

Cold Chisel "Tomorrow"

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Into the night side, the city rolls
Rivers of light, a million souls
I'm three days out of Parramatta jail
City of hearts is out of control
Newspaper men are using my name
They hold the power, I hold the blame

An' I know no love runs deep enough to hide you
When military minds are closing in
I don't wanna know about tomorrow
I don't wanna know about tomorrow
I don't wanna know about tomorrow
Oh no

All last week, I was clutching at straws
Facing the future, forcing the doors
I got death in the hour, life on the run
Or twenty more years under the gun

There's an eighty dollar hooker
She's asleep on the bed
TV weather's on
But the sound is dead
Out in the shadows
They've got us in their sights
But I don't wanna know about tomorrow
She set me free tonight

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