

Wings, Tomorrow

Oh, baby, don't let me down tomorrow,
Holding hands we both abandon sorrow,
Oh, for a chance to get away tomorrow.
Hey, baby's got a lazy dday on sunday,
Here's a pound, we hang around'til monday,
Oh, baby don't you let me down on sunday.

Bring a bag of bread and cheese and find a shady spot beneath the trees.
Catch abreath of country air and run your pretty fingers thro' my hair.

Tomorrow, when we both abandon sorrow.
Oh, baby, don't you let me down tomorrow,
Thro' the week we beg and steal and borrow.
Oh, for a chance to get away tomorrow.

Honey, pray for sunny skies so I can speak to rainbows in your eyes.
Let's just hope the weather man is feeling fine and doesn't spoil our plan.

Tomorrow, when we both abandon sorrow.
Oh, baby, don't you let me down tomorrow,
Holding hands we both abandon sorrow.
Oh, baby, don't let me down tomorrow.

Oh, for a chance to get away tomorrow.
Baby, don't let me down tomorrow,
baby, don't let me down tomorrow.

Oh, don't let me down,
Baby, don't let me down tomorrow.
Baby's, don't let, let me down tomorrow,
baby, don't let me down tomorrow.