

Luce

"After Tomorrow"

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The blue, blue, bluest skies
Are heading my way
My finest days in life
Are coming to stay

'Cause after tomorrow
I'm no longer for sale
'Cause after tomorrow
I'm keeping myself

I hang my laundry out
To dry in the sun
And I take my suitcase down
And fill it with stuff

'Cause after tomorrow
I'm no longer for sale
I'll give back the sorrow, yeah
But I'm keeping myself
I'll give back the sorrow, yeah
But I'm keeping myself

My last blank notebook page
Is up on my empty wall
Where I write my story down
Then I turn and walk out

It says after tomorrow
I'm no longer for sale
I'll give back the sorrow
But I'm keeping myself, yeah

'Cause after tomorrow
I'm no longer for sale
I'll give back the sorrow, sorrow
But I'm keeping myself

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