

Townes Van Zandt, Come Tomorrow

by Townes Van Zandt

Could it be the season's changin'
the winds of winter rearranging
all the leaves like fallin' queens of sorrow
Could be the freezing rain a-fallin'
could be sad September callin'
or maybe its knowin' she'll be gone
Come tomorrow

Well, it's strange how many tortured mornings
fell upon us with no warning
lookin' for a smile to beg and borrow
It's over now, there is no returning
a thousand bridges sadly burning
and light the way I have to walk alone
Come tomorrow

I guess that no amount of lying
to myself will stop the crying
I guess I have to take things like they are
The facts are plain to see, it's only
that I ain't used to being lonely
like I'm gonna be without you
Come tomorrow

Come tomorrow