

Andrea McArdle, Annie: Tomorrow

The sun'll come out
Tomorrow
Bet your bottom dollar
That tomorrow there'll be sun
Just thinkin' about
Tomorrow
Clears away the cobwebs
And the sorrow 'til there's none
When I'm stuck a day
That's gray and lonely
I just stick out my chin
And grin and say, oh
The sun'll come out
Tomorrow
So ya gotta hang on
'Til tomorrow come what may

Tomorrow, tomorrow
I love ya tomorrow
You're always, a day away
The sun'll come out
Tomorrow
So ya gotta hang on
'Til tomorrow come what may
Tomorrow, tomorrow
I love ya tomorrow
You're always, a day away
Tomorrow, tomorrow
I love ya tomorrow
You're always, a day away