

Waiting For Tomorrow

Hawkwind

Moon streaming through the trees
I wonder what this means
Clouds forming into swords
Shining like I've never seen

Waiting for tomorrow, hiding from tomorrow
Waiting for tomorrow, hide from all our sorrows

Words written in the sky
Tell me, could this be a dream
Silently, pilots are circling
Waiting for the unforeseen

Red alert goes through the world
The heavens are opening
Run to the shelter nearest you
Our planet's running out of steam

Waiting for tomorrow, hiding from tomorrow
Waiting for tomorrow, hide from all our sorrows

Moon turning red, trees are dead
I wonder what this means
Clouds have changed to sheets of mist
Like I've never seen

Waiting for tomorrow, hiding from tomorrow
Waiting for tomorrow, hide from all our sorrows

Stars are fading from the sky
Tell me, could this be a dream?
Silently, pilots land
Waiting for the unforeseen

Waiting for the unforeseen
Waiting for the unforeseen