

## Cardigans, The "Tomorrow"

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I wonder what it's like  
Seeing through your eyes  
You've offered me to have a try  
But I was always late  
The filters that I use  
Give me an excuse  
I take away what's real  
I feel it and it blows my fuse

I hang around  
For another round  
I'm hanging around  
For another round  
I'm hanging on  
To the same old song  
I hang around  
For another round  
Until something stops me

I wonder what it's like  
Walking by your side  
To think before I talk  
And to move at the same speed as you walk

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