

# What Tomorrow Brings

## Badly Drawn Boy

I'm tired of thinking about this morning  
May as well just dream of what tomorrow brings  
If this is your last photograph  
Just smile, stand tall, and you could have it all  
Color your soul, to make it whole  
And use this day, what of it remains  
If it's your reality, if this is your reality  
Let it be  
Ten feet tall, but feeling small  
You raise those plans  
Take a hold with your hands  
This photograph could be your last  
A final prize, a moment in time  
If it's your reality, if this if something you can see  
I'm tired of thinking about this morning

May as well just dream of what tomorrow brings  
Ascend your soul, reach your goal  
Blue-eyed one, hope against hope  
Taking that fall, unwrapped it all  
Bring it back, like the blood of the triad  
If it's this reality, if this is all just let it be  
I'm tired of thinking about this morning  
May as well just dream of what tomorrow brings  
I'm tired of thinking about this morning  
May as well just dream of what tomorrow brings  
Just when you think that you could never find it  
Just then you realize your future is all in your hands  
One day we'll look at this and laugh about it  
Until then just realize the future is all in our hands  
I'm tired of thinking about this morning  
May as well just dream of what tomorrow brings

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