

## Thunder and Lightning

Sitting at the kitchen table playing lonely card games—  
It's one o'clock in the morning—there's a storm outside.  
Dealing five card stud to empty chairs with made up names,  
I've learned to take this love of ours in stride.

The feelings come and go just like the rhythms of the rain.  
'Round and 'round we whirl in a fevered dance.  
What keeps us hanging on? Well, it's really too hard to explain—  
But this midnight storm reminds me of our romance.

Like thunder and lightning we belong together.  
Nothing in this world's gonna keep us apart.  
Our love seems to thrive on the stormy weather.  
Like thunder and lightning we belong heart to heart.

Love is our only shelter from the wind and the driving rain—  
We huddle close in the hope of keeping warm.  
And we're chilled to the bone, but we're never sure if it's pleasure or if it's pain.  
Still the passion leads us straight into the eye of the storm.

Like thunder and lightning we belong together.  
Nothing in this world can keep us apart.  
Our love seems to thrive on the stormy weather.  
Like thunder and lightning we belong heart to heart.

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