

Tomorrow Comes a Day Too Soon (Acoustic)

Flogging Molly

[Incomprehensible] You, you never looked so good
Sipping life down like I wish I could
But these sober tears are all that's left to shed
Sandy's soul, now made of bread
Face down beneath the rubble lies a man
Tales of the future already in the past
And of himself, well, he hasn't much to say
But wake the gods, it's a droodlin' day
He said, "I left my home where the dead never rose
But the streets of gold I've yet to find
And at the end of the day, all you can do is pray
Without hope, well, you might as well be blind, yeah, be blind
Tomorrow comes a day too soon, tomorrow comes a day too soon
Angel, sweet angel of my youth
Where have you gone? You flew away too soon
This brick I built, now builds a higher wall
See it crumble, hear me fall
There hangs the fool, who once had it all
He said, "I left my home where the dead never rose
But the streets of gold I've yet to find
And at the end of the day all you can do is pray
Without hope, well, you might as well be blind, yeah, be blind
Tomorrow comes a day too soon, tomorrow comes a day too soon
And though the road has yet to rise
On these hundred years that passed me by
And the blood with the river flows
Through the crimson field never sung
And, no, never sung
He said, "I left my home where the dead never rose
But the streets of gold I've yet to find
And at the end of the day all you can do is pray
Without hope, well, you might as well be blind, yeah, be blind
Tomorrow comes a day too soon, tomorrow comes a day too soon
Tomorrow comes a day too soon, tomorrow comes a day too soon
Ah, well you, you never looked so good

Songwriters

David King; Bridget Regan; Dennis Casey; Robert Anthony Schmidt; Matthew Hensley; Nathen Jeglinski; George

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