

# Tomorrow

## Death Cab for Cutie

Believe in me, I'm sad and blue  
Left with nothing but a picture  
Third or fourth weekend in June  
December seems to come too soon Will you wait until tomorrow?  
Will you wait until? Head is swirling with the scene  
Of you and him embraced in rupture  
Dirty trying to come clean  
But every thought I have's obscene Will you wait until tomorrow?  
Will you wait until? Quilted on our hands  
And keeping you tucked in too deep  
Struck in the shot of two  
Twenty-four hours in June Will you wait until tomorrow?  
Will you wait until tomorrow?  
Will you wait until tomorrow?  
Will you wait until tomorrow?

Lyrics provided by

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