

Till Tomorrow

Don McLean

What can this be, can you tell me?
Would you like to discover why we're not free
To be lovers
I've been wanting to ask you
Where has all the love gone
And what have we become
Storm clouds full of thunder
Move silent as they drum
And when they're gone
we'll be fine, till tomorrow
Though I hope it won't rain
You will be mine
And my sorrow
Will take wings in the morning,
High above the heavens
A rainbow paints the sky
White doves sing their songs of love
I watch them as they fly
And wonder what can this be
Can you tell me
Would you like to discover why we're not free
To be lovers

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