

Jay Ferguson, Thunder Island

THUNDER ISLAND

Jay Ferguson

Sha la la la la my lady
In the sun with your hair undone
Can you hear me now calling
Your name from across the bay
A summer's day laughing and a-hiding
Chasing love out on Thunder Island

She ws the color of the Indian summer
And we shared the hours without number
Until one day when the sky turned dark
And the winds grew wild
Caught by the rain and blinded by the lightning
We rode the storm out there on Thunder Island

I held her close until the storm passed
And we fell down laughing in the wet grass
Both our bodies drying in the sunshine, sweet sunshine
So sha la la la la my land
In the sun with your dress undone
Now ev'ry mile away and ev'ry day
Cuts a little deeper
I'll remember the nights in the cool grass
Making love out on Thunder Island