

Gone Tomorrow

Joyce Manor

Everybody wants to tell a story
But no one's got a thing to say
Everybody's scared of saying nothing
How else would they prove that they're here today

And gone tomorrow
Not much pain and not much sorrow
Gone tomorrow, but here today
Not much skill for not much pay

My friend Tommy, he does origami
Forever in the morning shade
His girl Trisha, ooh, she's gonna hit ya
With a blazing hot beam from her amazing ray gun

Gone tomorrow
Some might steal and some might borrow
Gone tomorrow, but here today
Not much kill for not much prey