For Tomorrow

Blur

He's a twentieth century boy
With his hands on the rails
Trying not to be sick again
And holding on for tomorrow
London ice cracks on a seamless line
He's hanging on for dear life
And so we hold each other tightly
And hold on for tomorrow
Singing
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
Holding on for tomorrow, oh, oh, oh, oh
She's a twentieth century girl
With her hands on the wheel
Trying not to make him sick again
Seeing what she can borrow
London's so nice back in your seamless rhymes
But we're lost on the Westway
So we hold each other tightly
And we can wait until tomorrow
Singing
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
Holding on for tomorrow, oh, oh, oh, oh
We're trying not to be sick again
And holding on for tomorrow
She's a twentieth century girl
Holding up for dear life
And so we can hold each other tightly
And hold on for tomorrow
Singing
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
Holding on for tomorrow, oh, oh, oh
Holding on for tomorrow, oh, oh
Holding on for tomorrow, oh, oh

La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
La la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la
Holding on for tomorrow, oh, oh
Jim stops and gets out the car
Goes to a house in emperor's gate
Through the door and to his room
Then he puts the TV on
Turns it off and makes some tea
Says, "modern life well, it's rubbish"
I'm holding on for tomorrow
Then Susan comes into the room
She's a naughty girl with a lovely smile
Says, "Let's take a drive to Primrose Hill
It's windy there and the view's so nice"
London ice can freeze your toes
Like anyone I suppose
I'm holding on for tomorrow

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