

Bruce Cockburn

"Clocks Don't Bring Tomorrow"

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You tell me tomorrow may be coming Sometimes I
wonder if it hasn't already been But like the
firebreathing rebel I'm not sure what I mean All I know
is you're not me and that you'll never be

He tells me the future is not to be believed in "Don't
waste your wishes on what hasn't already been" But
like the strong arm policeman He's not sure what he
means All he knows is he can't see what he will come to
be

He says if we burn up the roof from above us We surely
will see the light and maybe more But like the burnt out
hooker We'll only see down to the floor All we know is
that we're here until we are set free

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