

Gene Clark, With Tomorrow

It was more like a dream than reality
I must have thought it was a dream while she was here with me
When she was near I didn't think she would leave
When she was gone it was too much to believe
So with tomorrow I will borrow
Another moment of joy and sorrow
And another dream and another with tomorrow
So if there some day won't be time just to look behind
There won't be reasons, no descriptions for my place and mind
There was so much I was told that was not real
So many things that I could not taste but I could feel
So with tomorrow I will borrow
Another moment of joy and sorrow
And another dream and another with tomorrow