

Nana Mouskouri, Tomorrow Is A Long Time

If today was not on a lost highway,
If tonight was not a crooked tale,
If tomorrow was not such a long time,
Then lonesome would mean nothing to me at all

I can't see my reflection in the waters,
Can't speak the sounds that show no pain
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps,
Can't remember the sound of my own name

Yes, and only if my true love was waiting
And if I could hear his heart softly pounding,
Only if he was lying by me,
Then I'd lie in my bed
Once again

There's beauty in the summer singing river
There's beauty in the sunrise in the skies
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes

Yes, and only if my true love was waiting
And if I could hear his heart softly pounding,
Only if he was lying by me,
Then I'd lie in my bed
Once again