

# Always Tonight

Catherine Feeny

I'm driving home  
I think that it's Friday  
Another week is gone  
How the days slip by me

I remember when I was a child  
And my parents told me how time flies  
I thought it was a lie

Sitting on top of my hands  
Watching the world go by  
Tapping my feet on the floor  
Wondering, wondering why  
Things don't work out right  
No they never seem to work out right  
But there's always tonight  
There's always tonight

So, I'm late again  
I hate to be early  
Making you wait again  
Cause I'm thinking that surely  
You don't mind the time  
Like I mind, like I mind the time

Sitting on top of my hands  
Watching the world go by  
Tapping my feet on the floor  
Wondering, wondering why  
Things don't work out right  
No they never seem to work out right  
Nothing ever works out right  
No it never ever works out right  
But there's always tonight  
There's always tonight

Lying awake  
I think about tomorrow  
How many miles it would take  
To walk around this sorrow

Sitting on top of my hands  
Watching the world go by  
Tapping my feet on the floor  
Wondering, wondering why  
Sitting on top of my hands  
I am sitting on top of my hands  
And things don't work out right  
No they never seem to work out right  
But there's always tonight