

Clifford T. Ward, Sometime Next Year

I could catch the next boat outa here

But I still don't have the money

An' if I leave, I won't get it

Seems I got my timin' wrong again

I was really hopin' to be with you

But now we'll have to forget it

So I'll just sit and write this letter

An' let you read between the lines.

About this time of night with the kids in bed

And you with time to spare

And your favourite songs

And me I still listen to Jimmy Webb

And Linda Ronstatd, and I'm sorry it's gone wrong

And if you're soundin' worn and sad and lonely

Then I'm still the man for you.

INSTRUMENTAL

An' if you're feelin' worn and sad and lonely

Then I'm still the man for you.

Neither great nor faintly versatile

Just this hackneyed style

That you used to say wasn't bad

Even so, one day I'm going to make it work

Then I'll buy yer all the things you never had

Meanwhile I'll just write you this letter

An' see you sometime next year.