

# 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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