

Brett Dennen, Someday

Yeah

In the woumb of winter, summer seems a myth
In my desperation I throw my faith into the wind
Born to a world where it is a fight just to fit in
From the craddle to the grave, it never ends

Someday, someday in a cloud of gray
I will, I'll make my great escape

So many ways to walk upon the earth
I trace my footsteps to the place of my birth
So what do you do with all your precious time
So many ways in which to reach for the sky

Someday, someday in a cloud of gray
I will, I'll make my great escape
Someday, someday in a cloud of gray
I will, I'll make my great escape

Say, little bit by little bit, someday

I may be weary but I am not weak
I can sing a song of suffering
Maybe a song unsung is dancing on the tip of your tongue
My salvation's ahead of me
I can feel it calling me
I know that I, I know that I will be ready

Someday, someday in a cloud of gray
I will, I'll make my great escape
Someday, someday in a cloud of gray
I will, I'll make my great escape