

Tomorrow Is Just A Dream Away

The Felice Brothers

Well, tomorrow is just a dream away
Oh tomorrow
Think of tomorrow
Well, tomorrow is just a dream away
Oh tomorrow
Think of tomorrow

Bible thumping madmen run the world
And I know that's not gonna change
It's a more or less shitty world
But look at Alice over there with dark sunglasses
Moving slow and sweet as molasses
I want to be with her on the primrose hill
Tomorrow, I think I will

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Fanatical imperialists abound
I know nothin' much has changed
It's still a more or less violent prairie town
But look at Alice over there exchanging words
With anonymous birds
Watch them flocking to her window sill
Tomorrow, I think I will

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