Time Flies Tomorrow

Paul Westerberg

Time flies tomorrow
But it ain't made a move yet
Time flies tomorrow
And tomorrow will make a day since we've metYour heart sings a feeling
It don't ache but baby it's gonna
Swing from the ceiling
Break like a piataBreak like a whitecap
In the sand you shiver
With eyes like two hubcaps
At the bottom of the riverTime flies tomorrow
But it ain't made a move yet
Time flies tomorrow
And tomorrow will make a day since we've metYour hands are like an ovation
An uncertain work of art
I sometimes grow impatient
Gonna tear me apartAin't no time for crying
As you stand and deliver
All my thoughts of dying
Are silenced by your riverTime flies tomorrow
And time flies since we met
Time flies tomorrow
Yeah, time flies since we metTime flies tomorrow
Time flies tomorrow

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