

# Bob Seger, Tomorrow

They say the sun  
Is gonna grow someday  
It's gonna get a real close  
And burn us all up  
No more traffic in the street  
No more road rage  
No more pretending  
Things are real tough

I cant promise you tomorrow  
No one has the right to lie  
You can beg and steal and borrow  
It won't save you from the sky

Let me see a show of hands  
Tell me the truth now  
What happens if  
Nuetrinos have mass

I can't tell you about tomorrow  
I'm as lost as yesterday  
In between your joy and sorrow  
I suggest you have your say

Here's to the little things  
The sports section  
The weather chanel  
A good battery