

## **Peter Cincotti**

### **"Come Tomorrow"**

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The trees on Golden Avenue were green as Irish  
morning  
We were wearing caps and gowns  
My mother took a photograph  
I was the only one not smiling, I was too big for this  
town  
I can't believe that I was only 17  
A catholic punk who couldn't wait to scream

Come tomorrow  
I'll be leaving this worn out, worn down place  
I'll be drinking sunlight and dancing on the moon  
I'll find me a girl that suits my ways  
Spending all my nights and days  
Just singing drunken love songs out of tune  
I'll be rolling like a pair of dice, come tomorrow

The trees on Golden Avenue were bitter red this  
morning  
As I shuffled through the crowd  
Another dose of daily news, another cup of coffee  
The same old runaround  
And I turn each corner hoping that I'll see  
A miracle just waiting there for me

Come tomorrow  
I'll be leaving this worn out, worn down place

I'll be drinking sunlight and dancing on the moon  
I'll find me a girl that suits my ways  
Spending all my nights and days  
Just singing drunken love songs out of tune  
I'll be rolling like a pair of dice, come tomorrow

Going nowhere, like leaves are blowing past my  
window  
Caught up in a wind they can't control  
That's my story, a two bit kind of Peter Pan  
Who never tried for Neverland  
And I think it's time to find my wings and go

Come tomorrow

I'll be leaving this worn out, worn down place  
I'll be drinking sunlight, dancing on the moon  
Find me a girl that suits my ways  
Spending all my nights and days  
Just singing drunken love songs out of tune  
I'm gonna make it up to paradise, come tomorrow  
Come tomorrow, come tomorrow

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