

## Sam Kinison "Tomorrow"

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Leavin' 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 swirlin' with the scene  
Of you and him embraced in rapture.  
Dirty, trying to come clean,  
But every thought I have's obscene.

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

Quilted on my hands and feet,  
The needle dug in too deep.  
You chalk another shot up to  
Twenty-twenty 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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