

## Two Gallants

# "Two Days Short Tomorrow"

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My darling, my darling  
Are you as composed as the space you fill?

You know there's little reason to demand  
What can't be given from the heads you fill

And you aim your thoughts homeward  
As if you had a reason to be gone

And you were raised by sirens they taught you not to  
talk  
All words are empty

But they lent you their hats,  
Screaming bring back from the other side some  
sympathy

And you spend no time to wonder  
When you claim to know the answer  
Why be wrong

So you put on your painted dress  
While the badass takes your hand and tempts you  
homeward

And so I've heard  
That you've gone wrong  
But is it OK  
If I think of you  
'Cause you might just be  
What I'm counting on  
Just one more day  
That I must get through

Well you break just like the morning  
And if yesterday don't know you  
Well who does then

And if you ever seek me out  
I'll be someone among the people you call?

Well you'd love to be a martyr

But you got nothing to die for  
So you wait

And wintertime is coming  
You can feel the cold drum drumming once again

And so I've heard that you've gone wrong  
But is it OK  
If I think of you  
Cause you might just be  
What I'm counting on  
Just one more day  
That I must get through

Well I love my country  
I love my country  
But I fear your mother  
I fear your mother  
And she's growing older  
Or so they told her  
And flowers wont replace her  
Your my sheath, I'm your rapier

And so I've heard  
That you've gone wrong  
But is it OK  
If I think of you  
'Cause you might just be  
What I'm counting on  
Just one more day  
That I must get through  
That I must get through

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