

Maybe Tomorrow

Jim Croce

Smoke another cigarette
Have another drink or two
Sit by the telephone 'til morning

She never tells me where she's goin'
But I think it's mighty plain
Maybe tomorrow she'll be back home again

She wasn't like this when I met her
Whatever made her change?
Now she never even says I love you

She just comes a-rollin' in
Never wanting to explain
Maybe tomorrow she'll be back home again

Wish that I could meet him
Just to tell him who I am
I would like to find out what he has that I don't have

She never says a thing about him but it's plain as day
She's going somewhere every evening
Can't take it too much longer, I think I'm goin' insane
Maybe tomorrow she'll be back home again

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