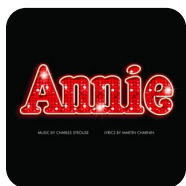


Tomorrow – Charles Strouse

The sun'll come out
Tomorrow
Bet your bottom dollar
That tomorrow
There'll be sun!
Just thinkin' about
Tomorrow
Clears away the cobwebs,
And the sorrow
'Til there's none!
When I'm stuck in a day
That's gray,
And lonely,
I just stick out my chin
And Grin,
And Say,
Oh
The sun'll come out
Tomorrow
So ya gotta hang on
'Til tomorrow
Come what may
Tomorrow!
Tomorrow!
I love ya Tomorrow!
You're always
A day
A way!
When I'm stuck in a day
That's gray,
And lonely,
I just stick out my chin
And Grin,
And Say,
Oh
The sun'll come out

Tomorrow
So ya gotta hang on
'Til tomorrow
Come what may
Tomorrow!
Tomorrow!
I love ya Tomorrow!
You're always
A day
A way!
Tomorrow!
Tomorrow!
I love ya
Tomorrow!
You're always
A day
A way!



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych