

# Afraid Of Tomorrows

The Mysterines

I wish I had eyes  
Of a frightened child  
So someone would  
Cover them for me  
I'm so afraid of tomorrows

So at night I drink  
Underneath a kitchen sink  
And make sketches of wild horses  
With rusted nails that I found  
Upon the tiles  
Is where I cry to the dead snails  
I'm so afraid of tomorrows

I swear I would prefer  
My brain to rot wild and free  
With the moth eggs  
Decayed frog legs  
The skeletons of rose bouquets

I recall when I  
Played the hero all the time  
But these days have me scared  
Like a whore in a church  
I'm so afraid of tomorrows

Won't someone please stick these pins  
In my eyes and begin  
To sow them straight up for me  
I'm so afraid of tomorrows  
I'm so afraid of tomorrow