

For Tomorrow (Visit to Primrose Hill Extended)

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 l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
La, la la l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
La, la la l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
Holding on for tomorrow She's a twentieth century girl
With her hands on the wheel
Trying not to make you sick again
Seeing what she can borrow
London's so nice back in your seamless rhymes
But we're lost on the West way
So we hold each other tightly
And we can wait until tomorrow Singing la, la la l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
La, la la l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
La, la la l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
Holding on for tomorrow We're trying not to be sick again
And holding on for tomorrow She's a twentieth century girl
Holding on for dear life
And so we hold each other tightly
And hold on for tomorrow Singing la, la la l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
La, la la l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
La, la la l-la, la, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la
Holding on for tomorrow Jim stops and gets out of the car
Goes to a house in Emperor's Gate
Through the door and to his room, and then he puts the TV on
Turns it off and makes some tea
Says modern life is 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 You're holding on for tomorrow

Songwriters

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