

Catherine Feeny, Always Tonight

I'm driving home
I think that it's Friday
Another week is gone
How the days slip by me

I remember when I was a child
And my parents told me how time flies
I thought it was a lie

Sitting on top of my hands
Watching the world go by
Tapping my feet on the floor
Wondering, wondering why
Things don't work out right
No they never seem to work out right
But there's always tonight
There's always tonight

So, I'm late again
I hate to be early
Making you wait again
Cause I'm thinking that surely
You don't mind the time
Like I mind, like I mind the time

Sitting on top of my hands
Watching the world go by
Tapping my feet on the floor
Wondering, wondering why
Things don't work out right
No they never seem to work out right
Nothing ever works out right
No it never ever works out right
But there's always tonight
There's always tonight

Lying awake
I think about tomorrow
How many miles it would take
To walk around this sorrow

Sitting on top of my hands
Watching the world go by
Tapping my feet on the floor
Wondering, wondering why
Sitting on top of my hands
I am sitting on top of my hands
And things don't work out right
No they never seem to work out right
But there's always tonight