

# This Time Tomorrow

Marit Larsen

She looks for all the signs  
Checks your shirt when you get home  
To make sure  
She keeps an eye on your telephone  
Instead of asking you she asks everyone you're with  
And ends up in dark conclusions you're not alone

She calls you up repeatedly  
Knows where you're at all the time

At night you tell her she's all you long for  
But she knows by your face there has got to be more  
Her eyes are too narrow, her legs are too long  
She knows by this time tomorrow you'll be gone

She used to be ahead  
She had thrilling and exciting things to say  
She kept you on your toes all the way  
But know the tides have turned  
You have come too close to knowing her  
God forbid you know what she's really like

When she sleeps she keeps her make up on  
She prefers to live in a lie

At night you tell her she's all you long for  
But she knows by your face there has got to be more  
Her eyes are too narrow, her legs are too long  
She knows by this time tomorrow you'll be gone  
You'll be gone

Da da da-da da da da  
Da da da-da da da da  
Na na na-na na na na

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