

Courteeners, The

"Yesterday, Today and Probably Tomorrow"

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I'm not going to sit here and lie and list all the many
ways,
About how I will supposedly love you till the end of
days,
Because I think that we both know in twenty-eight and a
half years' time,
That I won't be yours and you probably won't be mine,

But yesterday, today and probably tomorrow,
This little one will find it hard to find sorrow,
Yesterday, today and probably tomorrow,

Middleton to Withington and Middleton and back,
Is more than enough to make the average Middletonian
crack,
So I will stand outside the Travelodge and bite my
tongue,
Your best friends look me up and down and I'll write the
song,

Will they be there on Tuesday night,
Running the bath and turning out the lights?
Will they be there on Thursday afternoons to welcome
you home from Euston platform eight, heart-shaped
balloons? No
Yesterday, today and probably tomorrow.

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