

# Tomorrow

## Home Grown

Awake at ground zero  
Another day wasting away  
Nothing seems to matter  
'Cuz nothings ever changed

California dreamin'  
Has never meant that much to me  
We're living in this nightmare  
Comes so easily

Holding on  
When I don't belong  
If this is right then I cant go wrong  
Holding on  
But I know right now  
I'll never make it

Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow  
And figure out where to begin  
Maybe I wont feel so hollow  
But I'm pretty sure that I'll be sleeping in

Days seem like their decades  
In minutes past life years gone by  
Still I sit here wasting  
The time of my life

California dreamin'  
Will never mean that much to me  
And you'll never understand  
How it feels to me

Holding on  
When you don't belong  
When you don't feel right  
But its all you got  
Holding on  
But I'm pretty sure  
I'll never make it

Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow  
And figure out where to begin  
And maybe I wont feel so hollow

Its 3 a.m  
(Its 3 a.m)  
And it feels like this 4 walls are caving in  
Please tell me I'm not alone  
(I'm not alone)  
'Cuz I'm tired of sleeping in

(Whoa)  
Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow  
(Whoa)  
And figure out where to begin  
(Whoa)  
Maybe I wont feel so hallow

But I'm pretty sure that I'll be sleeping in