessed, no need to confess again

Gonna make a lot of money, gonna go up North
I'll plant and I'll harvest what the earth brings forth
The hammer's on the table, the pitchfork's on the shelf
For the love of God, you ought to take pity on yourself.

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