

## Waiting For Tomorrow

Booze & Glory

Here's an old story of a place I know well  
It ain't exactly heaven it ain't exactly hell  
But this is the place where I grew up  
Where dirty rigs and pissy lifts were just a part of life  
This ain't a place to leave in it's a place to survive  
But this is the place where I grew up  
Where the villains and the thieves and the benefit cheats  
All get along quiet happily this is the place that I call home

In the shadow of the city we try to live our lives  
Where there once was dock's there's another high rise  
This place don't feel much like home  
It's hard to keep your chin up and your head down  
So I don't blame no one for doing what they can  
Do what It takes to leave this town  
Where your hopes and dreams are the only things free  
I think the time has come to leave this old place feels new to  
me

With the promise of good times to come  
Keep the faith and wait for tomorrow  
As we get older the years pass us by  
Hope starts to die as time is running out

Here's an old story about the place I used to know  
Another concrete jungle, just another shit hole  
This is the place that I call home  
I keep on trying to leave it but where else is there to go  
These streets where I grew up, these streets are all I know  
All these places I cal my own  
Where the people that I love all still live  
Where I became a man from the kid  
This is the place that I call home.