

# Waiting For Tomorrow

Hawkwind

Moon streaming through the trees  
I wonder what this means  
Clouds forming into swords  
Shining like I've never seen

Waiting for tomorrow, hiding from tomorrow  
Waiting for tomorrow, hide from all our sorrows

Words written in the sky  
Tell me, could this be a dream  
Silently, pilots are circling  
Waiting for the unforeseen

Red alert goes through the world  
The heavens are opening  
Run to the shelter nearest you  
Our planet's running out of steam

Waiting for tomorrow, hiding from tomorrow  
Waiting for tomorrow, hide from all our sorrows

Moon turning red, trees are dead  
I wonder what this means  
Clouds have changed to sheets of mist  
Like I've never seen

Waiting for tomorrow, hiding from tomorrow  
Waiting for tomorrow, hide from all our sorrows

Stars are fading from the sky  
Tell me, could this be a dream?  
Silently, pilots land  
Waiting for the unforeseen

Waiting for the unforeseen  
Waiting for the unforeseen