

Bruce Springsteen, Tomorrow Never Knows

Where the cold wind blows
Tomorrow never knows
Where your sweet smile goes
Tomorrow never knows

You and me we've been standing here, my dear
Waiting for that time to come
Where the green grass grows
Tomorrow never knows

In the field your long hair flows
Down by the tail end of the tracks
Beneath the water tower
I carried you on my back
Over the rusted spikes of that highway of steel
When no more thunder sounds
Where the turn goes
Tomorrow never knows

Well he who waits for the day's riches will be lost
In the whispering tide
Where the river flows
Tomorrow never knows