

## Kevin Coyne

### "Tomorrow's Just Too Late"

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You drag your tiger's paw across  
Your chapped & cracking lips,  
And open up a crimson slur  
You spread each time you kiss.

The broken boy you bargain with  
To turn back to the man  
That you fell in love with once  
But never saw again.  
Is he in there? do you think he drowned to death?  
Well it's his decision to show his face again.

You grind your tired teeth  
& curse the day that you were born  
To a sunken line of Irish wives a million miles long,  
Devoted to the suffering they're certain they deserve.  
A husband's a cross to bear,  
Worry lines & a silver string of hair  
Come too early, come to steal your sainted youth...  
Well it's your decision to stay or else to move.

& I'm not a man of faith, no gospel oak for me,  
But you wear a crucifix to broadcast your beliefs,  
And the god I've read about can't go where he's not  
asked to go.

So you've got a choice to make:  
Shut him out, save yourself, or sit and wait.  
But you're waiting on a man who will not move.  
So you must move for him and do what he can't do.

Cause it's worth it, that's the one life you can change,  
And I'm sorry sister, but it has to end this way.  
Yeah, it's scary sister, but tomorrow's just too late.

So stand up sister,  
There's an albatross to shake.

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