

# Looks Like Tomorrow

## Still Life

Slowly he looks at his calloused hands and dreams of something he thought was real and he looks to the ground.

Sunlight is fading fast to the west, casting lengthening shadows. Some dreams are gone when the light disappears to fade with the night. And where do they go when they leave you alone lost in quite desperation. He's seen years pass like water beneath him and slowly drift out to sea. It's not a lot to ask of this world, to feel safe, and maybe he'll find it one day. But god knows he tries, but at the end of the day he always seems to say.

All my dreams have faded away. Just like memories from yesterday, all my lines are crossed and erased, just like all of these lines on my face, but god knows I try. Cause it's not a lot to ask of this world, to feel safe, and maybe I'll find it one day. But if god knows I try then at the end of the day why do I always say. All my dreams have faded away. But god knows I try to see the beauty in every

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