

# Children of Tomorrow

[Mike Stuart Span](#)

Listen to me as I sit in this tree  
Where can the land of our fairytales be  
Over the mountains, under the seas  
Deep in the valleys, so high in a tree

Oh, where can it be?  
Now that we're alone

Look in my eyes as I stare at the sky  
Wondering where do the unicorns fly  
Into the forests of glittering gold  
How can it be that we've never been told?

Oh, how can it be?  
Now that we're alone

Look at the children playing so happily 'round me  
They cannot know what the world will be doing tomorrow

Into the forests of glittering gold  
How can it be if we've never been told?

Oh, how can it be?  
Now that we're alone

Look at the children playing so happily 'round me  
They cannot know what the world will be doing tomorrow

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Lyrics submitted by Andrew Hetherington.

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