Till Tomorrow

Don Mclean

What can this be, can you tell me?
Would you like to discover
Why we're not free to be lovers?
I've been wanting to ask youWhere has all the love gone
And what have we become?
Storm clouds full of thunder
Move silent as they drumAnd when they're gone, we'll be fine till tomorrow
Oh I hope it won't rain
You will be mine and my sorrow
Will take wings in the morningHigh above the Heavens
A rainbow paints the sky
White doves sing their songs of love
I watch them as they fly and wonderWhat can this be, can you tell me?
Would you like to discover
Why we're not free to be lovers?

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