This Time Tomorrow

Marit Larsen

She looks for all the signs
Checks your shirt when you get home
To make sure

She keeps an eye on your telephone Instead of asking you she asks everyone you're with

And ends up in dark conclusions you're not aloneShe calls you up repeatedly

Knows where you're at all the time[Chorus]

At night you tell her she's all you long for

But she knows by your face there has got to be more

Her eyes are too narrow, her legs are too long

She knows by this time tomorrow you'll be goneShe used to be ahead

She had thrilling and exciting things to say

She kept you on your toes all the way

But know the tides have turned

You have come too close to knowing her

God forbid you know what she's really likeWhen she sleeps she keeps her make up on

She prefers to live in a lie[Chorus]

You'll be goneDa da da-da da da

Da da da-da da da da

Na na na-na na na na[Chorus]

You'll be gone

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