

# Putting My Tomorrows Behind

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When I'm coming home, my mind starts to roam.  
I go to bed while picking up speed  
the surface might say that I'm doing okay  
that I got what a man might needI got my degree, a brand new tv  
the parts where I live ain't too bad  
but I can't recall, none of it all  
in any dreams I've hadI hear myself saying, I'm doing fine my life is a walk through the pines.  
But I'm sick and I'm tired, spending my time, putting my tomorrows behind.The sky is big and white and I'm  
locked inside  
working all day with a frown  
I guess I'm just a coward who would need to get fired and banished from this townI think to myself, things  
weren't trying like tomorrow I'll quit, tough I'm.  
but I'm sick and tired spending my time putting my tomorrows behind.  
I think to myself, time after time  
tomorrow I'll be there in my prime  
but I'm sick and I'm tired, cause I know that I'm lying I'm putting my tomorrows behind  
I'm sick and I'm tired, cause I'm not even trying  
I'm putting my tomorrows behinds.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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