

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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