

# Come Tomorrow

Peter Bradley Adams

When these golden days are over  
And nothing's left to fight for  
Nothing's left to grieve  
Well my hands have left you colder  
The touch we used to sigh for  
Lost under the sheets

Now there's ravens on the rooftop  
They're standing in the doorway  
They're underneath the bed  
Come on quick before our hearts stop  
Let's right another story  
Another happy end

What love is left to fight for?  
What love is left to grieve?  
Maybe come tomorrow, tomorrow we'll see

Could it be the light is changing?  
That makes the days seem shorter  
It's getting hard to breathe  
Come on quick the car is waiting  
The clocks are racing forward  
Spinning out of our reach

What love is left to fight for?  
What love is left to grieve?  
Maybe come tomorrow, tomorrow we'll see

Maybe come tomorrow, tomorrow we'll see  
Tomorrow we'll see