

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
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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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