

# Tomorrow

Mat Kearney

I hear a voice crying out from the bellies of their mommas  
Hold on for today don't worry about tomorrow  
Though the rains of today seem to fall with sorrow  
Let me be and we'll see this life for tomorrow I hear a cry going out in the middle of the night  
Under the scatter of the stars from a voice cracked with fright  
And as the tears stripe cheeks from pain running south  
The taste of salt hits the corner of her mouth Resting on tied tongues with no breath left to speak  
Sick of throwing up with no bread left to eat  
Tired and confused from disillusionment  
Sunny days turn to gray and away he went Ripping the hooks out your heart from the promises at dark  
The words found their mark as the sheets came apart  
Every spoken word broken as he flipped you a token  
Kiss on the cheek as his feet found the open door What's in store for you he didn't question  
Shook his burden to the floor to leave you guessing  
About the future and what it will unfold  
But you're still standing there rockin' it so bold like I hear a voice crying out from the bellies of their mommas  
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Though the rains of today seem to fall with sorrow  
Let me be and we'll see this life for tomorrow I hear a voice crying out from the bellies of their mommas  
Hold on for today don't worry about tomorrow  
Though the rains of today seem to fall with sorrow  
Let me be and we'll see this life for tomorrow  
Holding on these songs of hope, I cannot sing them without you  
Holding on, holding on You can't just point a finger and say it's alright  
Make a trip downtown and put it out of sight  
Because two came together so strong one night  
And two wrongs don't make one right Giving a voice to the voiceless saying it's choice less  
'Cause they're priceless my princess  
I feel the kicks and the churns give me a turn  
And a shot at this world to fight the fight To beat my plight and let my light shine  
In this dark time with all its ways of wearing crime  
And let this world drown in these ultrasounds  
Hearing this heart beats speak sweet so profound From beat down to higher ground  
Where hope abounds with love that astounds  
Les Miserables this ain't no miserable daughter  
Calling you Cosette 'cause God will be your father I hear a voice crying out from the bellies of their mommas  
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