

Clifford T. Ward "Sometime Next Year"

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I could catch the next boat outa here
But I still don't have the money
An' if I leave, I won't get it
Seems I got my timin' wrong again
I was really hopin' to be with you
But now we'll have to forget it
So I'll just sit and write this letter
An' let you read between the lines.

About this time of night with the kids in bed
And you with time to spare
And your favourite songs
And me I still listen to Jimmy Webb
And Linda Ronstadt, and I'm sorry it's gone wrong
And if you're soundin' worn and sad and lonely
Then I'm still the man for you.

INSTRUMENTAL

An' if you're feelin' worn and sad and lonely
Then I'm still the man for you.

Neither great nor faintly versatile
Just this hackneyed style
That you used to say wasn't bad
Even so, one day I'm going to make it work
Then I'll buy yer all the things you never had
Meanwhile I'll just write you this letter
An' see you sometime next year.

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