Tomorrow Comes

Key of Em - By John T. Wurzer

I wandered around, this lonely graveyard

Looking for life, looking for bliss

All I found was silent anger

And lonely whispers of one lost kiss

Tomorrow comes, it does not matter

If yesterday does disagree

I need a road that will not shatter

Under the weight of living free

The rivers rise at half past midnight

While lonesome skies fill them with rain

The howling wind is like a siren

Warning my heart to hide my brain

Tomorrow comes, it does not matter

If I refuse to go to sleep

Satellite plays its endless chatter

All useless waves on seas so deep

Tonight I’m downing in a poison

Ocean of blood and compromise

I’m going deaf from all the noise in

Side of this tomb where true love dies

Tomorrow comes, it does not matter

If I have blown up all my clocks

My thoughts are numb, hazy and scattered

Answering the door when no one knocks