

# Ramones, Tomorrow She Goes Away

Infatuation, she's a fatal attraction  
Hang around, screw up my mind  
I hope I've seen her for the very last time

(Dangers of drinking), but I don't want to die  
Got to leave this cycle behind  
I hope I've seen her for the very last time

And I can't wait 'til tomorrow  
I can't wait another day  
I can't wait 'til tomorrow  
Tomorrow she goes away - ay, hay

Over my shoulder, I keep looking back  
I feel a presence following me  
So I know I'll never be free

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