Thunder Road by Bruce Springsteen

Fill in the gaps

| The (1) door slams |
|---|
| Mary's dress sways |
| 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 (2) praying in vain |
| For a savior to rise (3) these streets |
| Well now i'm no hero |
| That's understood |
| All the redemption i can offer, girl |
| Is beneath this (4) 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 |
| Riding out (5) to case the promised land |
| Oh-oh thunder road, oh thunder (6) oh |
| (7) road |
| Lying out there like a killer in the sun |
| Hey i know it's (8) we can make it if we run |
| 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 (9) walk |
| From your front porch to my front seat |
| The door's open but the ride it 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 roaring 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 |
| And i'm (10) out of here to win. |



- 1. screen
- 2. summer
- 3. from
- 4. dirty
- 5. tonight
- 6. road
- 7. thunder
- 8. late
- 9. long
- 10. pulling

Fill in the gaps