

## Pocket Full Of Rocks

### "Tomorrow"

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Tomorrow always brings  
Rain, drumming on my window pane  
As the skies unleash thier tears  
And darkened clouds  
Release their fears  
Washing clean the festering earth,  
It fortells of a Renaissance.

And in the thrill of it's rebirth  
Flowers wait to greet the dawn  
Childish in their innocence  
Laughing out,  
Tomorrow gone.

Tomorrow always brings  
Rain -- ah, but soon the sun  
Will shine again  
Looking on while you and I walk along;  
Wondering why  
Knowing you're loving me  
Fortells  
Of a Renaissance

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