

# The Northern Pikes, Tomorrow Never Comes

It was my dad maybe it's mother  
Aunt or uncle a sister or brother  
Cousin or a friend  
Or maybe it's all of them  
They start saying that tomorrow they'll be done  
Another day passes and it's just as the other one  
Soon you'll start living their lives too  
And they keep saying that tomorrow they'll be done  
Today and the next day but tomorrow it never comes  
Would you have me turn my blind black eye  
To what I've seen your dt's do to you  
Have me sit and watch it suck the life right out of you  
You try and help them knock that monkey off their back  
But he just hides for a while in his sack  
Like a needle in their arm is a bottle to their need  
And they keep saying that tomorrow they'll be done  
Today and the next day but tomorrow it never comes  
A life full of those tomorrows piled one up on top of one  
And you know that it's in the family and now it's your turn son  
People fighting to keep their lives and homes together  
Keep them full of love, hope and dreams as they once were  
Where people live and care about one another  
So please stop saying, so please stop saying  
So please stop saying that tomorrow you'll be done  
Today and the next day but tomorrow it just never comes  
A life full of those tomorrows piled one up on top of one  
And you know that it's in the family and now it's your turn son