

Squeeze, There's No Tomorrow

(Difford/Tilbrook)

There's no tomorrow
When you feel sorrow,
There's just the evening
There's just the night,
To drink the feelings
Right out the ceiling
There's no tomorrow, now there's tonight.
There's no remembers
There's no pretenders,
There's just the weakness
There's just the thought,
So drink those troubles
Through several doubles
There's no tomorrow, 'cause life's too short.

There's no expression
There's no aggression,
There's just the sadness
There's just the pain
So drink to mysteries,
With one more whiskey
There's no expression, I'm drunk again.

There's no tomorrow
When you feel hollow,
There's just the barman
To lend an ear
So drink to lovers,
If there are others
There's no tomorrow, tomorrow's here.