

# Someone Else's Tomorrow

[Patty Griffin](#)

Have you ever been baptized in the cool winter water  
On a Sunday morning, when the sky was gray?  
We filed out of the churchyard, so cold, it was silver  
To gold, tan and blue cars and the cars drove away  
And all the memories fade, send the ghosts on their way  
Tell them they've had their day  
It's someone else's tomorrow  
The tall and the tiny ships on the water

Farther and farther, floating away  
Will never return now, all wooden and burned down  
They echo and groan now in their salty graves  
All the memories fade, send the ghosts on their way  
Tell them they've had their day  
It's someone else's tomorrow  
Someone else's tomorrow

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