

# 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 you Where has all the love gone  
And what have we become?  
Storm clouds full of thunder  
Move silent as they drum And 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 morning High above the Heavens  
A rainbow paints the sky  
White doves sing their songs of love  
I watch them as they fly and wonder What can this be, can you tell me?  
Would you like to discover  
Why we're not free to be lovers?

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