

# The 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 wanna 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

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