

By the time I reach tomorrow  
I won't be me any way  
And I'm not collecting sorrow  
Don't disengage  
You can't finger what you filter  
When it travels like the clouds floating away  
I thought he'd never take it this far  
I can see where this is going  
As the undertow is pulling me down  
With your cross examination  
I'm receding in the teeth of your plow  
But I won't dig my own grave

By the time I reach tomorrow  
Will you be there in the you  
Is your pride too big to swallow  
Know what's true  
Did you figure I would falter  
When I travel like the clouds floating away  
I thought he'd never take it this far  
I can feel I'm getting smaller  
As your twisting every word that I say  
There's a snare in the forest  
Under brush where you want me to play  
But I won't dig my own grave  
No I won't, won't dig my own grave  
Bayonne, Bayonne, Bayonne