```
What will we leave for our children?
When we grow tired and old
What will we leave for our children?
When the world is all but gone
Surely a better place
Where they can live and love and dream
In the mists of a life filled with wonder
We may never see the rising sun again
Old dreams and wishes
When we were so beautiful
Maybe tomorrow,
We'll find what we're looking for
Maybe tomorrow,
We'll find what we're living for
What will we leave for our children?
Now we are tired and old
What will we leave for our children?
We will never see the rising sun again
Old dreams and wishes
When we were all lost at sea
Maybe tomorrow,
We'll find what we're looking for
Maybe tomorrow,
We'll find what we're living for
Maybe tomorrow,
We'll find what we're looking for
Maybe tomorrow,
We'll find what we're living for
Maybe tomorrow,
We'll find what we're looking for
Maybe tomorrow,
We'll find what we're dreaming for
Maybe tomorrow
Someday
```