

For Tomorrow

Blur

He's a twentieth century boy,
With his hands on the rails.
Trying not to be sick again
And holding on for tomorrow.

London ice cracks on a seamless line,
He's hanging on for dear life.
And so we hold each other tightly,
And hold on for tomorrow.

Singing,
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
Holding on for tomorrow.

She's a twentieth century girl,
With her hands on the wheel.
Trying not to be sick again,
Seeing what she can borrow.
London's so nice back in your seamless rhymes
But we're lost on the Westway.
So we hold each other tightly,
And we can wait until tomorrow.

Singing,
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
Holding on for tomorrow.

We're trying not to be sick again,
And holding on for tomorrow.

She's a twentieth century girl,
Holding on for dear life.
And so we hold each other tightly,
And hold on for tomorrow.

Singing,
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
La, la la l-la. La, la la, l-la l-la la-la-la.
Holding on for tomorrow.

(Jim stops and get out of the car, goes to a house in Emperor's Gate,
Through the door and to his room and then he puts the TV on.
Turns it off and makes some tea, says Modern Life is Rubbish)
I'm holding on for tomorrow.

(Then Susan comes into the room, she's a naughty girl with a lovely smile,
Says let's take a drive to Primrose Hill, it's windy there, and the view's so nice.
London ice can freeze you toes, like anyone, I suppose)
You're holding on for tomorrow.