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

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