

Michael Castro "In Search Of Tomorrow"

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Sing me a song
Of that old silent hill
And how the clouds would frame your porcelain skin

The highways are long
Yet I wonder still
If I chased them down and searched every town
Then would I find you?

The sorrows will fade
And blessings will follow
But don't lose today in search of tomorrow
For tomorrow brings the end

Shed me a tear
For the dreams of all those years
And how we let them fade
And hung them to dry

Next to me here
You're immortal in that frame
But if I saw you now
Would you still look the same?
Would you recognize me?

The sorrows will fade
And blessings will follow
But don't lose today in search of tomorrow
For tomorrow brings the end

The sorrows will fade
And blessings will follow
But don't lose today in search of tomorrow
For tomorrow brings the end
For tomorrow brings the end

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