Come Tomorrow

Peter Cincotti

The trees on Golden Avenue were green as Irish morning
We were wearing caps and gowns
My mother took a photograph
I was the only one not smiling, I was too big for this town
I can't believe that I was only 17
A catholic punk who couldn't wait to screamCome tomorrow
I'll be leaving this worn out, worn down place
I'll be drinking sunlight and dancing on the moon
I'll find me a girl that suits my ways
Spending all my nights and days
Just singing drunken love songs out of tune
I'll be rolling like a pair of dice, come tomorrowThe trees on Golden Avenue were bitter red this morning
As I shuffled through the crowd
Another dose of daily news, another cup of coffee
The same old runaround
And I turn each corner hoping that I'll see
A miracle just waiting there for meCome tomorrow
I'll be leaving this worn out, worn down place
I'll be drinking sunlight and dancing on the moon
I'll find me a girl that suits my ways
Spending all my nights and days
Just singing drunken love songs out of tune
I'll be rolling like a pair of dice, come tomorrowGoing nowhere, like leaves are blowing past my window
Caught up in a wind they can't control
That's my story, a two bit kind of Peter Pan
Who never tried for Neverland
And I think it's time to find my wings and goCome tomorrow
I'll be leaving this worn out, worn down place
I'll be drinking sunlight, dancing on the moon
Find me a girl that suits my ways
Spending all my nights and days
Just singing drunken love songs out of tune
I'm gonna make it up to paradise, come tomorrow
Come tomorrow, come tomorrow

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