

Marianne Faithfull, Tomorrow's Calling

Tomorrow's calling with promises new
I hear the echo of yesterday's blue.

Silver patterns of porcelain rose
Cobwebs of filley green.
Where I get them from nobody knows,
No one but you can see.

All the treasures of time will be there,
Take them away, they're free.
The finest thing is a love that we'll share
If you will follow me.

If I were foolish I'd promise the sky.
But I must not let my hopes run too high.

And I wonder when all's said and done
What will the future be?

All I know is that you are the one
If you will follow me.

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