

# TOMORROW

#155

Music Charles Strouse and Lyrics Martin Charnin

The sun'll come out tomorrow  
Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow  
There'll be sun!

Just thinkin' about tomorrow  
Clears away the cobwebs and the sorrow  
'Til there's none!

When I'm stuck with a day that's grey and lonely,  
I just stick out my chin and grin and say, oh!

The sun'll come out tomorrow  
So ya gotta hang on 'til tomorrow  
Come what may

Tomorrow! Tomorrow!  
I love ya tomorrow!  
You're always a day away!

[BREAK]

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I just stick out my chin and grin and say, oh!

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So ya gotta hang on 'til tomorrow  
Come what may

|: Tomorrow! Tomorrow!  
 I love ya tomorrow!  
 You're always a day away! :|