

# Grace Jones, Tomorrow

The sun'll come out, tomorrow,  
Bet your bottom dollar, that tomorrow,  
There'll be sun,  
Just thinkin' about, tomorrow,  
Clears away the cobwebs and the sorrow, till' there's none,  
When I'm stuck with a day, that's grey and lonely,  
I just stick out my chin, and grin, and say,  
Oh, the sun'll come out tomorrow,  
So you gotta' hang on till' tomorrow,  
Come what may.  
Tomorrow tomorrow, I love you tomorrow,  
Your'e only a day away,  
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Your'e only a day away, (x10)