

Tomorrow Night

Barbra Streisand

Look at me-I must be absolutely crazy!
How did I ever let it get this far?
Look at me! I'm getting deeper into trouble.
Am I woman or a man?
Am I a devil or a demon?
Papa was right!
I ask too many questions.
He said a soul can get perplexed-
I can't believe what happens next!
Papa was right!
It seems this little game I play
Becomes more risky every day!
Tomorrow night, tomorrow night...
Under the canopy
I'll stand with her tomorrow night!
And place a ring upon her hand
With her all dressed in white
Tomorrow night
I don't know how this came about
But I'll be wed without a doubt.
Oh, my God, I've got to get out!
Look at this-The way one lie
begets another
Somebody wake me up and say
It's all a dream!
(Look at this!)
Look how easily I fool them
They may have eyes but they don't see
They never really look at me
People are blind!
How else would everyone believe me?
It might be interesting to know
Just how much further I can go
Tomorrow night, tomorrow night...
I can't believe what I'll presume to be
Tomorrow night,
I'm not the bride but I'm the groom to be
Tomorrow night,
And that's a monumental trick

I'd better think of something quick
(Oh, my God, I'm feeling sick!
I could run away
I could leave without a trace,

Go anywhere or any place
Where no one knows my face.
As a woman or a man?
I don't know just so I can
Run away-run away!
I'd be free-I'd be rid of all of this
But there's someone I would miss
And being near him is what this is all about!

So running away is out!
Papa dear, you dreamed of dancing
At my wedding;

But something tells me that I'm right
You wouldn't want to dance tonight!
Isn't this a strangely logical solution?

Things may not be as they appear
But the advantages are clear:
He loves her-she loves him

He likes me-I like her
And I've reasons to think she likes me.

She keeps him-he keeps her
I keep things as they were
It's a perfect arrangement for three!

Who'd have ever predicted
The moment would come
When I'd find myself grateful
They've kept women dumb!
She's an innocent maiden

But then so am I!

That's why it's possible I could get by.
Look, I've seen the impossible happen before,
So maybe, God willing, it'll happen once more.
For I feel like a train on a perilous track.
With no way to stop and no way to go back.
Like a snowball that's gathering speed down a hill,
Going faster and faster and faster until...

Tomorrow night, tomorrow night...
Even if someone would pray for me
Tomorrow night,
There's not a prayer
That they could say for me

Tomorrow night,
Tomorrow night, tomorrow night...
Tomorrow night...is now tonight!

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