

# Tomorrow Is a Long Time

Bob Dylan

If today was not a crooked highway  
If tonight was not a crooked trail  
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time  
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all  
Yes and only if my own true love was waitin'  
And if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin'  
Yes, only if she was lyin' by me  
Then I'd lie in my bed once again I can't see my reflection in the waters  
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain  
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps  
Or remember the sound of my own name  
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin'  
And if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin'  
Yes and only if she was lyin' by me  
Then I'd lie in my bed once again There's beauty in the silver, singin' river  
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky  
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty  
That I remember in my true love's eyes  
Yes and only if my own true love was waitin'  
I could hear her heart a softly poundin'  
Yes and only if she was lyin' by me  
Then I'd lie in my bed once again

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