

Brothers Four, The

"Tomorrow is a long time"

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If today was not an endless highway
I today was not a crooked trail
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all.

I can't see my reflection in the waters
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps
Or can't remember the sound of my own name.

Yes and only if my own true love was waitin
Yes and if I could hear her heart a-softly pounding
Yes only if she was lying by me
Then I'd lie in my bed once again.

There's beauty in the silver singin' river
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky
But none of these and nothing else can touch the
beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes.

If today was not an endless highway
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time...

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