

Ben Harper, Tommorrow Is A Long Time

If today was not an endless highway
If tonight was not a crooked trail
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time
Then lonesome would mean nothing to me at all
Only if my own true love was waitin'
And if I could hear his heart a-softly poundin'
Only if he was lyin' by me
Could I rest in my bed once again
I can't see my reflection in the water
I can't speak the sounds that know no pain
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps
Or can't remember the sound of my own name
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin'
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin'
And only if my own true love was waitin'
And if I could hear his heart a-softly poundin'
Only if he was lyin' by me
Could I rest in my bed once again
There's beauty in the silver singin' river
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky
But none of these and nothing else can match the beauty
That I remember in my own true lover's eyes
And only if my own true love was waitin'
And if I could hear his heart a-softly poundin'
Only if he was lyin' by me
Could I rest in my bed once again
Could I rest in my bed once again