

Waiting For Tomorrow

Booze & Glory

Here's an old story of a place I know well
It ain't exactly heaven it ain't exactly hell
But this is the place where I grew up
Where dirty rigs and pissy lifts were just a part of life
This ain't a place to leave in it's a place to survive
But this is the place where I grew up
Where the villains and the thieves and the benefit cheats
All get along quiet happily this is the place that I call home

In the shadow of the city we try to live our lives
Where there once was dock's there's another high rise
This place don't feel much like home
It's hard to keep your chin up and your head down
So I don't blame no one for doing what they can
Do what It takes to leave this town
Where your hopes and dreams are the only things free
I think the time has come to leave this old place feels new to me

With the promise of good times to come
Keep the faith and wait for tomorrow
As we get older the years pass us by
Hope starts to die as time is running out

Here's an old story about the place I used to know
Another concrete jungle, just another shit hole
This is the place that I call home
I keep on trying to leave it but where else is there to go
These streets where I grew up, these streets are all I know
All these places I cal my own
Where the people that I love all still live
Where I became a man from the kid
This is the place that I call home.