

Clinic, Tomorrow

I saw you making celebrations
At your breakfast on the table
With a flask full to your lips
Not foreboding, joy of living, joy of giving
Before tomorrow comes, before tomorrow comes

And all the cartwheels through your past nap
After breakfast in the garden
Now the flask moves to your lips
Fall forever, not foreboding, joy of living, joy in giving
Before tomorrow comes, before tomorrow comes

Now you need this more than ever
As you see fit after dinner
With the flask felt on your lips
All the pie-charts now become clear
Gone forever, not foreboding, full of living, joy in giving
Before tomorrow comes, before tomorrow comes