

Tomorrow

Home Grown

Awake at ground zero
Another day wasting away
Nothing seems to matter
'Cuz nothings ever changed

California dreamin'
Has never meant that much to me
We're living in this nightmare
Comes so easily

Holding on
When I don't belong
If this is right then I cant go wrong
Holding on
But I know right now
I'll never make it

Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow
And figure out where to begin
Maybe I wont feel so hollow
But I'm pretty sure that I'll be sleeping in

Days seem like their decades
In minutes past life years gone by
Still I sit here wasting
The time of my life

California dreamin'
Will never mean that much to me
And you'll never understand
How it feels to me

Holding on
When you don't belong
When you don't feel right
But its all you got
Holding on
But I'm pretty sure
I'll never make it

Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow
And figure out where to begin
And maybe I wont feel so hollow

Its 3 a.m
(Its 3 a.m)
And it feels like this 4 walls are caving in
Please tell me I'm not alone
(I'm not alone)
'Cuz I'm tired of sleeping in

(Whoa)
Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow
(Whoa)
And figure out where to begin
(Whoa)
Maybe I wont feel so hallow

But I'm pretty sure that I'll be sleeping in