

# Tomorrow

## Cold Chisel

Into the night side, the city rolls  
Rivers of light, a million souls  
I'm three days out of Parramatta jail  
City of hearts is out of control  
Newspaper men are using my name  
They hold the power, I hold the blame

An' I know no love runs deep enough to hide you  
When military minds are closing in  
I don't wanna know about tomorrow  
I don't wanna know about tomorrow  
I don't wanna know about tomorrow  
Oh no

All last week, I was clutching at straws  
Facing the future, forcing the doors  
I got death in the hour, life on the run  
Or twenty more years under the gun

There's an eighty dollar hooker  
She's asleep on the bed  
TV weather's on  
But the sound is dead  
Out in the shadows  
They've got us in their sights  
But I don't wanna know about tomorrow  
She set me free tonight

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