

Mobile, No Tomorrow

Coming down, streetwise
Sleepless, wide-eyed
That's the feeling you get
When you walk unaware when the streets are dead.

I am just a pale shadow of myself
Sleepwalkin, getting lost in the crowd
Yeah, that's the feeling you get
When you live like a ghost coming out of a hole.

It aint easy when the past is dead
And you're livin like there's no tomorrow.
No, no, no, no tomorrow.
It aint easy when the past is dead
And you know that the future is hollow
No, no, no, no tomorrow.

No, no, no, there's no tomorrow.

Onto the night I try to reach so high
To only go down slow.
That's the way it gets when you're nameless
And lying there on the naked floor.

It aint easy when the past is dead
And you're livin like there's no tomorrow.
No, no, no, no tomorrow.
It aint easy when the past is dead
And you know that the future is hollow
No, no, no, no tomorrow.

No, no, no, there's no tomorrow.