

Death Cab For Cutie "Tomorrow"

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Believe in me, I'm sad and blue
Left with nothing but a picture
Third or fourth weekend in June
December seems to come too soon

Will you wait until tomorrow?
Will you wait until?

Head is swirling with the scene
Of you and him embraced in rupture
Dirty trying to come clean
But every thought I have's obscene

Will you wait until tomorrow?
Will you wait until?

Quilted on our hands
And keeping you tucked in too deep
Struck in the shot of two
Twenty-four hours in June

Will you wait until tomorrow?
Will you wait until tomorrow?
Will you wait until tomorrow?
Will you wait until tomorrow?

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