

Jamie Cullum, Next Year, Baby

Next year, things are gonna change
Gonna drink less beer, and start all over again
Gonna read more books, gonna keep up with the news
Gonna learn how to cook, spend less money on shoes
I'll pay my bills on time, and file my mail away, everyday
Only drink the finest wine, and call my Gran every Sunday

Well resolutions, baby they come and go
Will I do any of these things? The answer's probably no
If there's one thing I must do, despite my greatest fears
I'm gonna say to you, how I've felt all of these years
Next Year
Next Year

I'm gonna tell you how I feel
I'm gonna tell you how I feel

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