

Someone Else's Tomorrow

[Patty Griffin](#)

Have you ever been baptized in the cool winter water
On a Sunday morning, when the sky was gray?
We filed out of the churchyard, so cold, it was silver
To gold, tan and blue cars and the cars drove away
And all the memories fade, send the ghosts on their way
Tell them they've had their day
It's someone else's tomorrow
The tall and the tiny ships on the water
Farther and farther, floating away
Will never return now, all wooden and burned down
They echo and groan now in their salty graves
All the memories fade, send the ghosts on their way
Tell them they've had their day
It's someone else's tomorrow
Someone else's tomorrow

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