

Tomorrow Is a Long Time

Chrissie Hynde

If today was not an endless highway
If tonight was not a crooked trail
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all

Yes, and only if my own true love was waiting
And if I could hear his heart softly pounding
Only if he was lying by me
Then I'd lie in my bed once again

I can't see my reflection in the water
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps
I can't remember the sound of my own name

And if only my own true love was waiting
And if I could hear his heart softly pounding
Only if he was lying by me
Then I'd lie in my bed once again

There's beauty in that silver, singing river
There's beauty in the rainbow in the sky
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes

Yes, and only if my own true love was waiting
And if I could hear his heart softly pounding
Only if he was lying by me
Then I'd lie in my bed once again