

# Los Lobos, Hurry Tomorrow

(Cesar Rosas/Robert Hunter)

All avenues lead to one  
Baby you can walk or run  
Get there first or next or last, it don't matter

Take it slow or take it fast  
You cannot overtake your past  
Can't hurry up tomorrow, Let it come

Hurry up tomorrow, I don't know  
Where love's gone or where it still may go  
I can see the raindrops roll  
Down my bedroom window slow  
Like they're strumming, on the guitar of my soul

Hurry Tomorrow  
Hurry Up

Hurry up another day  
Let the guitar player play  
Music makes it seem alright while it's playing

Should I stand or should I speak?  
Hold me up my knees are weak  
Dancing cheek to cheek with you  
After midnight

Hurry up tomorrow, I don't know  
Where love's gone or where it still may go  
I can see the raindrops roll  
Down my bedroom window slow  
Like they're strumming, like they're strumming on my soul  
On the heartstrings of my soul (optional)

Hurry Tomorrow  
Hurry Up

Hurry up tomorrow, I don't know  
Where love's gone or where it still may go  
I can see the raindrops roll/down my bedroom window slow  
Like they're strumming, like they're strumming, on my soul

Hurry Tomorrow  
Hurry it slow  
Hurry tomorrow, oh yeah