

Terence Trent D'Arby, You Will Pay Tomorrow

As I hold my head down
Against a whipping hard rain babe
Slaps me like a sheet
Sheets of rain coming down
As I dig my heels deep
In a minefield of muddy water
I hear a voice loud and low
Stays with me wherever I go sayin'
You will pay tomorrow for what
You do today
Accept this as a truth
For old as well as youth
You will pay tomorrow for what
You do today
As sure as you are born
Though you may be weak and torn
As a snake pulls up beside me
Thinking that my name is Eve
My dark side starts to chide me
But I bring him down to his knees
As I close my eyes tight
Deep in meditation
Peaceful sleep evades me
But a low pitched drone invades me sayin'
You will pay tomorrow for what
You do today
Though you run you cannot hide
It's a truth that shall abide sayin'
You will pay tomorrow for what
You do today
It will find you in the morning
A heartache for your warning
As I shake my head twice
Saying I'd rather fight than switch
I was land rich but penny poor
But I couldn't tell which from which
As my kneecaps break the fall
Of my begging for grace and favour
Bell, Book and Candle holds me
But a spellbinding whisper scolds me saying
You will pay tomorrow for what
You do today
Though your vision may be bleary
And your eyes that see may be weary - but
You will pay tomorrow for what
You do today
On your mind it will wear
Ignore it if you dare
As I shed my second skin
Beneath a bullet box roller-coaster
I view my transformation
Through the veil of a jokester
As I gain my second sight
I shed a tear and I shake the crowd
I used to rather be dead than humble
But now I'd rather be dead than proud
You will pay tomorrow for what
You do today
After deep time tossed confusion
I came to my own conclusion that
You will pay tomorrow for what
You do today
Accept this as a notion
As fish breathe in the dirty ocean

