

Well, it s strange how many tortured mornings
Fell upon us with no warning
Lookin for a smile to beg and borrow
It s over now, there is no returning
A thousand bridges sadly burning
And light the way I have to walk alone
Come tomorrow

I guess that no amount of lying
To myself will stop the crying
I guess I have to take things like they are
The facts are plain to see, it s only
That I ain t used to being lonely
Like I m gonna be without you
Come tomorrow

Come tomorrow