

Marit Larsen, This Time Tomorrow

She looks for all the signs
Checks your shirt when you get home
To make sure
She keeps an eye on your telephone
Instead of asking you she asks everyone you're with
And ends up in dark conclusions you're not alone
She calls you up repeatedly
Knows where you're at all the time

[Chorus]

At night you tell her she's all you long for
But she knows by your face there has got to be more
Her eyes are too narrow, her legs are too long
She knows by this time tomorrow you'll be gone
She used to be ahead
She had thrilling and exciting things to say
She kept you on your toes all the way
But know the tides have turned
You have come too close to knowing her
God forbid you know what she's really like
When she sleeps she keeps her make up on
She prefers to live in a lie

[Chorus]

You'll be gone
Da da da-da da da da
Da da da-da da da da
Na na na-na na na na

[Chorus]

You'll be gone