

Poets of the Fall

"Maybe Tomorrow Is A Better Dat"

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I'd stay the hand of god, but the war is on your lips
How can I brace myself for razor blades on whips
When everything with meaning is shattered, broken,
screaming
And I'm lost inside this darkness and I fear I won't
survive

I could pray and trick with a double tongue, but the only
fool here's me
I choose the way to go, but the road won't set me free
Cos I wish you'd see me, baby, save me, I'm going
crazy
Tryin' to keep us real, keep us alive

This day will die tonight and there ain't no exception
We shouldn't wait for nothing to wait for
Love me in this fable, babe, my heart is in your hand
Our time is waiting right outside your door
And maybe tomorrow is a better day

I do not deal the cards and I play a lousy hand
I celebrate no victories and my promises are sand

Against all this I contrast you, when all is lost the war is
through
Hey angel, dare the winds now we can fly

This day will die tonight and there ain't no exception
Why should I wait for nothing to wait for
Let me love you in this fable, hold your heart in my
hand
Our time is waiting right outside your door
And maybe tomorrow is a better day

This day will die tonight and there ain't no exception
Why should I wait for nothing to wait for
I won't cry for my solitude, lay my head and dream of
you
And hope that you'll come knocking on my door
And maybe tomorrow is a better day
I know tomorrow is a better day

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