

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