

Thunder on the Mountain
 Words and music Bob Dylan
 Album: Modern Times (2006)

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

There's a ruckus in the alley and the sun will be here soon

C G
 Today's the day; gonna grab my trombone and blow

D7 G
 Well, there's hot stuff here and it's everywhere I go

I was thinkin' 'bout 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 run me away
 The writing on the wall, come read it, come see what it say

Thunder on the mountain, rolling like a drum
 Gonna sleep over there, that's where the music 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 poppin' and the power is down
 I'd like to try somethin' but I'm so far from town
 The sun keeps shinin' and the north wind keep picking up speed
 gonna forget about myself for a while, 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
 I've sucked the milk out of a thousand cows

I got the pork chops, she 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 are scrambling to get out of town
 Look like something bad gonna 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

