

# 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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