

# Tomorrow's Just Too Late

Kevin Devine

You drag your tiger's paw across  
Your chapped and cracking lips  
And open up a crimson slur  
You spread each time you kiss The broken boy you bargain with  
To turn back to the man  
That you fell in love with once  
But never saw again  
Is he in there? Do you think he drowned to death?  
Well it's his decision to show his face again You grind your tired teeth  
And curse the day that you were born  
To a sunken line of Irish wives a million miles long  
Devoted to the suffering they're certain they deserve  
A husband's a cross to bear  
Worry lines and a silver string of hair  
Come too early, come to steal your sainted youth  
Well it's your decision to stay or else to move And I'm not a man of faith, no gospel oak for me  
But you wear a crucifix to broadcast your beliefs  
And the god I've read about can't go where he's not asked to go So you've got a choice to make  
Shut him out, save yourself, or sit and wait  
But you're waiting on a man who will not move  
So you must move for him and do what he can't do 'Cause it's worth it, that's the one life you can change  
And I'm sorry sister, but it has to end this way  
Yeah, it's scary sister, but tomorrow's just too late So stand up sister  
There's an albatross to shake

Songwriters

KEVIN PATRICK DEVINE Published by

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