

Cat Stevens "Tuesday's Dead"

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Oh, if I make a mark in time
Then I can say the mark is mine
I'm only the underline of the word
Yes, I'm like him
Just like you
An' I can't tell you what to do
Like everybody else
I'm searchin' through, what I've heard

Woah, where do you go
When you don't want no one to know?
Who told tomorrow
Tuesday's dead?

Oh Preacher, won't you paint my dream?
Won't you show me where you've been?
Show me what I haven't seen to ease my mind
'Cause I will learn to understand
If I have a helpin' hand
I wouldn't make another demand all my life

Woah, where do you go
When you don't want no one to know?
Who told tomorrow
Tuesday's dead?

What's my sex, what's my name?
All in all, it's all the same
Everybody plays a different game, that is all
Now, man may live, man may die
Searchin' for the question, "Why"
But if he tries to rule the sky, he must fall

Woah, where do you go
When you don't want no one to know?
Who told tomorrow
Tuesday's dead?

Now every second on the nose
(Woah)
The humdrum of the city grows
(Woah, woah)

Reachin' out beyond the throes of our time
(Woah)
We must try to shake it down
(Woah)
Do our best to break the ground
(Woah, woah)
Try to turn the world around one more time
(Woah)
Yea, we must try to shake it down
Do our best to break the ground
Try to turn the world around one more time

Woh, where do you go
When you don't want no one to know?
Who told tomorrow
Tuesday's dead?

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