

Always Tonight

Catherine Feeny

I'm driving home, I think that it's Friday
Another week is gone, how the days slip by me
And I remember when I was a child
And my parents told me how time flies
I thought it was a lie
Sitting on top of my hands, watching the world go by
Tapping my feet on the floor wondering, wondering why
Things don't work out right, no, they never seem to work out right
But there's always tonight, there's always tonight
So, I'm late again, well, I hate to be early
Making you wait again
'Cause I'm thinking that surely
You don't mind the time
Like I mind, like I mind the time
Sitting on top of my hands, watching the world go by
Tapping my feet on the floor wondering, wondering why
Things don't work out right, no, they never seem to work out right
Oh, nothing ever works out right, no, it never ever works out right
But there's always tonight, there's always tonight
Lying awake, I think about tomorrow
How many miles it would take
To walk around this sorrow
Sitting on top of my hands, watching the world go by
Tapping my feet on the floor wondering, wondering
Wondering, wondering why
Sitting on top of my hands, I am sitting on top of my hands
And things don't work out right, no, they never seem to work out right
But there's always tonight, yeah, there's always tonight
There's always tonight, yeah, there's always tonight

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